May 30, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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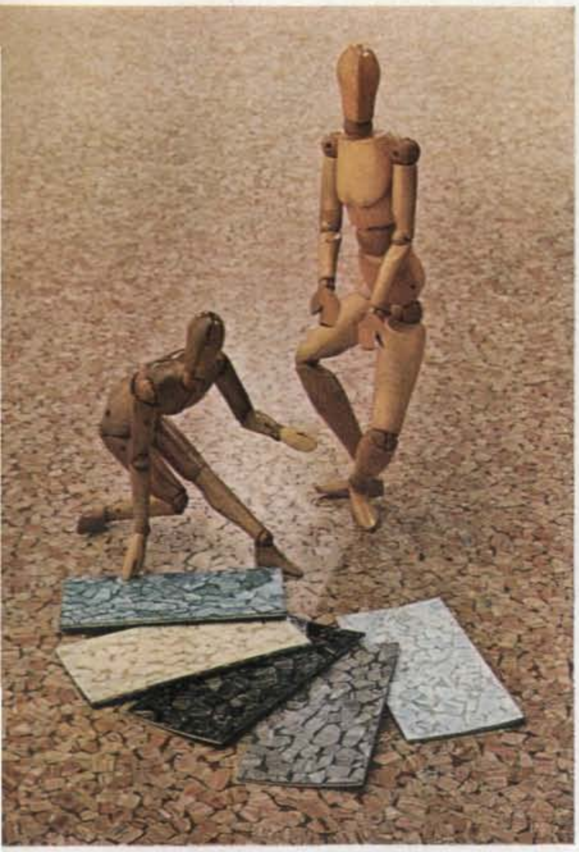

Logically

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Aesthetically

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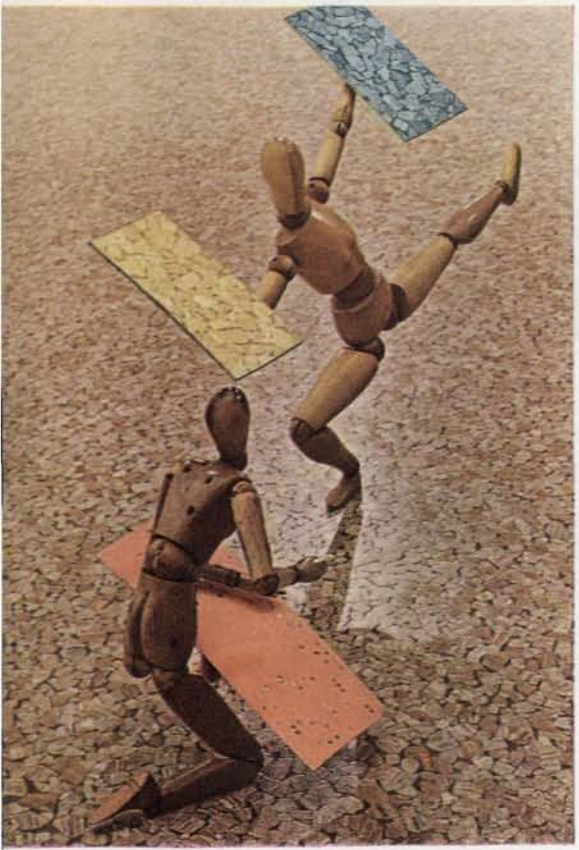

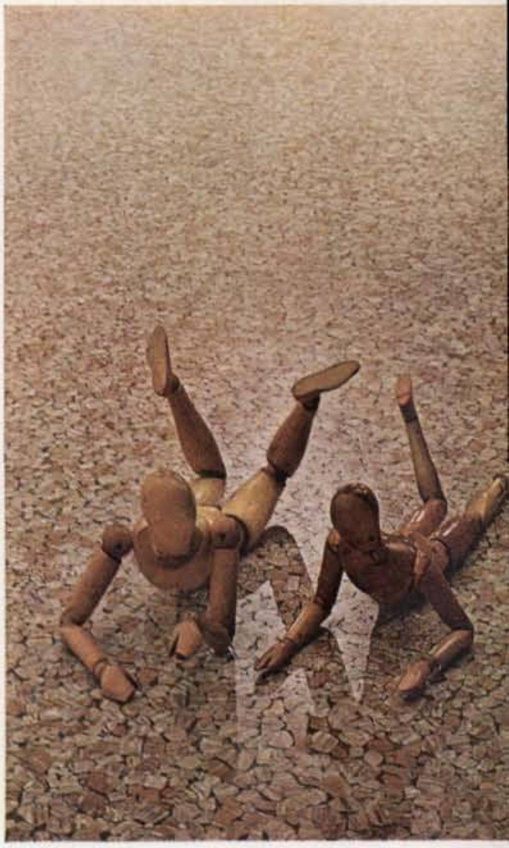

Objectively

The following facts about Montina were fed to a computer: 1. Montina resembles a pebbled beach. 2. It has nubbly surface texture that can be seen and felt. 3. It has depth. 4. Montina makes an almost seamless floor, wall to wall. The computer answered: "I like it. I like it. I like it."

Subjectively

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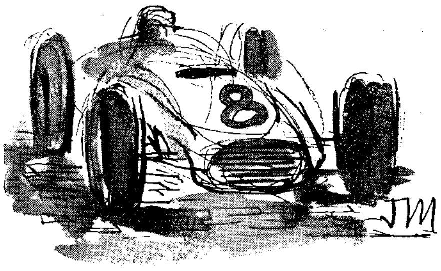
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—Three unfortunate people—Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan—wandering about in a mindless drama that deals with a flashy Hollywood couple who talk extensively and to no purpose in the course of a visit to an old reclusive chum. Mr. Costigan wrote the thing. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but agreeable little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. Mike Nichols did the direction. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. May close Saturday, May 30.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine (who has replaced Jeremy Brett) heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. Emlyn Williams portrays Pius XII. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton makes an unusually robustious Prince of Denmark, and Hume Cronyn makes a superb Polonius in this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also prominent in the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston bouncing around engagingly in a comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. Barry Nelson will take over for Mr. Preston starting Monday, June 1. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Roar Like a Dove—A Scottish nobleman tries to induce his reluctant American wife to have another baby, after a sequence of six girls, on the outside chance that the next go-around will produce a male heir. A very mild, very innocuous comedy, in which Charlie Ruggles stands out among a group of attractive actors. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The White House—An anecdotal description of the way some of our Presidents and their wives practiced domesticity in the capital. Helen Hayes, Fritz Weaver, James Daly, and, indeed, all the others in the cast are most engaging. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964: A diversion, now revised and with new material added, in which four wits—Dan Bly, Robert Cessna, Ted D'Arms, and James Valentine—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. Starting Monday, June 1, Dennis O'Keefe and Will Hutchins will replace Mr. Ford and Mr. Bean. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	136
THE CURRENT CINEMA	112
LETTER FROM PARIS	120
MUSICAL EVENTS	131
JAZZ CONCERTS	133
THE RACE TRACK	129
THE SPORTING SCENE	96
THE THEATRE	78

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Subject Was Roses—A play by Frank D. Gilroy, in which Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen are the entire cast. The producer is Edgar Lansbury, the director Ulu Grosbard. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. The late Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson in the role of the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or do. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées

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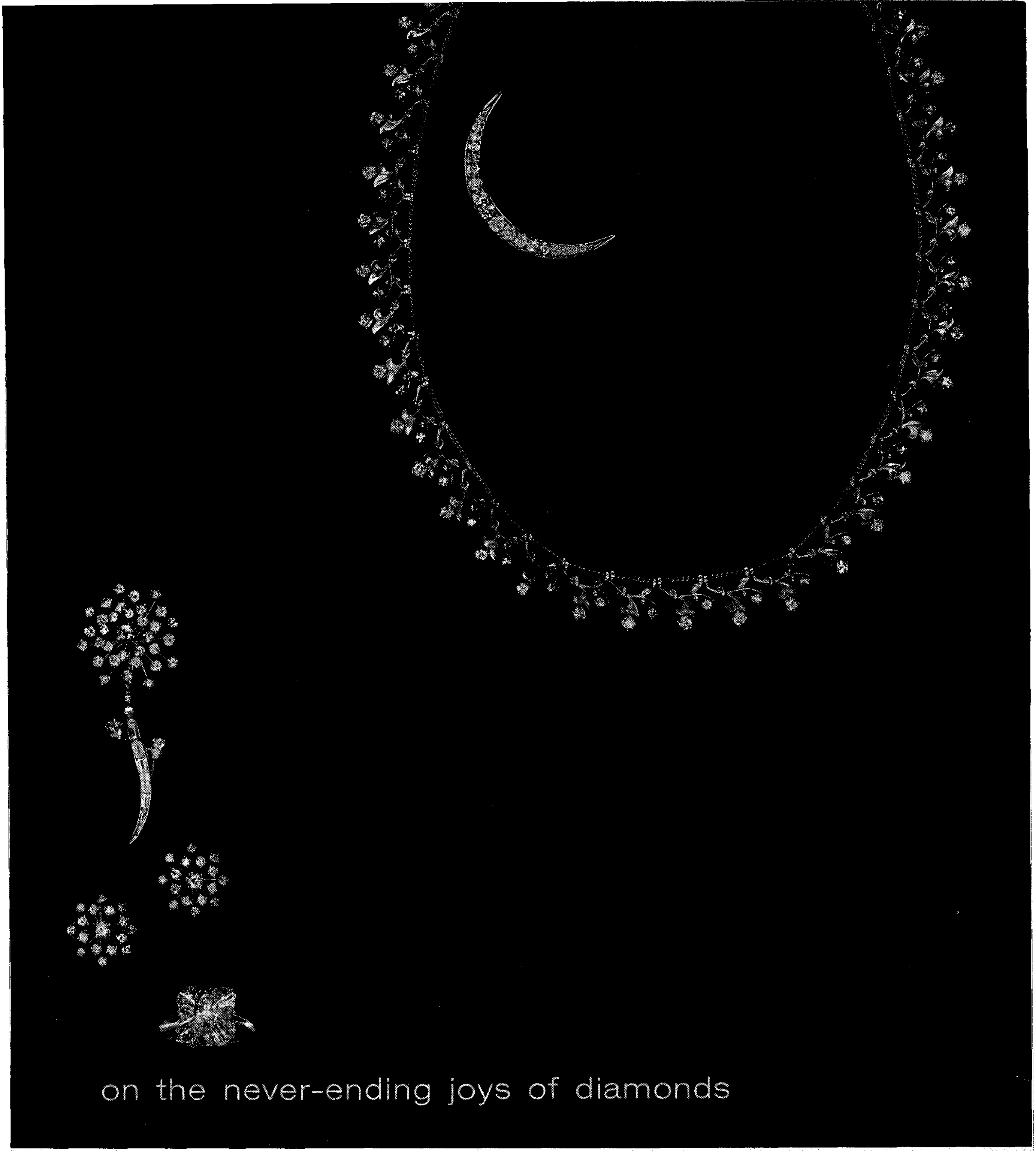

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Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett in a musical with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Jule Styne. Directed by George Abbott and produced by Lester Osterman and Mr. Styne. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Eugene O'Neill's satire "Marco Millions" stands up better than you might expect after thirty-six years, and the present production is quite spectacular. Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman are among those present. Performance Thursday, May 28, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performances Friday, May 29, at 8; Saturday, May 30, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 2-4, at 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropic foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. Performances Sunday, May 31, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 5, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 6, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—The troupe from Stratford-on-Avon trying to make some headway against the malfunctioning acoustics of the New York State Theatre, and not making much progress. "King Lear," with Paul Scofield: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ "The Comedy of Errors," with Ian Richardson and Alec McCowen: Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15 and 8:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Closes Saturday, June 6.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"My Fair Lady," with Myles Eason, Marni Nixon, Reginald Gardiner, and Russell Nype, is the last in a series of three shows. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

APA at the Phoenix—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are": Tuesdays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths": Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an appealing company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home Movies—This dishevelled, irreverent musical is not for the touchy or tender-skinned, but it has its comic moments all the same. Many of them are provided by Sudie Bond in the role of a nutty teen-ager. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's comedy, imported from London, with Brian Bedford, Alexandra Berlin, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and George Segal. Mike Nichols is the director. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The New Tenant and **Victims of Duty**—Two one-act samples of the willful nonsense of Eugene Ionesco. The first of them is a total loss, but the second has its high moments, as well as a pair of splendid performances by Michael Howard and Joseph Chaikin. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—The Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, May 31.)

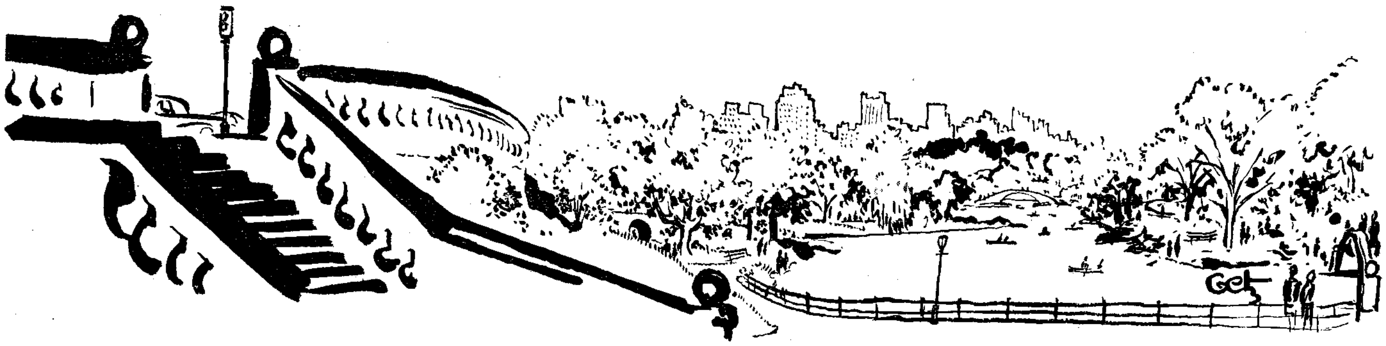
The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. Opens Thursday, May 28. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—Ted Brown and Bill Bixby in a revival of the Lawrence Roman comedy. Opens Thursday, May 28. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Opening-night curtain at 7:20; thereafter



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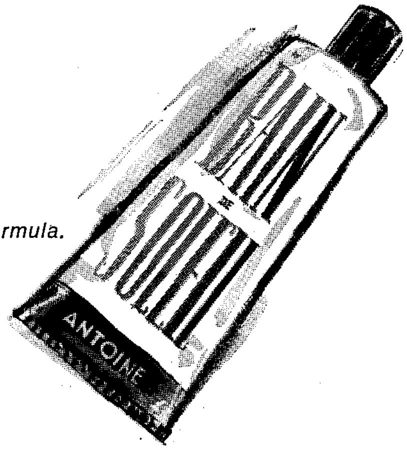
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WORLD OF KURT WEILL IN SONG—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

MISCELLANY

FOLIES-BERGÈRE—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. Previews through Monday, June 1. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 2. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper, the Royal Box puts onstage the dinner jackets of Liberace, who must be planning to become a display window at Cartier's as soon as he has finished his piano lessons. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. There's also tea dancing Sundays from one to three; no music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The new natives are as restless at night as were the old ones, a good many of whom appear to have retired from this particular form of public life. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra move the populace to mild exercise. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. On Sundays, only the peninsula called Perona's is open, and the dance music is solely electronic.

MARK TWAIN RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Once up the gangplank, one would never guess that this four-decker is a reorganized Longchamps and not the gorgeously bedizened Fall River Line's Priscilla on her night run to Newport. Below the (literal) saloon deck are Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who set to at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight) with music contemporaneous with both the Priscilla and the *bossa nova*. No music Sundays.

NEW YORK HILTON, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills is, or are, a set of picture windows overlooking a remarkably calm Rome on one hand and a small dance floor on the other. I Cavalieri di Roma, a fine body of Italian bandsmen, begin at eight and go home at one. Dino Palermo, their troubadour, is passion personified. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the gallant little Café Pierre, a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers do a hand gallop every night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Late to bed and late to rise makes a girl wealthy, if one understands correctly the drift of Eartha Kitt's arias, which take place during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Emil Coleman's sonorous band and Mark Monte's cheerful little earfuls do dance tunes the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

... ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (the simultaneous doings of recordings and a brace of trios); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

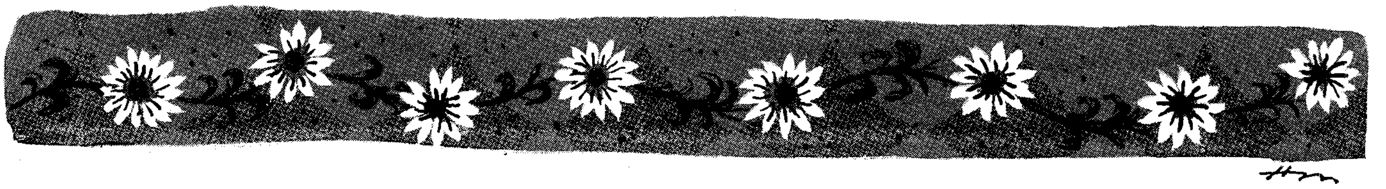
SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club clings to tradition—dinner and supper garnished with dancing. Milt Shaw's band is the wherewithal, from eight to one during the week and from nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Electronic music of sorts fills in during the Shaw stage waits. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Patti Page, who delivers the dinner and supper song recitals in the Empire Room with great good will and no nonsense, retires on Friday, May 29. On Monday, June 1, Paul Anka will be hoisting his childish treble for the benefit of the town's grade-school children. The best of the three million Meyer Davis orchestras (conducted by Emery Davis) and the band of Horace Diaz go on practically all the time. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.

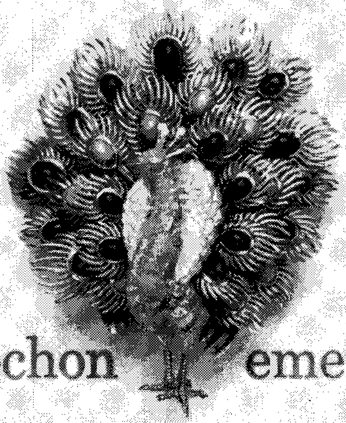
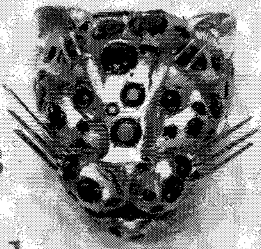
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

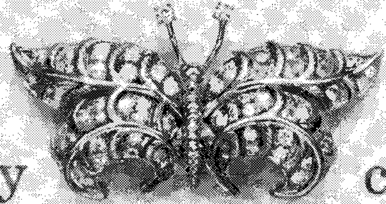
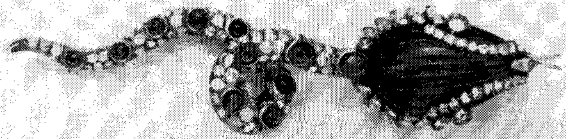
(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. The Puccini portion of the week runs every day, followed by an American *commedia-dell'-arte* troupe. An easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday, and there is song, piano, concertina, and whatnot the rest of the time. The leader of the whole thing is Aldo Bruschi, basso profundo. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Winers and diners whose eye penetrates the new décor will know that they are in the recent Malmaison, whose kitchen staff carries on as before, supplemented, beginning at cocktail time, by the effervescent piano of Otis Clements and, after ten-thirty, by the piano, trio, and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is all their own. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Friday and Saturday nights after ten-thirty is the extent of her domain. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Very nearly the most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has the run of the piano every night but Sunday in this state apartment for cocktails, dinner, and supper. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An amusing reminder of the days when a man's home was his castle. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A night of some grandeur on the town that sits beside the Tiber. A set of jolly street musicians marches up and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists and those that belong to a three-man guitar platoon. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a jazz trio that never takes an evening off. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in



Tiffany Pin Primer

This is a peacock.  See its colorful markings. They're cabochon emeralds, sapphires and turquoises. Peacocks are show-offs. This is a leopard.  Its spots are of Ceylon sapphires. Leopards do not change their spots. This is a fish with eyes of cognac diamonds and a peridot tummy. Fish are easy to catch.

This is a butterfly with wings of diamonds.  Butterflies are pursued by collectors. This is a cobra of emeralds and diamonds with two ruby eyes. Cobras are exotic.  How do you like these Tiffany pins? Aren't they something?

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's dream-life piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano of George Feyer, which observes all the conventions, is the square of the social circle that operates here from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Tibor Rakossy, the Hungarian Rossano Brazzi, is the best of the crooners. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*, Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until nine and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty, is the curriculum of Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this small-scale Alhambra.... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players; no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small restaurant, when she moves onto the floor in full battle array to do her bumptious songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. Leisurely dancing, too, to Kurt Maier's trio. Closed Sundays.... **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

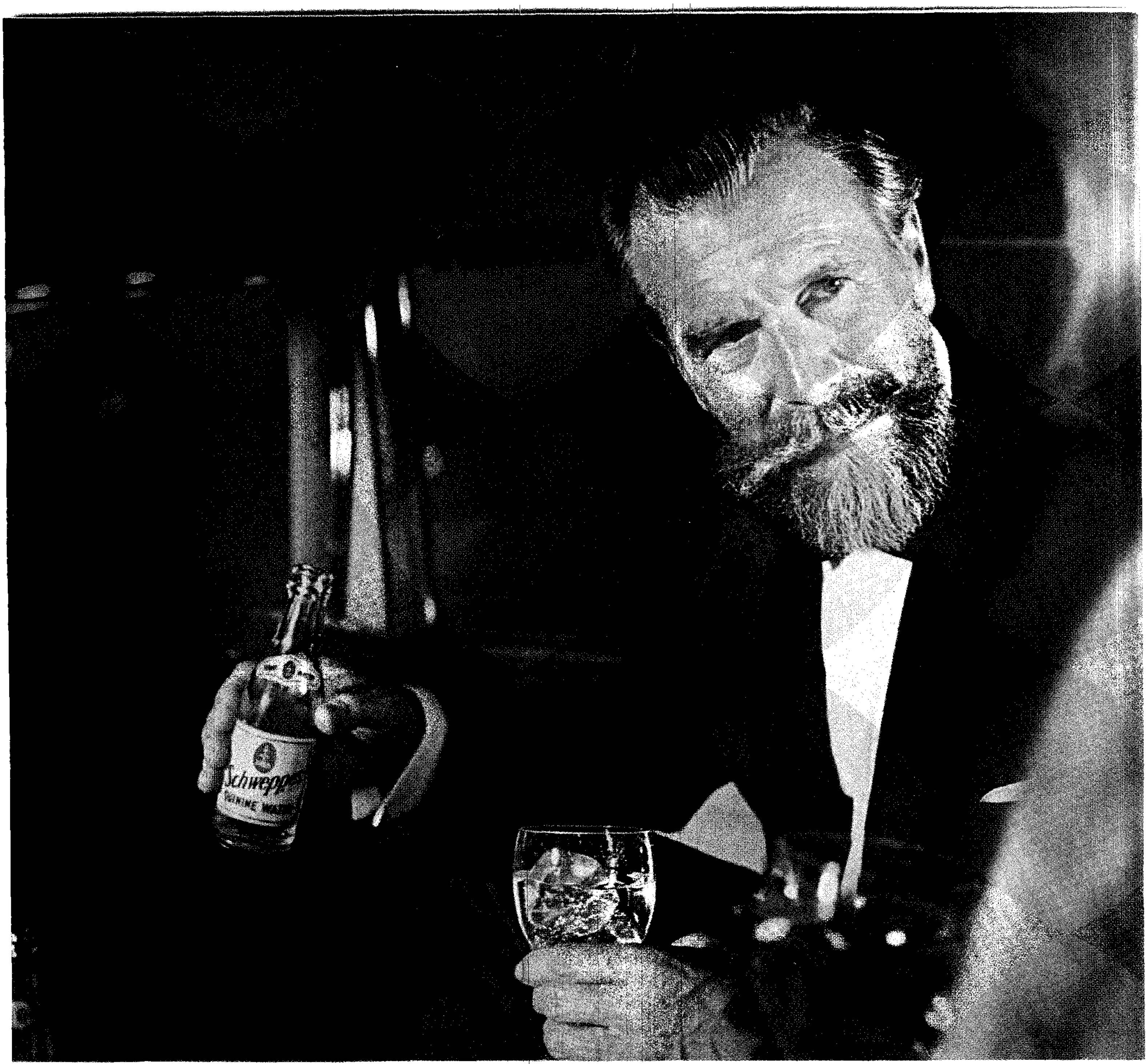
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Everything comes up peaches on this spreading Tree of Life. The peaches—three dozen of them, thin-skinned, thin-garbed—are the center of an extravaganza in which light, color, and movement are well met. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The bell that rings out clear on the midnight air is Ella Fitzgerald, who gives honest measure in whatever she does, be it bop, ballad, or beatification. Roy Eldridge's quartet is her buoyant flight deck, and Wild Bill Davis's band is the remainder of the sound effects. Closed Sundays.... **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Once in a generation comes a captain of the chorus with the high kicks, good looks, sass, and impudence of Jeanie Stevens, who is up in the front lines with her troops, a fine set of girl athletes, in "Vive les Girls," the best-turned-out and liveliest track meet ever put on in this gymnasium. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): After listening to "The Muffled Report," the most recent of the no-holds-barred White Papers issued by the Establishment's players on the state of Her Majesty's domain, one is not at all sure that there always *will* be an England. This brisk commingling of suavity and savagery is delivered by a cast—John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, Eleanor Bron, Carole Simpson, and David Battley—to whom deadpan farce and fantasy are not only second but first nature. Marian McPartland's progressive and powerful jazz trio is the American leavening. Miss Simpson departs this wonderful life on Saturday, May 30, and on Monday, June 1, she will be succeeded by Dottie Dodgion, the perky drummer of the McPartland set. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: nine and eleven-thirty during the week, Sundays not at all. The McPartlands move to the bar after the second show, and the tireless Miss Dodgion sings there.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," a new edition of the practically permanent revue put on by the Second City personnel, pays more attention to the sidewalks of New York than to the highways of the world, but its eye and tongue are in no way diminished. Severn Darden, a boon to any revue, drifts through it, and Bob Dishy, Avery Schreiber, Mina Kolb, Jack Burns, and Dick Schaal are great helps. A truly surprise extra added attraction—Dick Gregory, a trenchant conversationalist who walks a real tightrope (no less than the Mason-Dixon Line)—is on hand at the moment but leaves on Sunday, May 31. The orchestra—Tom O'Horgan's harp and piano—uses a score by Mr. O'H. Starting time is eight-thirty, and things go on until midnight or later; Mondays are dark.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brass-bound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps.... ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, pillar of fire, is letting her ballads know who's boss around the house. The piano work of Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn, her supporters, is sort of sumptuous. The rest of the cast is of variable quality. Closed Mondays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Liber-

LOBSTERS
OYSTERS
CRABS
CLAMS
OYSTERS
SEA FOOD
LA'SZLO



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3. Pour Schweppes Tonic *slowly*, down the *side* of the glass. The House of Schweppes in London has been working since 1794 to perfect Schweppervescence—little bubbles that always *last your whole drink through*. Don't *squander* that precious Schweppervescence by dashing your Schweppes on the rocks.

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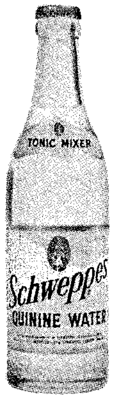

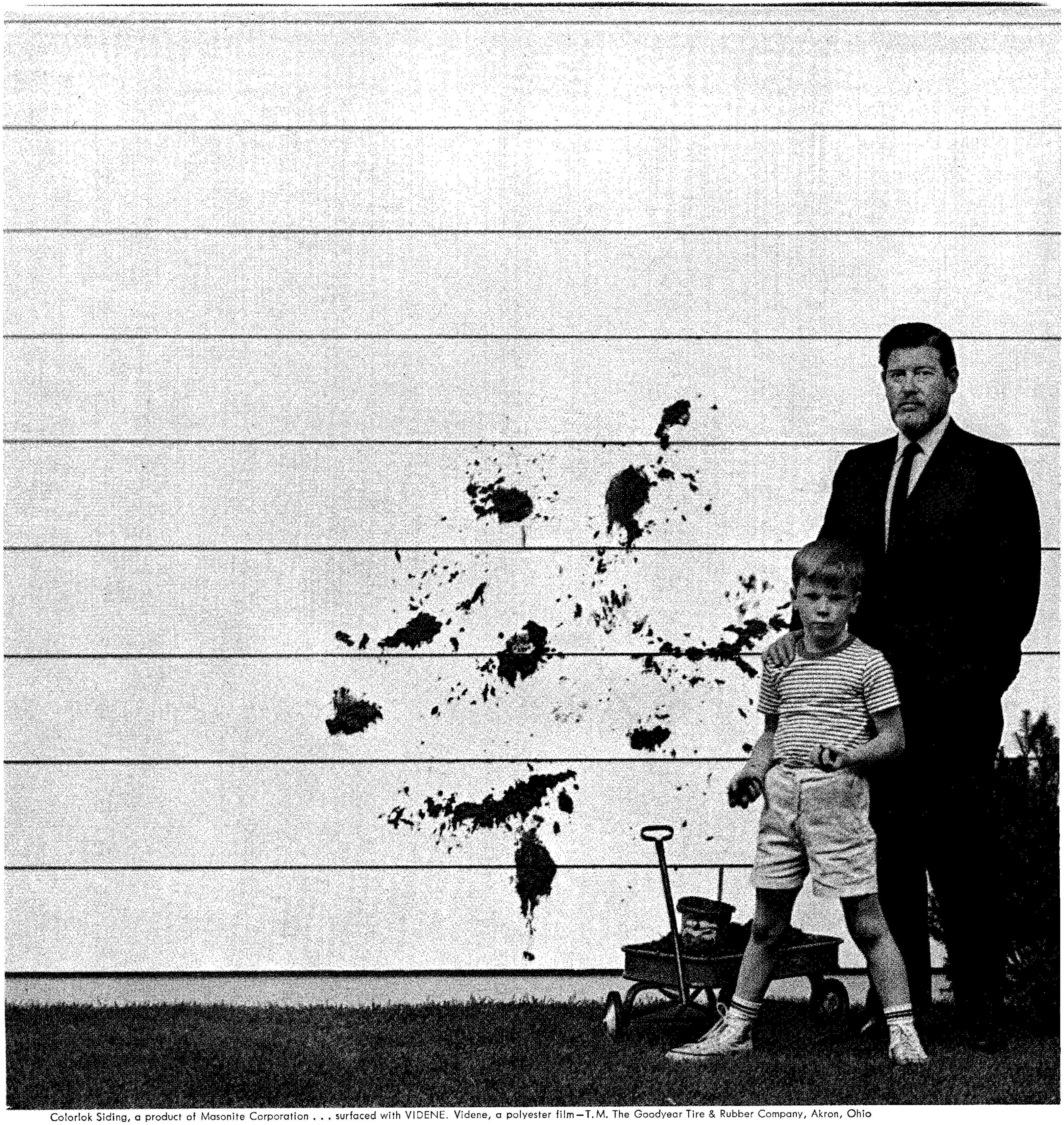

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tad Lamarque, definitely a Presence in the Latin American world, evokes—in a voice grown old but not exhausted in its years of service—plenty of wistfulness, plenty of laughter. Spanish is the idiom of this stately soprano, and she sticks to it. The accompanying revue is just so-so. Dancing every night, and from two to seven on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Morath, who knows all the gimcrackery piano tricks of our early days and the foolish lyrics that went with them, has a bumptious time at the keyboard. He is assisted by a quartet. The place is closed Mondays; there are Sunday matinées, from four-thirty to seven, in compensation. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. Jim, Jake, and Joan, prodigies who are not only infant but infinite, do bits and pieces of great variety, all of them funny. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—early in the evening—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Woody Herman's band and Red Allen's quartet. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Music flows like water here, but the unmistakable principal boy is Woody Allen, who can say many a true (and also touching) word in jest. The music comes from Judy Henske, who gives folk tunes what-for; from the Modern Folk Quartet, which gives folk tunes rather too much earnestness; and from the Red Onion Jazz Band, whose name tells all. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. John Coltrane's quartet checks out on Thursday, June 4; next evening, Lennie Tristano's quintet, which includes Lee Konitz, will arrive. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Dave McKenna, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sonny Rollins, a man of few notes, all of them carefully thought out, is in charge. His band works every night but Monday; another group, a quartet, works every night but Tuesday. On Tuesday, June 2, the Rollinses will be replaced by the fivesome of Charlie Mingus, rebel with a dozen causes. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The jazz on tap now does not amount to much; the point of interest is Tessie O'Shea, the all-out London music-hall blossom who did so well for herself in the late "The Girl Who Came to Supper." Her turn comes at midnight Monday through Friday, ten-forty-five and twelve-forty-five on Saturday, and ten-thirty on Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two

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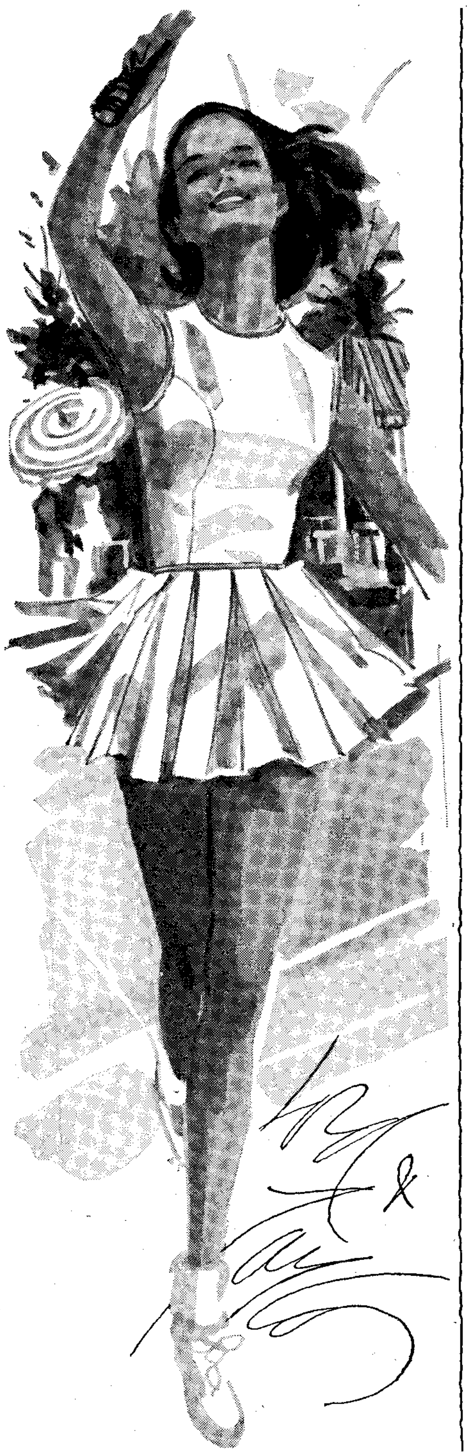

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generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, too, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-0160): A nesting place for night owls who don't give a hoot. The hooting, therefore, is done by the quartet (mostly a bundle of nerves) belonging to Terry Gibbs. His workmen lay off Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings; through Friday, May 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HELEN BELING—Semi-abstract figurative sculptures in bronze and in plastic resin; through Friday, May 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Portraits of his artist friends in France, together with examples of their works; through Friday, May 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

GANDY BRODIE—Cityscapes; through Friday, May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Figures, and figures in landscapes; through Friday, May 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

JACQUES HNIZDOVSKY—Still-life paintings and drawings and watercolors of plant forms; through Friday, May 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

MARGO HOFF—Collage paintings; through Friday, May 29. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

ROBERT HUOT—Hard-edge Purist paintings; through Friday, May 29. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

DAVID JACOBS, TAL STREETER, AND BERNARD LANGLAIS—Sculptures; through Friday, May 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

JENNETTE LAM—A new series of chair paintings, these with beach umbrellas added; through Thursday, June 4. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings and Memorial Day.)

BORIS MARGO—Sculptured canvases; through Saturday, June 6. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LUCIANO MINGUZZI—Twenty-one bronze studies for a door of the Cathedral in Milan by a contemporary Italian; through June 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Impressionistic nudes and landscapes; through Saturday, May 30. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

PAUL REBEYROLLE—Paintings; through Saturday, June 6. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDNAH ROOT—Abstract paintings of nature; through Friday, May 29. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St.)

WILLIAM SCHARF—Paintings; through Saturday, May 30. (Griffin, 32 E. 58th St.)

KURT SELIGMANN—Twenty years of prints and drawings; through June 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

EVERETT SHINN (1876-1953)—Oils (on theatrical subjects), watercolors, gouaches, and pencil drawings, against a background of drawings and watercolors by Joseph Stella, Robert Henri, William Glackens, and other contemporaries; through Saturday, June 6. (Chapellier, 21 E. 75th St.)

JACK SQUIER—Abstract wood sculptures; through Friday, May 29. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

WALTER H. STEVENS—Watercolors; through Friday, May 29. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St.)

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND—Semi-abstract paintings done within the past two years by this English artist; through Friday, June 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

PETER TAKAL—Lithographs of nature and of man; through Friday, June 5. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

ROBERT WIEGAND—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, May 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

NEIL WILLIAMS—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, May 30. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

JANE WILSON—Cityscapes; through Friday, May 29. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

CHARLOTTE YAZBEK—Sculptures in bronze; through June 30. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

SCULPTURES—Nineteenth-century Puerto Rican *santos;* through Friday, June 5. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: "The American Penny Machine," a display of fortune-telling, noise, strength, and movie machines, dating from the turn-of-the-century penny arcade; through Saturday, June 6. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Pop artists Dick Artschwager (furniture), Christo (a store), Alex Hay (appliances), and Robert Watts (food); through Wednesday, June 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Robert Gwathmey, William King, John Paul Jones, and others on the regular roster in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: "New York City" is the theme of this year's summer show of paintings (1913-63) and some of the artists are Charles Demuth, Charles Sheeler, and Mark Tobey; through Friday, June 5. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Indiana, Marisol, and Roy Lichtenstein (to mention a few), lent from the collections of other artists; through Saturday, May 30. . . . **GRANVILLE**, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Ronnie Elliott, James House, James Brewer, and others; through June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Larry Bell, Chuck Hinman, Robert Whitman, and four other new artists; through Friday, May 29. . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, William Thon, and other gallery artists; through June 27. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, drawings, and watercolors of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and sculptures of various periods, by, for example, Frederick J. Waugh, Arthur B. Davies, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through June 13. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **IOLAS**, 15 E. 55th St.: Bernard Pfriem, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Jean Tinguely are three of the dozen participants in a showing of paintings, sculptures, and constructions; through Saturday, June 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: The closing show of the season is devoted to paintings and sculptures by, among others, Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Ibram Lassaw; through Friday, May 29.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies," as depicted in

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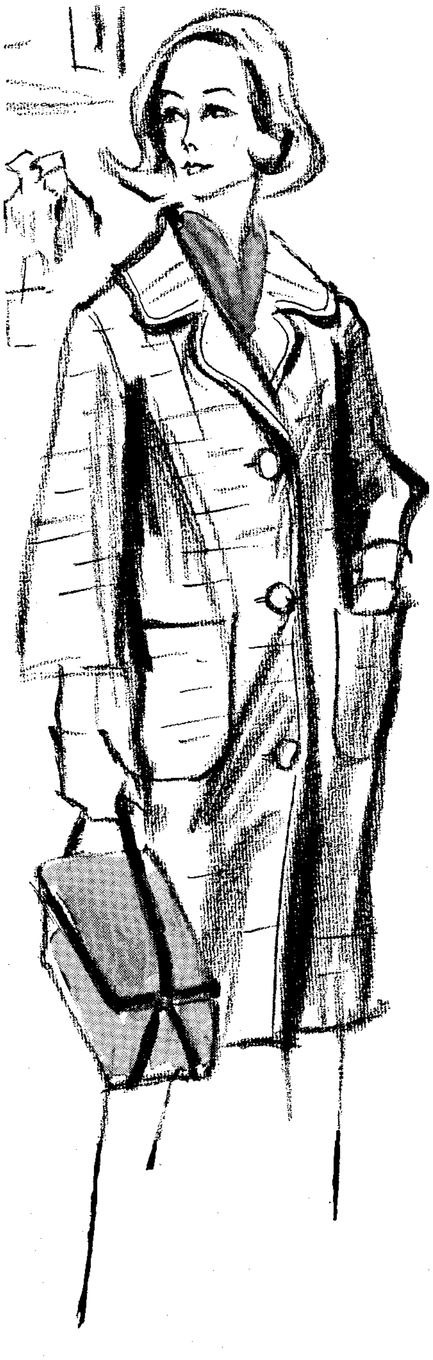

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rembrandt prints; through Sunday, May 31. . . . ¶ "The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, and Larry Rivers are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "American Painters as Lithographers;" through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ "The Photographer's Eye," a loan show of some two hundred pictures by, among others, Mathew Brady, Edward Steichen, and Cartier-Bresson; through Aug. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty watercolors by the English romantic painter Joseph Mallord William Turner, on loan from the British Museum; through Sunday, May 31. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through June 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—On permanent exhibition is the Huntington Hartford collection of paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and other members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of English painters, founded in 1848; through Sunday, May 31. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by the French formalist artist Antoine Bourdelle; through Sunday, May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. . . . ¶ Environmental sculpture by the architect, designer, and sculptor Frederick Kiesler; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through June 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through June 19. . . . ¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The American Craftsman," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to name a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Treasures of the New-York Historical Society, 1804-1964," a display commemorating the hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of the Society. Among the items shown are a copy of the New-York *Gazette* dated March 7, 1726, a letter written in 1774 by Paul Revere, and the only known life portrait of Peter Stuyvesant. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Images of America," an exhibit of prints ranging from pre-Revolutionary times to the present, with Reginald Marsh, John Marin, and Antonio Frasconi numbered among the modern artists; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings purchased during the past five years by members of the Friends of the Whitney Museum for their private collections. Among the artists are Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Andrew Wyeth, and William Zorach. Through June 16. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of Italian music on Thursday, May 28, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Frank Porretta, tenor; and Patricia Wilde's dance company); and a program of American music Friday through Sunday, May 29-31, at 8:30 (with Lorin Hollander, piano, and Marc Connelly, narrator). . . . ¶ Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting a program of English music Wednesday through Friday, June 3-5, at 8:30 (with Lee Venora, soprano); and a program of music based on Shakespearean themes Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Mary Hensley, *mezzo-soprano;* Richard Cassilly, *tenor;* Joshua Hecht, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Richard Burgin conducting, with John Langstaff, baritone. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, May 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Thelonious Monk, with an orchestra, in a program of his own compositions. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, June 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 29, at 8; Saturday, May 30, at 2; and Sunday, May 31, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday, June 2, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 5, at 8, and Saturday, June 6, at 2.

Boxing—José Gonzalez vs. Florentino Fernandez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 6.)

Golf—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7.)

Horse Show—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, May 30.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 30. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 1, through Tuesday, June 30. The Mother Goose, Monday, June 1; the Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, June 3; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 6. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, May 30. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 5, through Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: Bahia vs. Bremen and Blackburn Rovers vs. Hearts. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, May 31, at 2:15.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, May 30, at 1, and Sunday, May 31, at 2.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, May 28, through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7.)

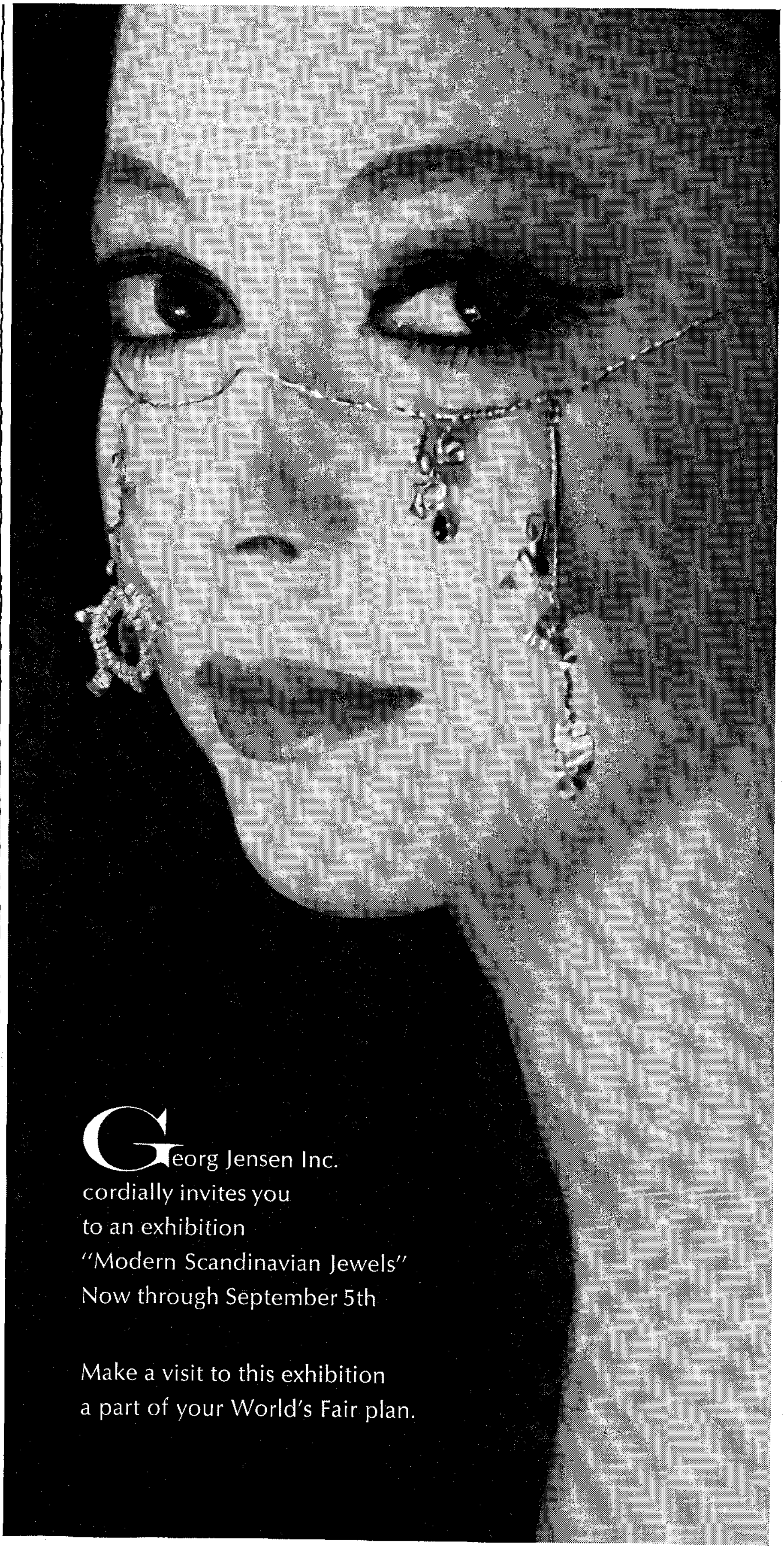
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45 and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Flower Show—The annual Flower Mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, from 9 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 28, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture; table porcelain and silver; paintings; decorative objects; and Oriental and other rugs. From various owners, including Mrs. Percy K. Hudson. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculpture, from the estate of Stella Elkins Tyler and from other sources.

Commencement Dates—Vassar, Sunday, May 31; Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 2; and Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 3.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A beautiful and touching act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 2.)

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting June 3.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy with Tom Courtenay, in which it turns out that honesty is the best policy but not much fun. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 3, tentative.)

The Chalk Garden—Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer have a marvellous time acting out this rather old-fashioned tale of tangled family matters. The setting is green England. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—A Western in classical dress, with Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Sophia Loren, and Alec Guinness. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Thursday, May 28, at 8. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, May 29, continuous showings.)

From Russia with Love—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 2. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 29-June 1. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—As thrilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner, and directed by John Frankenheimer. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 2, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 3. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 3, tentative.)

NOW PLAYING

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman sketches his dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (In English at the Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795. . . . ¶ In Swedish at the 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The World of Henry Orient—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that senior citizens will find bearable. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through June 2.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 2.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 2. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 3, tentative.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—A description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 3.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting May 29.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 2.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 3.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 2.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 29-June 1.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmund O'Brien. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; May 28.)

The Longest Day (1962)—Darryl Zanuck's reconstruction of D Day. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; through June 2. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting June 3.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 2.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in an adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through June 2.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; May 28. No afternoon performances.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 29-June 1.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 29-June 1.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 3, tentative.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The initial programs in a series of Japanese films directed by Yasujiro Ozu—May 28, showings at 3 and 5:30: "I Was Born But . . ." (1932). . . . ¶ May 29-30, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Late Spring" (1949). . . . ¶ May 31-June 1, showings at 3: "Tokyo Story" (1953). . . . ¶ June 2-3, showings at 3: "Early Spring" (1956). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret.

Globe, B'way at 43rd. (LO 5-9889)
"Weekend" (in Danish).

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Windjammer," revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE CHALK GARDEN.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Empty Canvas," Bette Davis, Horst Buchholz.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Muscle Beach Party," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through June 2: **THE LONGEST DAY**, revival.
From June 3: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Rikisha Man" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune, Hideko Takamine.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 2: **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (in Italian), revival.
From June 3: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
May 28: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.
May 29-June 1: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "In the French Style," revival, Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.
From June 2: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 2: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**
From June 3: **THE BEST MAN.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 2 (tentative): "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.
From June 3 (tentative): **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, revival.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through June 2: "Weekend" (in Danish).
From June 3: **THE LONGEST DAY**, revival.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 1: "The Third Secret," Stephen Boyd, Richard Attenborough.
From June 2: "Voice of the Hurricane," Muriel Smith.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through May 31: "Don't Tempt the Devil" (in French), Marina Vlady, Bourvil.
From June 1: "Kapo," Susan Strasberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MODERN TIMES, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Ring of Treason," Bernard Lee.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 2 (tentative): **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**
From June 3 (tentative): **BILLY LIAR**; and **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Muscle Beach Party," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 2: "Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret.
From June 3: **THE LONGEST DAY**, revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 28: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
May 29-June 1: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
From June 2: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 2: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.
From June 3: **THE BEST MAN.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 2: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From June 3: "The Doll" (in Swedish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 2: "South Pacific," revival, Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor. (On Saturday, May 30, a telecast of the Indianapolis Speedway race will be shown, starting at 11:40 A.M. The feature film will be shown in the evening.)
From June 3: **THE LONGEST DAY**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 2: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "Twice Told Tales," Vincent Price.
From June 3: **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Secret Door," Robert Hutton.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 2: **MURDER SHE SAID**, revival; and "Murder at the Gallop," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
From June 3: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 3 (tentative): "Night Tide," Dennis Hopper.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
May 28: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.
From May 29: **HAMLET**, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Night Watch" (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Disorder" (in Italian), Louis Jourdan, Susan Strasberg.

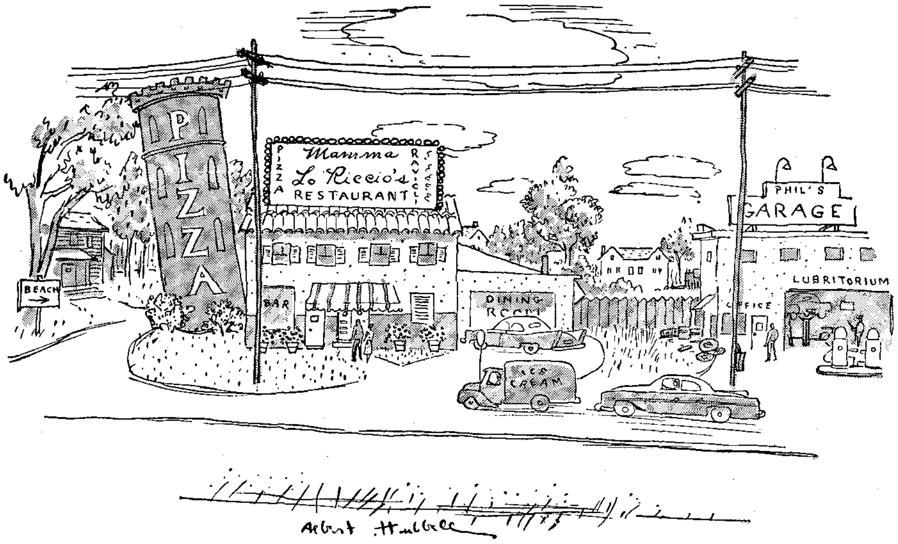
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 2: "South Pacific," revival, Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor.
From June 3: **THE LONGEST DAY**, revival.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
THE GREAT DICTATOR, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 2: **HENRY V**, revival; and "The Doctor's Dilemma," revival, Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.
From June 3: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and **HUD**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 28: "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival; and "Il Grido" (in Italian), revival, Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.
May 29-June 1: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From June 2: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 2: **AMERICA AMERICA**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From June 3: To be announced.



THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ The Fair looks its best and is least crowded between 9 and 10 in the morning and under the lights at night. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children Over Three—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) or in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum). . . . ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate. The Shea Stadium lot is also available when the Stadium is not in use.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station. Trip takes about twenty minutes.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, on the half-hour between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 48th Street and Lexington. About a forty-five-minute trip; $1 each way.

Boats—Circle Line ferries leave from Pier 80, at the foot of West 40th Street, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.; return at 11:45 A.M. and 4 P.M. Fare $2.75 outward bound, $2 inward bound; run takes about an hour and three-quarters. . . . ¶ Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave for the Fair approximately every half hour from Wall Street Heliport ($9.45 one way). Newark Airport ($12.60), La Guardia Airport ($5.25), and Kennedy International Airport ($6.30). Half price for children.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair; adults $6.50, children $3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Dentists—Friday, May 29, is American Academy of Dental Medicine Day.

Memorial Day—May 30 is not only Memorial Day but Better Living Day and Ramsey, New Jersey, Tercentenary Day.

Electricity—Tuesday, June 2, is the fourth day of Electric Week.

Plastics—There will be a celebration of the Society of the Plastics Industry, Inc. Day on Wednesday, June 3, between 9 A.M. and 12 P.M. in the Pavilion.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Du Pont—A live narrator and four singers and dancers coöperate with cartoons and actors on film to present a musical history of chemistry that stresses the contributions of du Pont. Three actors in laboratory jackets perform a series of chemical demonstrations, making them look like sleight of hand. The show goes on about forty times a day, and there are almost always long waiting lines.

Federal Pavilion—On the first floor of the United States exhibit, a short film called "The American Voyage"—mostly about immigrants to this country—is shown every half hour, and on the second floor an open car leaves every ninety seconds for a trip through a short multiple-screen movie called "The American Journey," which is about American history.

Florida—There is no admission charge to see an exhibit of paintings by Rubens, Renoir, Veronese, Cézanne, Monet, Winslow Homer, Jawlensky, and Soulages, among others, which were lent by Florida museums and collectors, but it costs adults two dollars, and children a dollar, to see a sea lion and five porpoises do tricks to organ music.

Billy Graham Pavilion—In a 70-mm. Todd A-O film, the evangelist compares man to a raging river and a temple in ruins, but insists that there is hope. Multilingual spiritual counsellors are located behind the screen and may be consulted after the film, which is shown hourly.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is not only the most beautiful structure at the Fair but, because of its trees and flowers—to say nothing of a corny accordionist who alternates songs like "Bye, Bye Blackbird" with improvisations based on information fed to him by his audience—standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

Indonesian Pavilion—Overlooking a beautiful display of Indonesian musical instruments is a large photograph of President Sukarno and, nearby, a painting of Dr. Sukarno's mother.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

Morocco—The Moroccan Pavilion is designed to accommodate an outdoor market selling carpets off the rack or custom-made, and native garments that might make good bathrobes.

Sermons from Science—The Moody Institute of Science of Los Angeles sponsors twelve different programs a day to illustrate the relationship between science and God. One program is a film showing poppies popping open, a caterpillar turning into a butterfly, paramecia proliferating, and a man who says there is no greater sin than unbelief.

Sierra Leone—Among the exhibits are a butterfly collection, diamond-industry displays, and the first free-form, self-adhesive postage stamp in history.

Spanish Pavilion—It costs a dollar to see paintings by Picasso, Dali, Mirò, Goya, El Greco, Velásquez, Murillo, and several present-day Spanish painters. The glass covering the Goyas reflects everything in sight, and the glass on the El Greco reflects the Velásquez.

Republic of the Sudan—The Sudanese exhibit includes an archeological museum (admission is fifty cents), ivory carvings and leopardskin purses for sale, Sudanese paintings, and a small outdoor restaurant that never seems to be crowded.

Sweden—The Swedish Pavilion is full of industrial exhibits, one of which is the oldest stock certificate in a still existing company; it is dated June 16, 1288, and written in medieval Latin. There is a shop where Swedish arts and crafts are for sale.

United Arab Republic Pavilion—The exhibits include a pack of king-size filter cigarettes called Cleopatra, apothecary jars labelled "hoof-and-horn meal" and "animal bone-black," and a photograph of President Gamal Abdel Nasser.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, and 7:15, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, 5, 6:10, and 7:20, the rest of the week; $1.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Les Poupées de Paris—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated" offers an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2.50; children $1.25.

To Broadway with Love—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. They start off with "The Old Folks at Home" and "Dixie;" a voluptuous lady sings "Over There" while films of First World War fighting and graveyards are projected onto a screen behind her; and, of course, they also do "There's No Business Like Show Business." At 3 P.M., 7 P.M., and 9:30 P.M. Admission $2 to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—The museum's inhabitants include Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Apollo, and Lady Godiva. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

"Wonder World"—A mammoth stage show alternately starring Chita Rivera and Gretchen Wyler, and featuring clowns; trick divers; dancers impersonating trees, rocks, and a waterfall; and a man noisily propelled across the stage by a rocket belt fuelled with hydrogen peroxide. Shows at 2:30 P.M., 5:30 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. in the Amphitheatre in the Lake Amusement Area; $1 to $3.50.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind, but it is almost impossible—except, perhaps, for the unusually efficient and farsighted—to be in the right one at the right time. The majority of them do not accept reservations.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort, are often the most likely places to get something to eat.

Caribbean Pavilion—There is a three-dollar minimum, a small menu, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710. The acoustics and the view of the stage show are better from outside the pavilion.

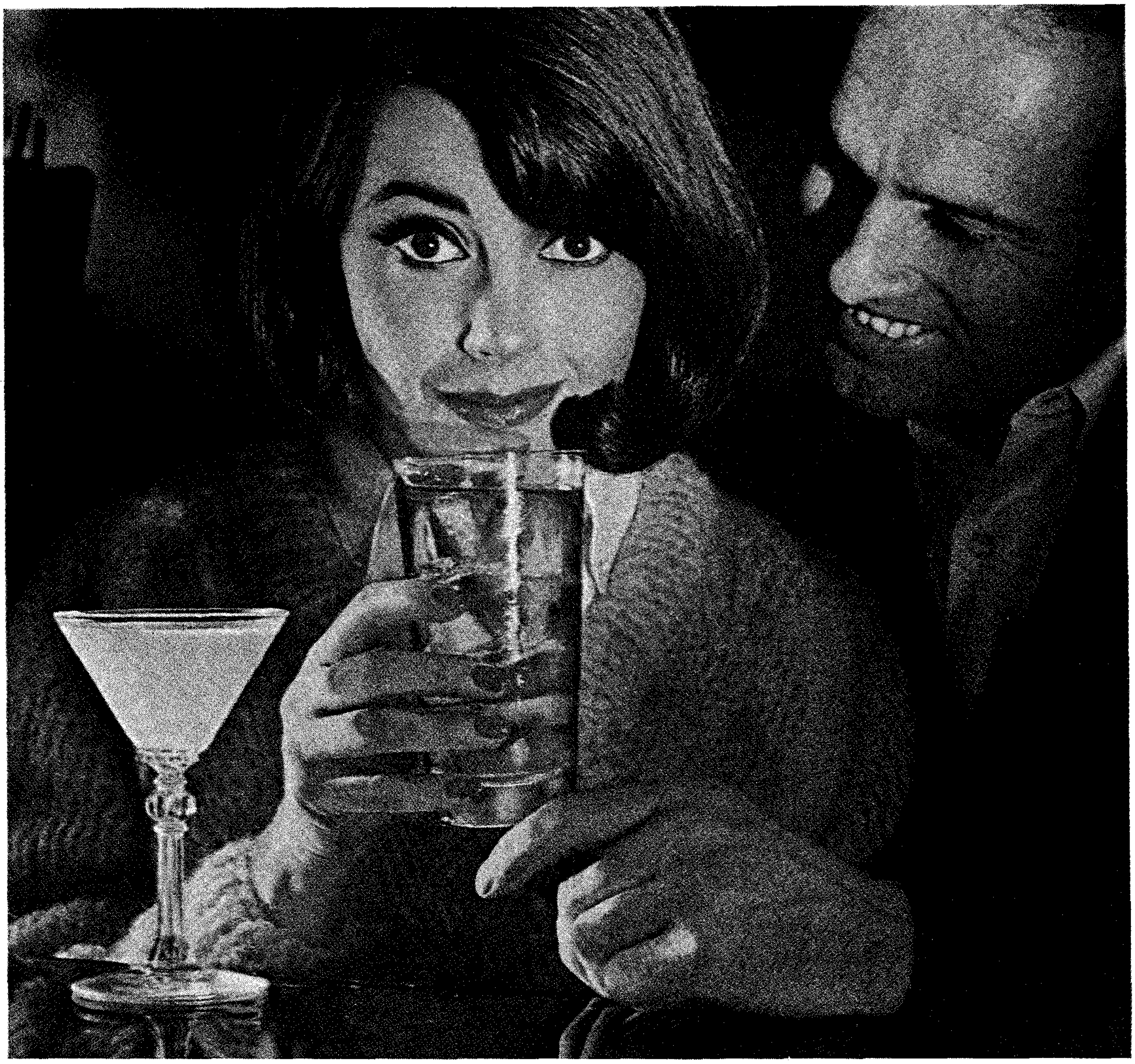
Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—An expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call Mr. Bailey, AR 1-5070.

Florida—Fresh orange juice is sold for a quarter a glass at a Florida Citrus Commission stand inside the Florida Pavilion.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.

Note—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.



If you think Bacardi is enjoyable only in cocktails you've been missing half the fun –

BACARDI IS FOR HIGHBALLS, TOO!

Sure, Bacardi Rum makes *great* cocktails. That's why most people make their Daiquiris with Bacardi. Bacardi is light bodied, very smooth—and *dry.** Doesn't it stand to reason then that Bacardi makes a light, dry, smooth highball, too? You bet it does!

If you have some Bacardi handy, discover one of the Great Dry Drinks tonight—a highball with your favorite mixer, or the new Bacardi Devil. It'll open up a whole new world! (Incidentally, if you don't have any Bacardi, you've been missing *all* the fun!)

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Chevrolet
BVJ 850

How Chevrolet makes roads feel smooth as the maps they're printed on

If you think this is going to be a lot of smooth talk about how luxuriously Chevrolet rides, you're right. But keep on reading. We've got all kinds of interesting facts and figures to back it up.

Those new roads on the map with the double red lines seem pretty nice in about any car.

But so do the old bumpy and hilly dotted-line ones in a Chevrolet with Jet-smooth ride.

So what's Jet-smooth ride? It's not just a name for Chevrolet's suspension system, if that's what you think.

It's Chevrolet's luxury-car length, for one thing—17½ feet from bumper to bumper—that makes bumps less noticeable.* And Chevrolet's luxury-car weight—from 3,375 to 4,045 lbs., depending on model and engine—that holds firmly to the road on curves.

It's over 700 sound quieters throughout the chassis and that big roomy Body by Fisher. Not to mention sound-absorbing wall-to-wall deep-twist carpeting that comes in every single Chevrolet model, even the lowest priced Biscaynes, wagons and all. And foam cushioning on Chevrolet's wide, comfortable seats, nearly two inches thick on Impala models. (Sound sumptuous?)

It's Chevrolet's seven engines, each one precision-balanced for smoother running and longer life, ranging from the standard 140-hp Six all the way up to an extra-cost 425-hp V8. (You can see where the "jet" in Jet-smooth came from.) And Chevrolet's smooth-shifting transmissions, too.

And it's Chevrolet's Full Coil suspension—a big chrome-alloy steel coil spring at each wheel. By the way, just to show you how fussy we are about Chevrolet quality, we tailor the springs to the weight of the various models.

In short, Jet-smooth ride is really just about everything that makes Chevrolet an honest-to-goodness luxury car.

About the only thing that *doesn't* is the Chevrolet price. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

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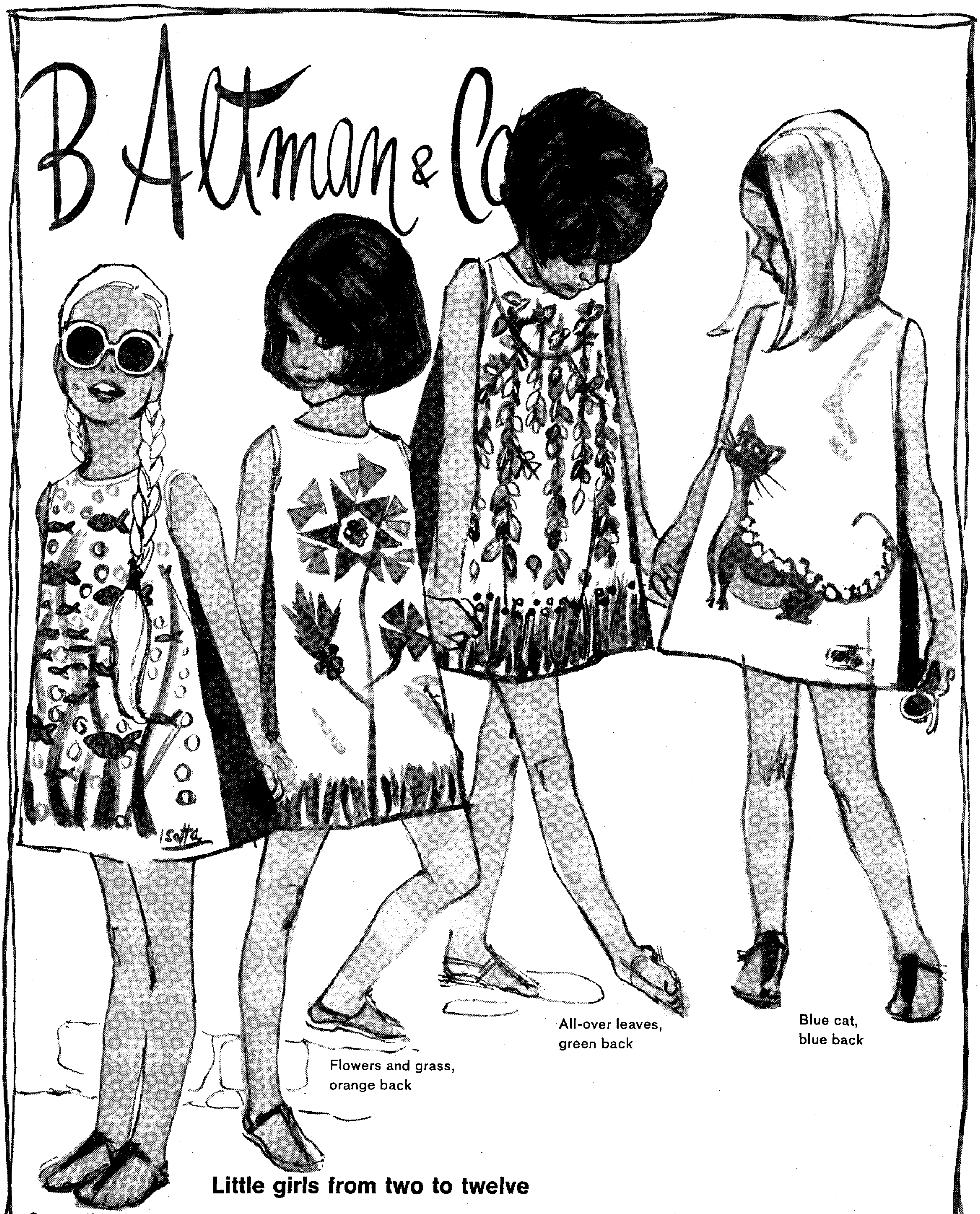
THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

**You could get technical about it and say it's really Chevrolet's long 119-inch wheelbase (that's the distance between front and rear axles). But you know what we mean.*

Chevrolet Impala Super Sport Coupe with bucket seats

GENERAL MOTORS *Futurama*
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Jet-smooth Luxury Chevrolet



Sea-motif,
blue back

Flowers and grass,
orange back

All-over leaves,
green back

Blue cat,
blue back

Little girls from two to twelve

love these clever Italian cottons!

Front is white, with subtle, hand-screened design, button-back is a brilliant solid color! Made in Florence expressly for Altman's. Small World and Shops for Girls, second floor, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. Toddlers, 2-4, **8.00;** Children's, 4-6x, **10.00;** Girls', 7-12, **12.00**

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHENEVER we return to this city from the hardhearted heartland, an expanse of cornfields dotted with dour churches, we are struck—enchanted—by the palpable, audible atmosphere of love. A Washington columnist recently wrote that New Yorkers kiss. They kiss, men and women, women and women, at the doors of restaurants, in front of subway kiosks, beside waiting taxis—wherever a parting or a greeting can be staged. This is not true in Boston or Philadelphia. Furthermore, at breakfast this morning on Forty-fourth Street, at one of those counters composed of a series of Formica elbows, we heard two unrelated gentlemen calling the waitress "dear." One of them had yellowish tortoiseshell glasses on his forehead, and he and she launched into a long and affecting discussion of rye bread. He liked it stale, oddly, and when she was a little girl in Germany (she had been raised in Germany), it had, more oddly still, invariably made her sick. She supposed she was allergic. Having breakfasted, we passed a taxi unloading, under a hotel marquee, a large family, some of them still pale with the prop-jet shakes, and all of them, to judge by the wild look in the children's eyes, remorselessly bound for the World's Fair. We overheard the cabman say, "My pleasure." My pleasure! Was this some sort of stock response drilled into him in a night-school course entitled How to Treat Visitors to the Fair, or was it a spontaneous bloom in this strange spring of tenderness, whose whispers (tiny kisses being swapped, gentle tips being acknowledged) were all around us? The air suddenly, sharply contained birdsong—an insistent, not quite monotonous tweeting—whose source we finally located in a drab and elderly man standing on the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. He wore last winter's—and twenty other winters'—overcoat, and around his neck hung a basket of yellow bird whistles, one of which was in his mouth. His tweeting was tireless and sweet. The fauna here is enriched by a shy commercial purpose. New York is a *gemütlich* festival.

Painter

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND, the painter, whose works hang in museums all over the world and who has been characterized by the British art historian Douglas Cooper as "the most distinguished and the most original English artist of the mid-twentieth century," has just spent two weeks here, at the suggestion of his American dealer, Mr. Alexandre Rosenberg, whose gallery, Paul Rosenberg & Co., is holding a Sutherland show. We caught Mr. Sutherland and his wife, Kathleen, at the tail end of their stay, at the tail end of a dinner they had been having with Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg in a big room hung with Braques in the big house on East Seventy-ninth Street that harbors the Rosenberg apartment and gallery.

"Graham is in the kitchen, flirting with the cook in French," Mrs. S. said to us as Mrs. R. offered us a brandy. "His French is correct, but his vocabulary is small. It consists of a hundred and twenty-five words."

"I'd give my left arm if I could talk enough French to get along better with Picasso," said Mr. Sutherland, who had come into the room in time to catch this tempered encomium. "But not my right arm. Some days I understand more French than others. My vocabulary seems to improve as the day goes on."

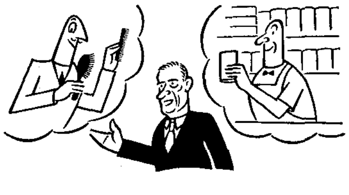
We asked what he'd said to the cook, and he said, "I presented my compliments."

"Our children are bilingual," said Mr. Rosenberg, who was born in Paris and is the father of binomial daughters—Élisabeth Marthe, twelve, and Marianne Barbara, nine. "When they quarrel, it's always in French."

Mr. Sutherland is sixty, and this is his and Mrs. Sutherland's first visit to the States in person. "I've been showing in New York since 1946, so I've been coming here one way or another," he said. "We've had a wonderful fortnight, meeting old friends and making new ones. I expected the traffic to be more snarled up and the streets narrower. The color here has much more variety than I had imagined; I expected it to be lavender-gray, but it's brown and pinkish."

"Graham was very much impressed by the fact that the sea is all around," Mrs. Sutherland said. "We love those wonderful New England houses at Katonah."

"Class distinctions are not as absolute here as in England," said Mr. S., who is brown and pinkish, and was wearing a dark-blue suit. "The hairdresser and the man in the grocery store take an egalitarian interest in you. We went to Katonah for weekends. I hadn't realized that so near New York there are seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses, exactly as in my county of Kent, but really rather better and bigger. I've felt extremely happy here, though I'm slightly afraid of being uprooted. Any kind of upheaval might affect my work."



"We have a clapboard house in Kent that is roughly sixteenth-century. The windows are smaller than those in Katonah," his wife said.

"We spend half the year in Menton, on the border of France and Italy," he said. "I don't want to look like an artist. I was delighted with something that happened at Lord & Taylor yesterday. My wife had bought a dress, and while I was pacing up and down waiting for her to come out of the fitting room—I wasn't allowed to go in with her, as you are in Paris—two ladies stepped up to me, and one of them said, 'Young man, where are the sports clothes?' I said I didn't know. 'You're employed here. Why don't you know?' she said. 'As a matter of fact, I'm not employed here,' I said. They apologized, and a saleslady who had overheard this exchange said, 'Two more conversations like that and you're hired.' "

Having solicited an account of Mr. Sutherland's life, we learned that his father, a civil servant, had wanted him to be an engineer, and that in his late teens he had served an apprenticeship with the Midland Railway Works, in Derby. "I wasn't very good at mathematics, and at nineteen I entered the Goldsmiths' College School of Art, at the University of London," he said. "I studied there for five years and became an engraver. My engravings were rather successful. America was my main market—my work was handled by the Kennedy Galleries—but the crash of 1929 put an end to that, and I took up painting. I designed posters for oil companies, and so on, and did designs for china and fabrics, and Kathleen helped keep us going by doing fashion drawings. Mr. Rosenberg's father, Paul, gave me my first one-man show in London, in 1938. It sold three-fourths of the exhibits."

Recent Sutherland works have included a portrait of Winston Churchill, commissioned by the Inter-Parliamentary Committee of the Houses of Parliament for Churchill's eightieth birthday, and designs for a tapestry called "Christ in Majesty," executed for Coventry Cathedral when it was rebuilt after the war. "The tapestry designs took me ten years, off and on," Mr. S. said. "I worked with the architect, modifying my plans to suit his. The tapestry was woven in France and was unveiled by the Queen in 1961. It was received extremely coolly at the time, and has since been excessively praised. I sold some of the sketches to a gallery in London for thirty thousand pounds, and they have since been sold to Lord Iliffe for ninety thousand pounds. I've been back to see the tapestry once. I understand that two million people have seen it."

"Graham asked Mr. Churchill if he might bring me along to a sitting one day, and Churchill said yes, of course, so I went to lunch," Mrs. Sutherland said. "Churchill painted *me* while Graham painted *him*."

"I never show my sitters studies, but the first day I was working on his portrait Churchill said, 'Oh, come on, be a sport. I'm a fellow-painter, after all,' so I let him have a look," Mr. Sutherland said. "He was delighted, but the next day he said, 'Oh, no, I haven't a neckline like that.' I worked on the portrait for six months."

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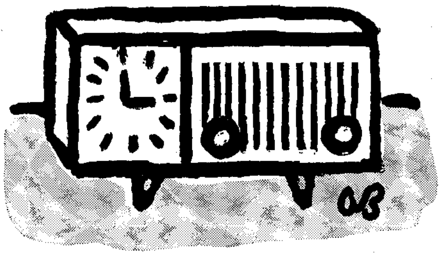
THE metered postage mark on correspondence sent out by the Sherry Wine & Spirits Co. bears the legend "SAVE WATER."

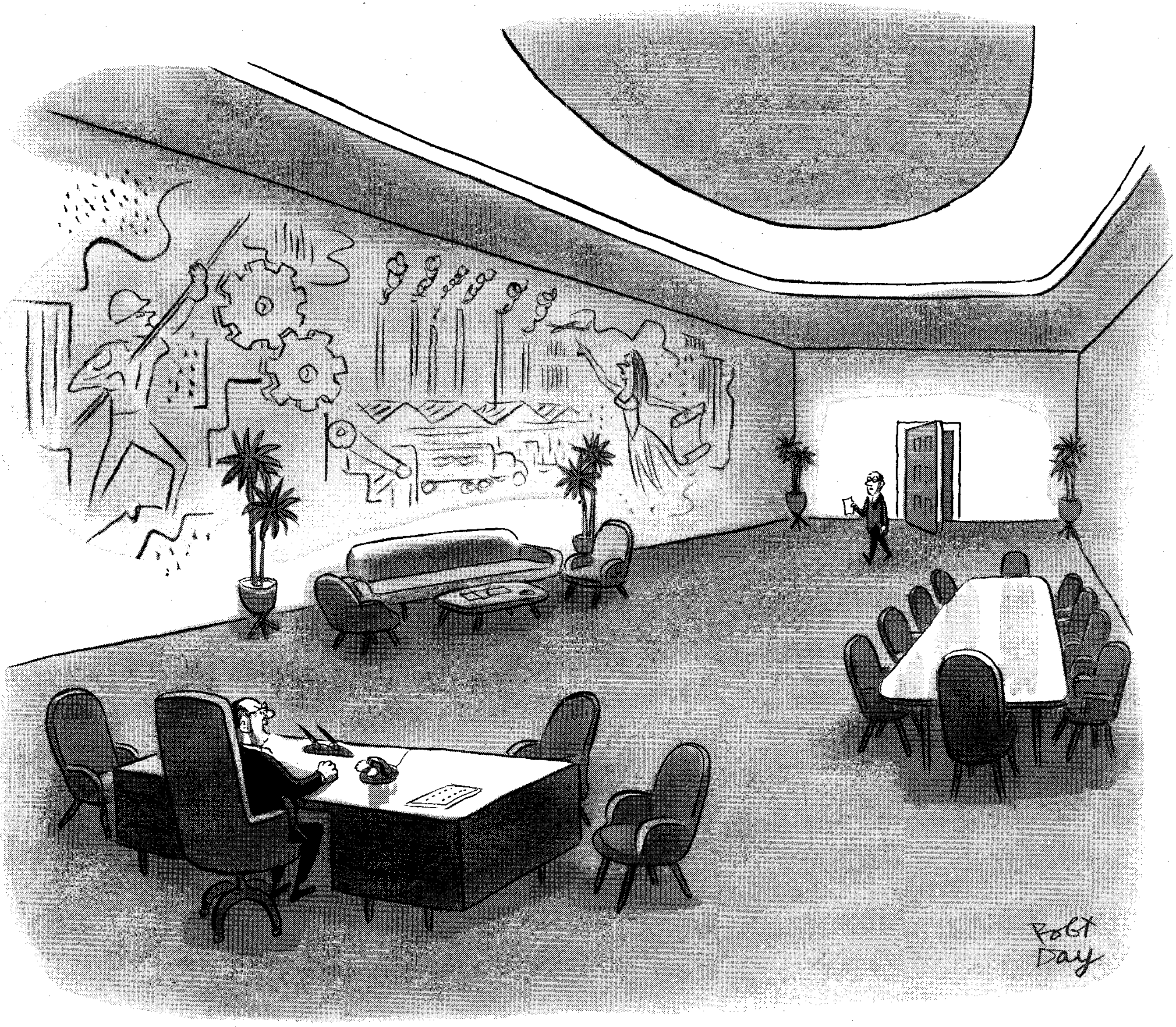
Yale's Iceberg

SURVEYING Yale's newest architectural sights on a trip to New Haven, we stopped in at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, which was completed last fall, at a cost of an undisclosed number of dollars provided by three loyal sons of Yale and brothers of one another: Edwin J. Beinecke, '07; Frederick W. Beinecke, '09 Sheff.; and the late Walter Beinecke, '10. The building—that is, the part of the Library that is aboveground—rises on four pyramidal granite columns, in five layers of gray-veined white octagonal marble panels framed in light-gray granite, near the collegiate Gothic of Sterling Library and the Law School, to the west, and the Italian Renaissance limestone of Woodbridge and Woolsey Halls and the University Dining Hall, to the east and north. From the outside, it looks like an unusually succulent napoleon. Inside, the dominant feature is a free-standing sixty-foot, six-tiered, glass-veneered, illuminated tower stack of rare books, many in elaborate bindings. As luck would have it, who should stroll along while we were gaping at this marvel but Mr. Herman W. (Fritz) Liebert, Yale '33, the Beinecke's librarian! He was wearing a dark-blue blazer with silver buttons and a strange heraldic device, and, on being queried by us, he identified this as the coat of arms of Davenport College, of which he is a fellow. He then took us into his capable hands and bade us gaze at an adjacent quadrangle, paved in granite, facing Woodbridge and Woolsey, and containing, in a sunken court, three large white marble sculptures, shaped like a pyramid, a doughnut, and a cube. "By Isamu Noguchi," Mr. Liebert said. "He explained to me that the pyramid symbolizes the geometry of the earth. What I call the bagel represents the sun, or cosmic energy, and the cube symbolizes the operation of chance in man's life."



Mr. Liebert smiled, and continued, "When we opened, the London *Times* wrote that we were 'located in a specious plaza,' which I like to think was a typographical error. The building, which was designed by Gordon Bunshaft, of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, was originally intended to be of onyx, but not enough onyx was readily available in suitable form, so the structure was made of translucent Vermont marble, one and a quarter inches thick; it almost seems to float. The tower stack, which, as you can see, supports itself independently and does not touch the ceiling, has a capacity of a hundred and eighty thousand books and is now half full. We're really an iceberg. There are three levels below the plaza, with room for six hundred thousand books and manuscripts; we have two hundred and fifty thousand books at present—including the ones in the tower—so we're only one-third full and have plenty of room to grow. The entire working part of the Library is underground, and it connects by tunnel with the Sterling Library; books from Sterling can be sent over by pneumatic tube to our control desk. We've had ten thousand sightseeing visitors so far, and the use figures for our reading room, which faces the Noguchi court, are very gratifying, too."

We congratulated Mr. L. on his spiel, and he said he was an old hand at that sort of thing, having conducted clouds of distinguished visitors around the premises during Kingman Brewster's inauguration and on other special occasions. He thereupon conducted us up a flight of stairs to a mezzanine exhibition that included, among manuscripts, a thirteenth-century "Le Morte d'Arthur," on vellum; a fourteenth-century Petrarch and a fifteenth-century Boccaccio; part of the original draft of Boswell's "Life of Johnson;" a page from "Faust" in Goethe's hand, written in 1831; a 1762 Button Gwinnett receipt; the preface to Tocqueville's "Democracy in America;" the incomplete original manuscript of Conrad's "Heart of Dark-



"Come, come, Hawkins, a little more lively, please! Time is money."

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ness," heavily corrected; the first draft of Thomas Mann's "Der Zauberberg," lightly corrected; and twenty-five pages of a 1903 draft of Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," published in 1944 as the novel "Stephen Hero." Among books, there were a two-volume Gutenberg Bible; a 1477 Caxton "The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers;" a 1481 "Divine Comedy," printed in Florence; a 1604 "Hamlet" quarto, on loan from the Elizabethan Club; the Bay Psalm Book of 1640, one of three perfect of eleven known copies of this work, the first book printed in what is now the United States; and first editions of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and Browning's "Pauline." Among books *and* manuscripts, there were the James Weldon Johnson Collection of American Negro Arts and Letters and the Edwin Beinecke Robert Louis Stevenson Collection.

As Mr. Liebert was showing us some of these volumes, Mr. James T. Babb, the University librarian, accompanied by Mr. Archibald Hanna, Jr., the University's curator of Western Americana, came up to him and said, "Mr. Edwin Beinecke is here."

Excusing himself, Mr. Liebert turned us over to Mr. Hanna, who led us, by stair and subterranean elevator, to the basement, and there, amid a galaxy of impressive housekeeping features, pointed out to us an enormous machine labelled "Cardox Fire Extinguisher." "It can flood any section of the book stacks with carbon dioxide," he said. "This does less damage to books than water. If a cigarette is lighted where it shouldn't be, our smoke-and-fire-detection system sets off an alarm in the assistant librarian's office or, after hours, in the office of the campus police. Books aren't really very combustible, but try to tell that to an insurance company."

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THE LANTERN, a coffee shop at 15 East Fortieth Street, announces that it is "Open from 11:30 A.M. Until Closing."

Backlash

ONE day a week or so ago, the Reverend Milton Galamison, a Negro minister from the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, went to speak at Hofstra University, in Hempstead, Long Island, an institution attended mainly by whites, and we went along, in search of the backlash. The backlash is a feeling of antagonism that is said to be coming to the surface among Northern whites as the pressure for integration begins to touch their own lives and to include methods that many of them consider extreme or irresponsible. Our theory was that any backlash that was coming to the surface at Hofstra would be brought there much faster by the presence of Mr. Galamison—a theory that was supported by his reputation, for, as a leader of school boycotts and an advocate of stall-ins, he has been prominently identified with some of the activities that whites are supposed to be lashing back at, but a theory that was modified by his personality, for he is a friendly, articulate man with an easy smile and a manner of speaking that suggests neither extremism nor irresponsibility. He had been invited by the Hofstra Young Democrats to speak before an open meeting in the main lounge of Memorial Hall, a gray brick building whose façade was decorated with a huge piece of white cloth that said "Spring Day" on it. The sign apparently referred to an approaching celebration, but, standing out above the students who were chatting on a well-kept lawn in front of the hall, it might have been the caption over a picture of a spring day on any American campus—a campus that seemed far away not only from Bedford-Stuyvesant but from Hempstead and Garden City and Levittown and Malverne and whatever other vaguely urban areas the students returned to at night.

About two hundred students were crowded into the lounge, a bright, airy room whose walls were hung with some cheerful paintings by members of the Hofstra Art Club. Part of the crowd had spilled into the hall, where a policeman was leaning against the wall, and where a tall Negro boy came forward to shake Mr. Galamison's hand as he entered. In the lounge, Galamison walked to the speakers' table—pausing to laugh and nod when a white boy asked him if he had come with a full tank of gas—and, after a short introduction by the Young Democrats' faculty sponsor, began his speech. It would last only twenty minutes, he said, because he wanted to devote most of his time to answering questions, and he was as good as his word. The students paid attention as he catalogued the evils of school segregation, applauded politely as he finished, and were raising their hands before he could pour himself a glass of water.

"Unless he was kidding, I reckon me and Abigail are having dinner at the White House next Saturday."

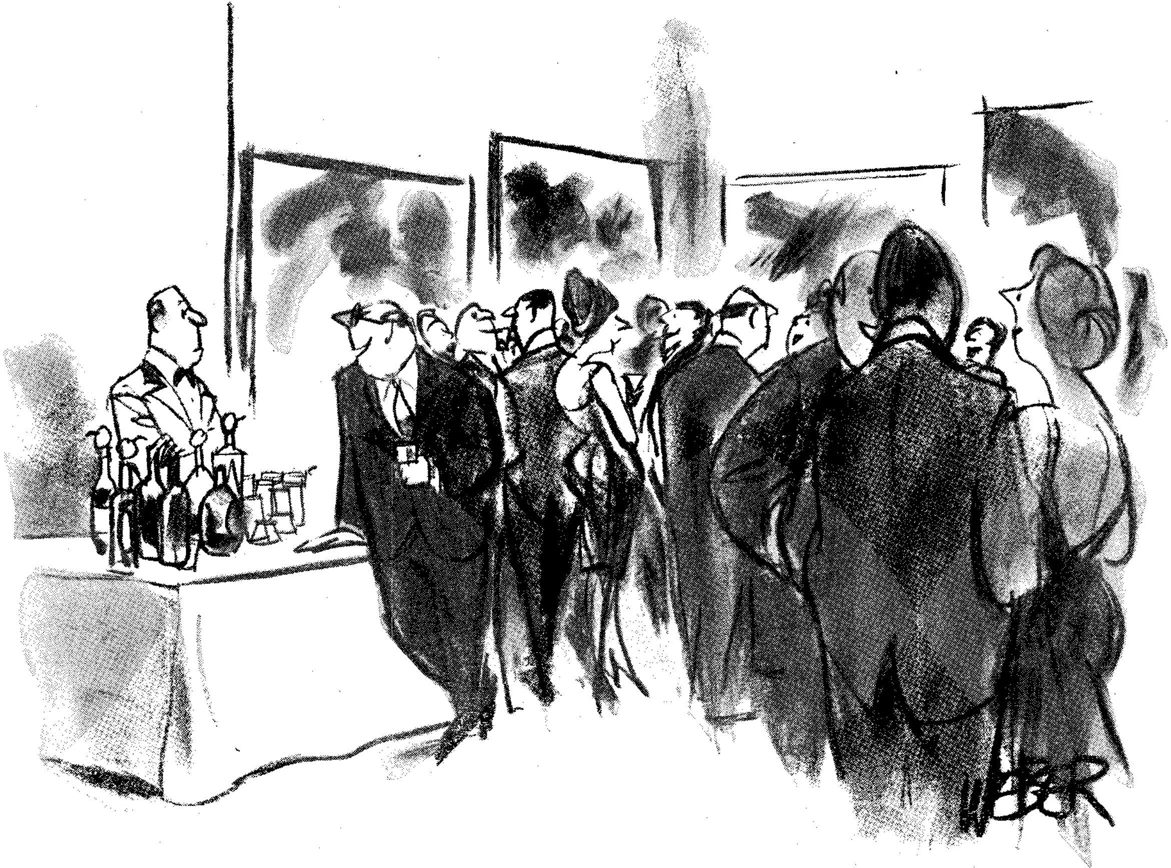
The chairman, a student, called on a tall boy who was one of a group of boys in the second row—a group that included the boy who had asked Galamison about his gas tank, and that, to judge by the way the boys exchanged whispers and knowing looks, seemed the likeliest center of the backlash.

The tall boy removed a pipe from his mouth and asked if Mr. Galamison didn't think he was hurting his own cause by boycotting the very institution—the schools—that other minority groups, such as the Jews, had used as an escape route from the same type of ghetto.

Mr. Galamison said that comparisons with such groups were inaccurate, not only because Negroes were identifiable by skin color but also because of what had happened to them under slavery. "The question assumes that we are not utilizing these direct-action tactics as a last resort, that we haven't sat around trying to negotiate in a civilized way, that we haven't been constantly frustrated at every turn," he went on. "It assumes that people like to go out on the streets when it's nineteen degrees or like to go to court, as many people did this morning, and miss a day of work. We have no alternative. This is why we turn to tactics that lose us friends."

A student in the same row—a young man who had long blond hair, carefully combed back, and was wearing a plaid shirt and a green ascot—asked who was to blame for poor performance in slum schools. If it was the teachers, he said, why not "bus" them to other schools instead of the students?

Mr. Galamison laughed, and said that Langston Hughes had raised the same question, but in a humorous way. The blond boy didn't look as if he saw any humor in it, and Mr. Galamison explained that the teachers could not be



"You're probably having some pretty perceptive thoughts about all us freeloading hotshots."

blamed if they wanted to transfer as soon as possible from slum schools. Their attitude produced unstable faculties, he said, but such inequalities were inevitable until the system was changed.

A boy in a red-and-white striped button-down shirt stood up and asked, "If demonstrations are the last resort, what was the stall-in a last resort for? What use was it?" Like many of the questioners, he seemed convinced that there was a contradiction but didn't seem very hostile about it.

"We're living in a society where it's increasingly hard to find who's responsible," Mr. Galamison said. "It's difficult to determine at whom you should direct your protests. The stall-in calls attention to the situation, and, also, there's over half a billion dollars involved in the Fair. If you interfere with the business aspect of something, somebody's going to find out who's responsible."

A girl asked what would have happened if she had wanted to use a road near the Fair to take her grandfather to the hospital while Galamison was finding out who was responsible.

That would have been unfortunate, Mr. Galamison said, but he couldn't accept "the tendency to blame it on the people trying to correct the evil, not those who perpetrate the evil and make these kinds of social acts necessary."

The answer was applauded—except by the group in the second row—but as the question period continued, applause seemed to be drawn as often by particularly pointed questions as by particularly eloquent answers. Many of the questions consisted of two or three parts, and many were answered with historical examples. Next to the lectern, a sober-faced boy wearing a crew-neck sweater silently extended the microphone of a tape recorder first to the questioner and then in the direction of Galamison, to catch each exchange.

"Why did you have a second school boycott, which the other groups didn't support?" a boy asked.

"What happened after the first to justify not having the second?" Mr. Galamison asked in reply.

"How can you teach a classroom full of children who don't want to learn?" asked a girl, who had said she'd tried to.

"I've never seen a classroom where nobody wanted to learn," said Mr. Galamison.

"Are there certain things you will do and won't do, or is the oppression so great it justifies any action?"

"I'll do what I have to do," said Mr. Galamison. "But I think these demonstrations are actually holding down violence by providing an escape valve."

"Do you think people's attitudes are going to change as fast as the changes you're asking?"

"We can't wait for love."

"Why don't you begin with housing, which is what makes segregated schools?"

"Because it's the least likely place to start; most Negroes can't afford the houses you're talking about."

"What can white people do?"

"A man begins at home."

After about twenty minutes of questions, the chairman called on a serious-looking girl in a neat blue dress standing near the door, who read her question from a notebook. "I get the distinct feeling that Negroes are concerned more with Negro rights than with human rights," she said. "Maybe you would get more people with you if you were concerned with human rights. Don't you think these negative techniques tend to accentuate the difference between Negroes and whites? I know the day of the Fair I was more aware that you were Negro and I was white than I was that we were both human beings."

Mr. Galamison said he was proud that there were many whites in the Fair stall-in.

Some people applauded, a few hissed, and one of the boys in the second row said quietly, "Beatniks."

"I'm trying to say this kindly, but we are not in the least bit concerned about your approval," Mr. Galamison said to the girl. "Fighting for rights with techniques that people approve of never gets them. The March on Washington was a good example. You cannot dictate to us how to wage this struggle." Hands started to go up, and Mr. Galamison smiled and said, "Let me finish, please. What you have to understand is that the Negro has taken the moral leadership in his own struggle."

There was applause from the crowd, and then the girl in the blue dress said, "I'm sorry you answered it that way." She seemed genuinely

"I was beginning to worry."

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sorry, just as Galamison had seemed genuinely concerned about answering kindly. "I don't think two wrongs make a right," she added.

"We're not in a popularity contest," said Mr. Galamison.

A husky, good-looking Negro boy—one of the five or six Negroes in the room—was recognized. "Too many people are looking at this as one separate thing," he said, not attempting to disguise his statement as a question. "You can't separate education from housing or job opportunities. When I get out of here in June—with honors—I won't be able to compete equally with a high-school graduate." The Negro boy's voice was rising, and for the first time during the question period there seemed to be nobody in the room who was only half listening while waiting to raise his hand and make his own comment. "I've been bitten by a rat twice," the boy went on angrily. "You tell us to wait. *You* wait for *your* civil rights. We are *tired* of waiting. That day is gone." He sat down abruptly, still looking angry, as if he had grown tired of waiting so long for—among other things—the opportunity to make such a speech. The crowd reacted—even the boys in the second row—with the most prolonged applause of the day.

Mr. Galamison, who had unbuttoned his collar, loosened his tie, and smoked most of a pack of cigarettes, seemed willing to answer questions all afternoon, but after an hour or so the chairman adjourned the meeting. A number of students came to the lectern to continue the questioning; others formed groups and started discussions of their own. Galamison never lost his pleasant manner, even when the boy who had inquired about his gas tank—a tall, bulky boy with horn-rimmed glasses—asked if he was going to demand that a fifth of the White House and one out of five whitewall tires be painted black. The boy had apparently heard a series of backlash jokes, and he used all of them as he began to argue loudly with a group of students that included two Negroes. Galamison turned aside to tape an interview for the Hofstra radio station, and as the boy with the crew-neck sweater began to say into his microphone, "Reverend Galamison, Sunday is the anniversary of the historic Supreme Court decision on public schools," several students were shouting angrily at the boy with the horn-rimmed glasses. He replied partly with some more jokes and partly with variations on the argument that "what they're asking for is more than equal rights."

"I think they're going to have a fight over there," observed Mr. Galamison when he had finished his interview. The boy was experiencing a much fiercer backlash than Galamison had brought out, but after a while he drifted off into a corner, where he could argue with one person at a time.

The post-question-period question period lasted almost as long as the original question period, and finally Mr. Galamison was led toward the door by the faculty sponsor. He stopped on the way to answer some last questions and to shake hands with a group of students, including the girl in the blue dress who had asked about human rights and Negro rights.

"I just want to look at a Negro as a human being," she explained. "I don't want to look upon him as a Negro."

Galamison smiled and said he wished that were possible, and, still pausing now and then to shake hands, moved on toward the door.

"Where's your church, Reverend?" one of the students called after him.

"In Brooklyn," Mr. Galamison replied. "You're welcome any Sunday. Services are at nine and eleven. Everything's good but the sermons."

The students laughed, and Galamison walked out of the lounge, leaving two or three lively discussions behind him.

MAN'S FACE

(A New Novel in Forty Coaxial Chapters)

A Word About the Author: After ten dreary years writing program notes for *TV Guide*, Redburn Backspace completed, just before he died, the forty beautiful, elliptical, ethereal chapters of his visionary novelorama, "Man's Face." It may be suggested that his prolonged nestle under the wing of Triangle Publications adversely affected his style, if not his mind; this we, his editors, must strenuously dispute. He was a man of few words, and his unique vision of life is now fixed forever in the pages of "Man's Face."

I. The Land

While taking killer Vince Bigly back to prison, Mark Foreman is joined by ex-convict Chris Milk, who has cut the telegraph wires to Toledo.

II. The People

Gladys is insulted by a man in a movie theatre.

III. Jim

Gladys asks Mark to save Jim's romance, but killer Vince Bigly interferes. "Patriotism" is explained in a visit to Fort Ticonderoga.

IV. Pills

When a beautiful débutante is strangled, a sleuth from Scotland Yard begins to investigate the life of his prime suspect, Jim.

V. Beth, Where Is Thy Sting?

Dr. John Bang demonstrates bee communication.

VI. The Way West

At a river crossing, the travellers learn that killer Vince Bigly has the only barge.

VII. The Visit

Mark thinks that his father betrayed his Indian mother by deciding to remarry. Monkeys and dogs perform unusual feats.

VIII. Breaking Point

Sir Kenneth Clark attempts to approach nature without preconceived ideas.

IX. Hour of Decision

Mark was adopted by the Indians. Now his Indian father wants him to return to his own people. The sheriff's brother is lost in the Métro.

X. Rules of the Game

Jim is worried about Mark, and a zebra helps unite a mentally ill soldier and his family.

XI. Hong Kong

Gladys is insulted by a man in a movie theatre.

XII. The Flag of Life

How to make rhythm instruments.

XIII. The Open Door

Gladys decides that she has had enough of ranch life.

XIV. Cicadas

When his brother joins the Air Force instead of helping out on the ranch, Jim tears up his hat.

XV. In the Bicycle Shop

A tragic accident teaches a ruthless businessman the meaning of tolerance. Members of the team are interviewed.

XVI. The Turning of the Tide

Sandy Koufax and Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey discuss ambergris.

XVII. The Hunted

Jim is seen at work at his roadside fruit stand. Gladys wonders whether to go to a movie.

XVIII. A Letter from Mark

India's caste system is gradually becoming a part of the past.

XIX. Gladys

Gladys, back in Baltimore, can't understand why Mark is keeping her at arm's length. She decides to go to a movie.

XX. Potatoes

A group of young men from diverse backgrounds is molded into an efficient fighting unit.

XXI. Illusion and Reality

Sir Kenneth Clark ignores Gladys in the movie.

XXII. Scotch Tape

A young widow attempts to rebuild her life.

XXIII. Reunion

Jim joins the Air Force in order to find his brother and make him come back to the ranch. Prof. Leonard R. Rand uses examples from Germany, France, and Mexico.

XXIV. The Sea

Wanda wears her trenchcoat to bed.

XXV. Turn Out the Light

Eternal joy is discussed by representatives of the world's great religions. Vinnie Fitch's orchestra, dancers Marlo and Caucus, the Pedal Twins.

XXVI. The Hat

Killer Vince Bigly finds Jim's torn-up hat. He wonders what to do with it.

XXVII. The Weavers

When Mark Foreman's factory burns down, he is accused of setting fire to the insurance money. Members of the team are interviewed.

XXVIII. Rabies

A well-meaning friend tries to stop a brilliant engineer from destroying his plumb bob.

XXIX. Against the Grain

Anthropologist Max Winter hurls Ituri pygmies into a volcano. Members of the team are interviewed.

XXX. Laughing Mary

Dr. William Muff explains the importance of exploiting the unusual child.

XXXI. Get Up and Live!

Al McLane and Joe Brooks, using light tackle, land a giant slalom.

XXXII. Thunder in the Attic

On a field trip, Timmy finds a rock.

XXXIII. In France

Gladys watches life passing from a sidewalk café, and chats with M. Dulac about his broccoli.

XXXIV. Children of Bark

Jim is missing, and Mark thinks that he is inventing glass. City Health Commissioner George James answers viewers' questions.

XXXV. Daedalus

The sheriff's brother is lost in the Métro. Gladys and Jim discuss ambergris futures with Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey.

XXXVI. Under the Red-White-and-Blue

Students dangle wool in front of rabbits.

XXXVII. The Seasons

In defiance of her wealthy family, Gladys decides to learn about electricity.

XXXVIII. Pearl Swine

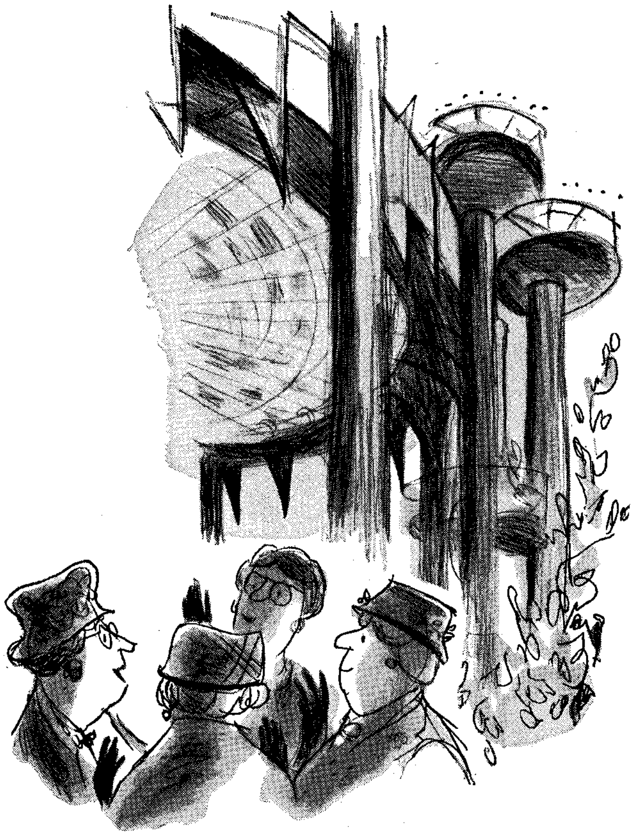
A Marine with amnesia goes out to search for his identity.

XXXIX. The Payoff

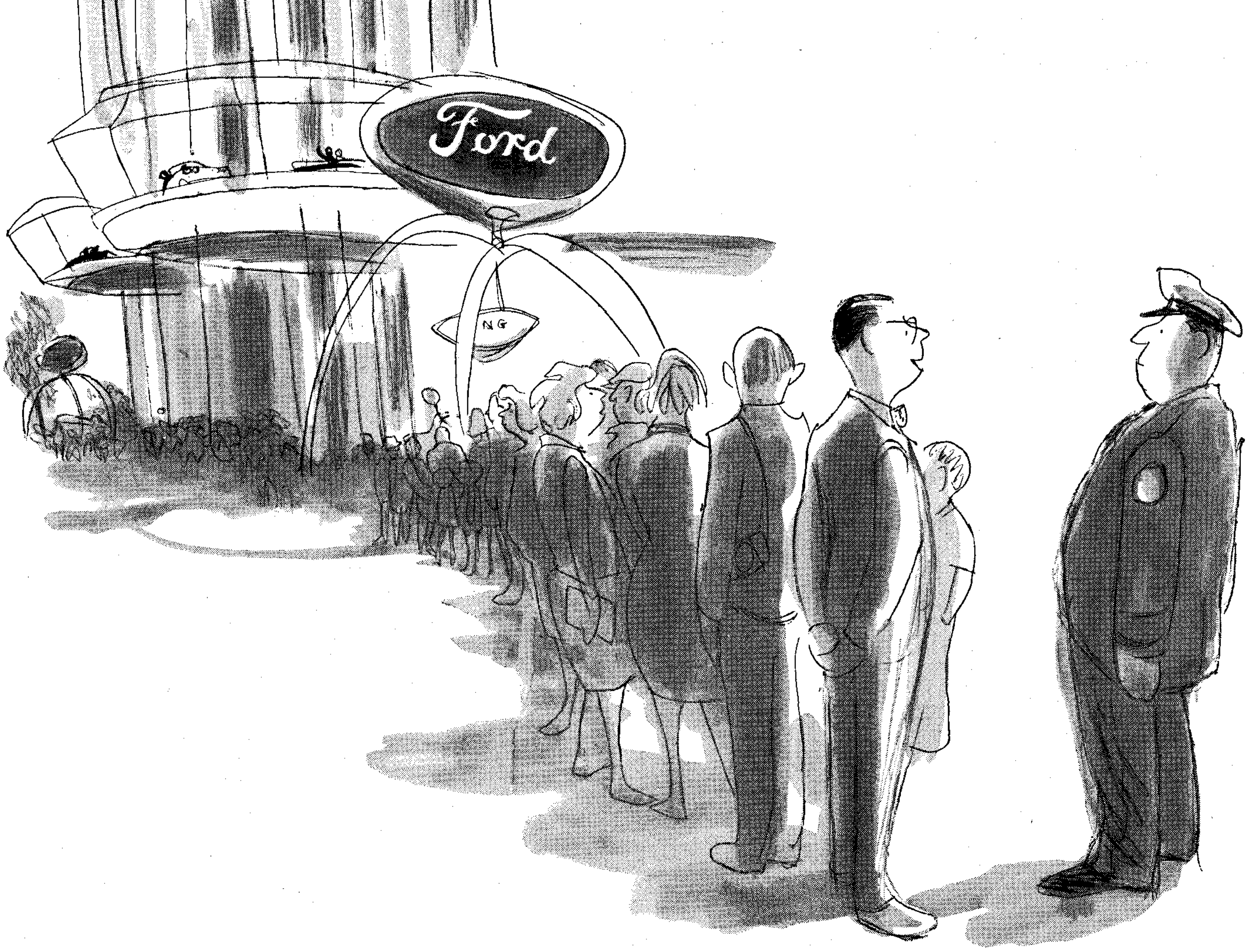
Dr. George Muff traces the history of thread.

XL. Scrambled Eggs

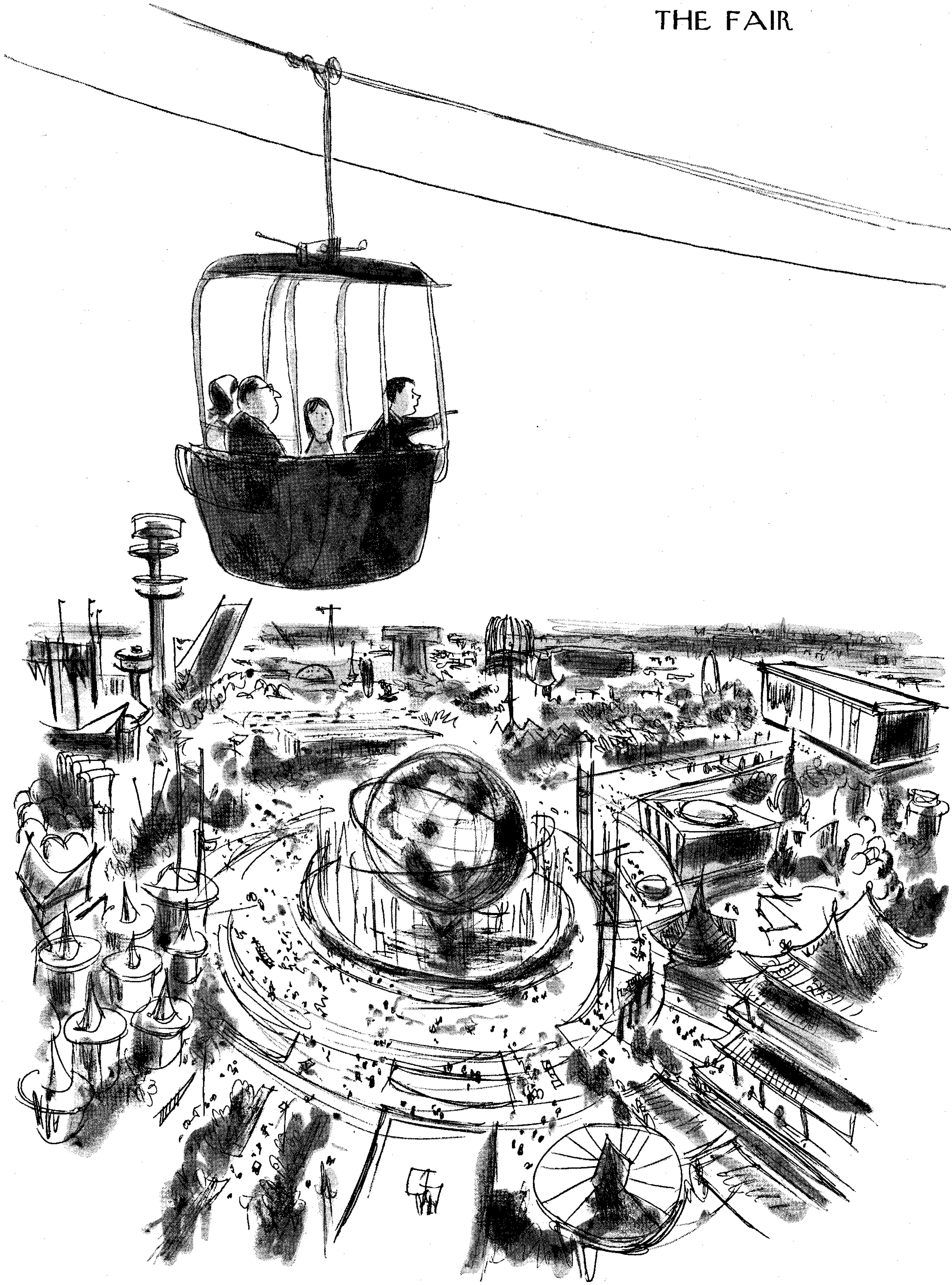
Driving to Mark's new job as a teacher in an exclusive boys' school, Mark and Gladys make a big mistake. Vince Bigly plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." —Donald Barthelme



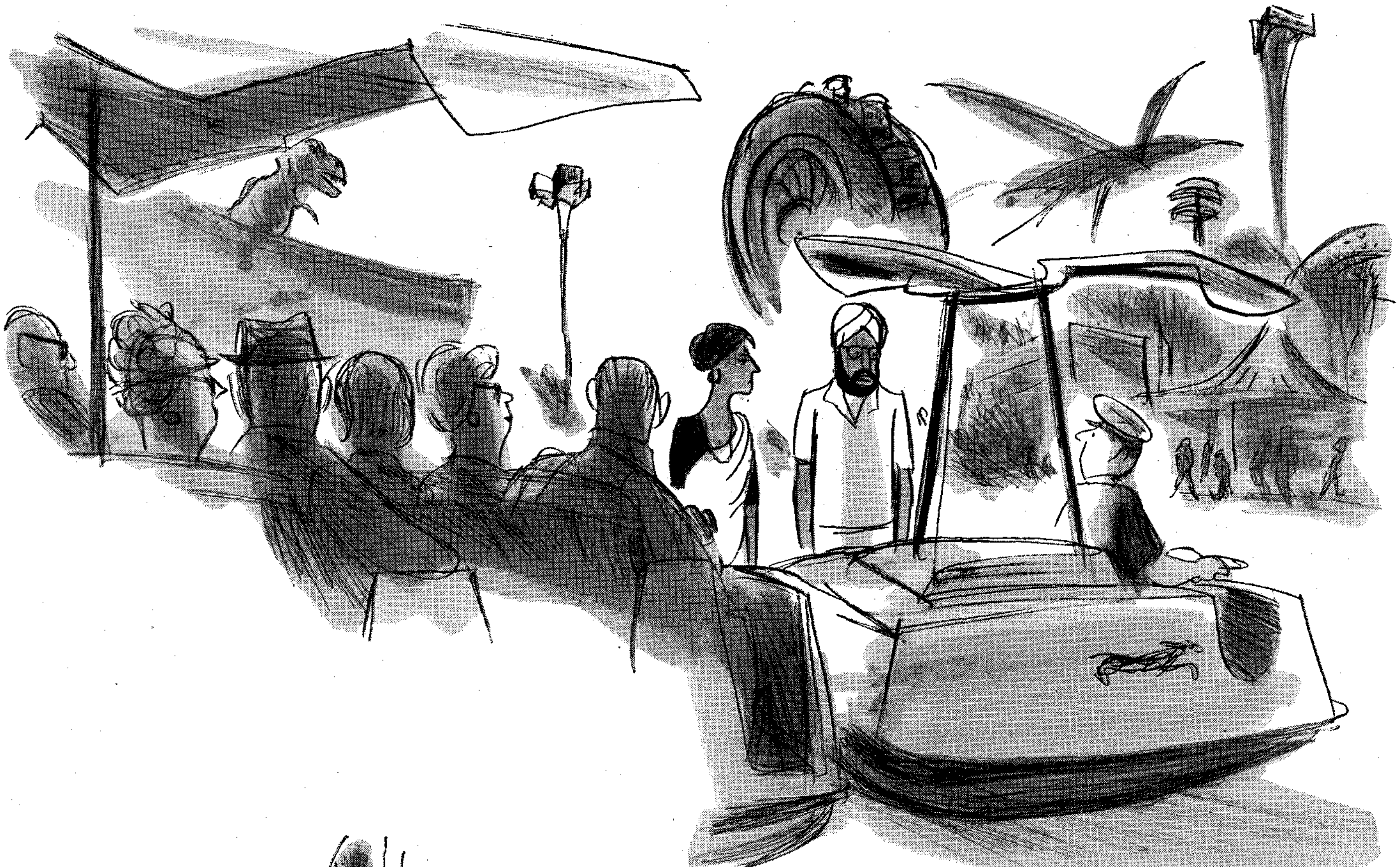
"*All in favor of the Dead Sea Scrolls, raise your hand.*"



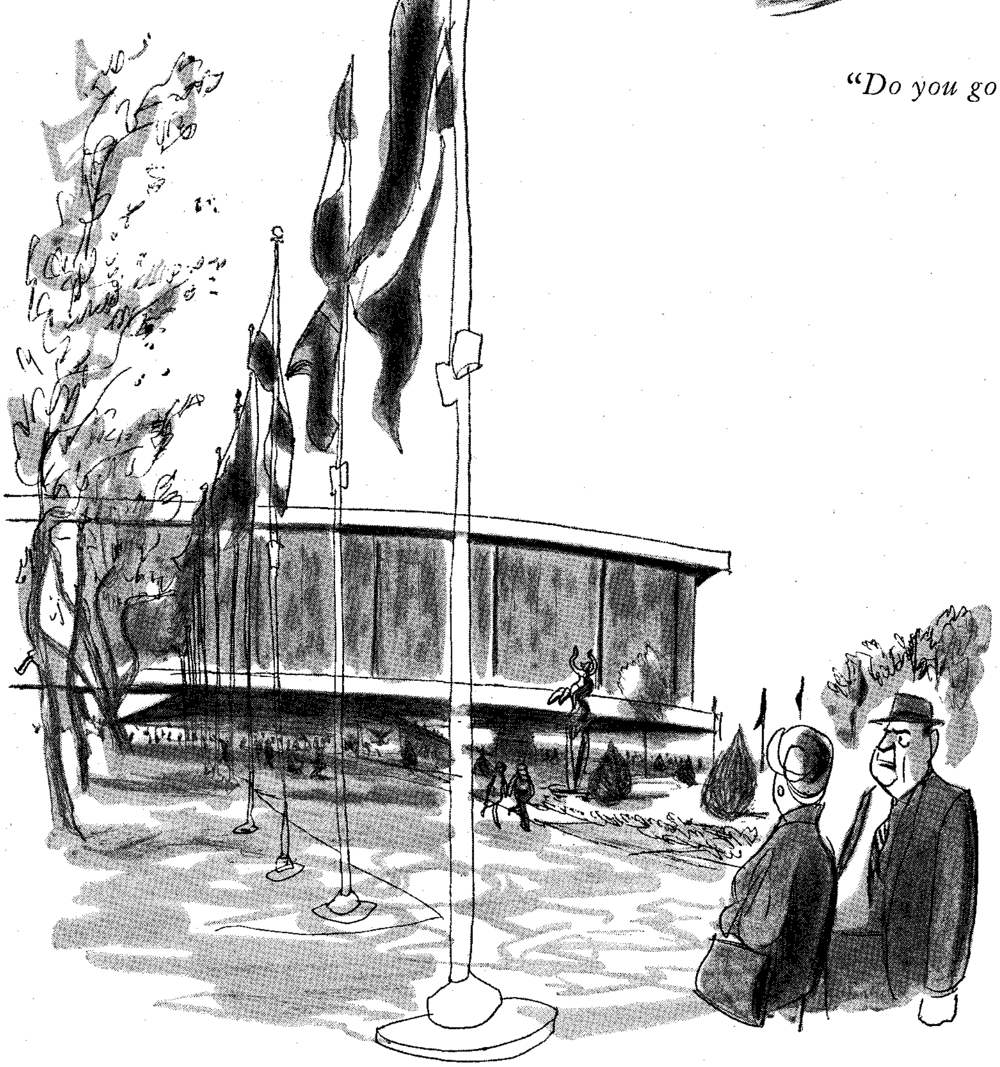
"*I drive a Ford.*"



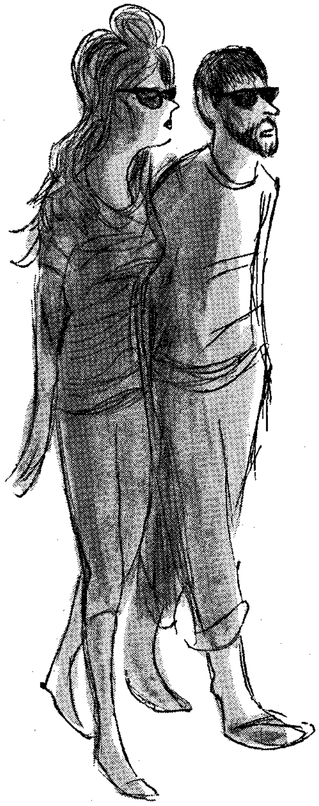
"Hey! I can see the Empire State Building!"



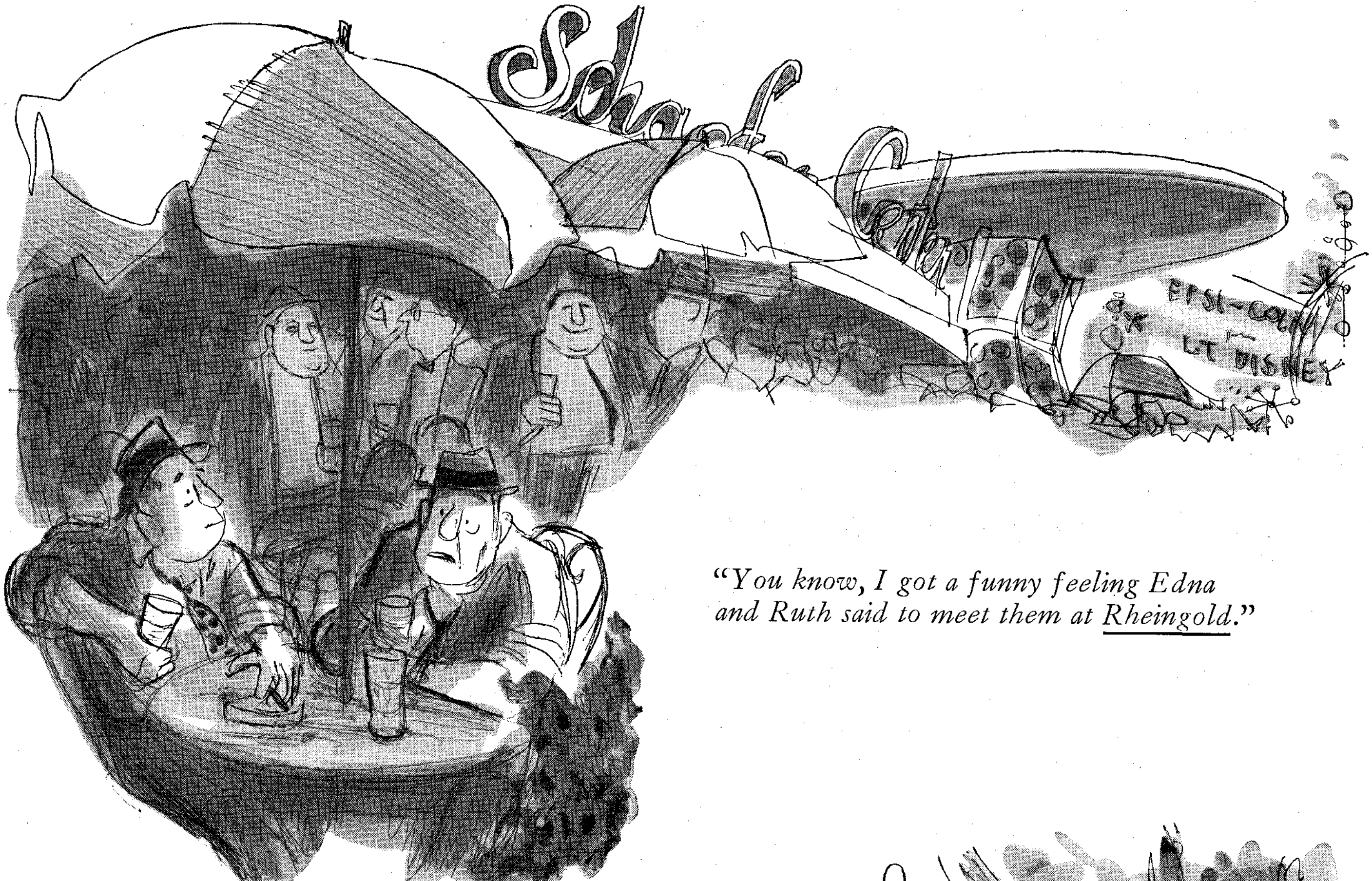
“Do you go to India?”



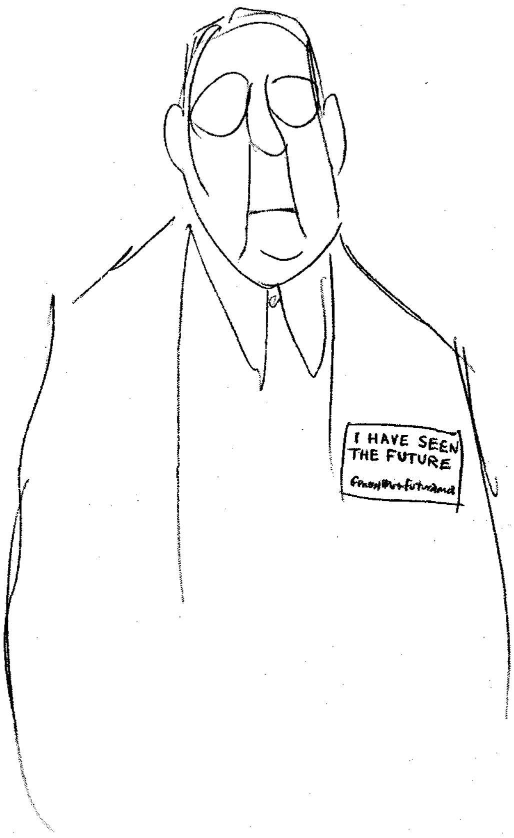
“That’s the United States Pavilion all right! Cost seventeen million bucks and they’re going to tear it down in two years!”

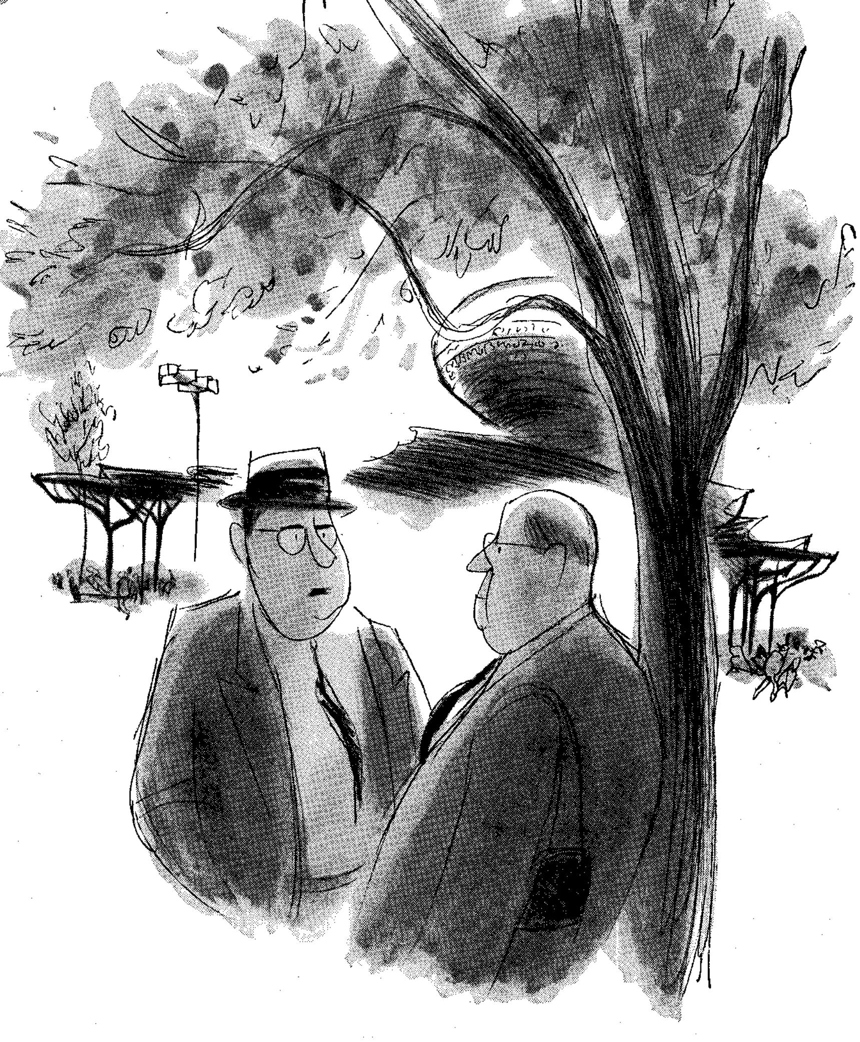


“I find it spiritually vacuous.”

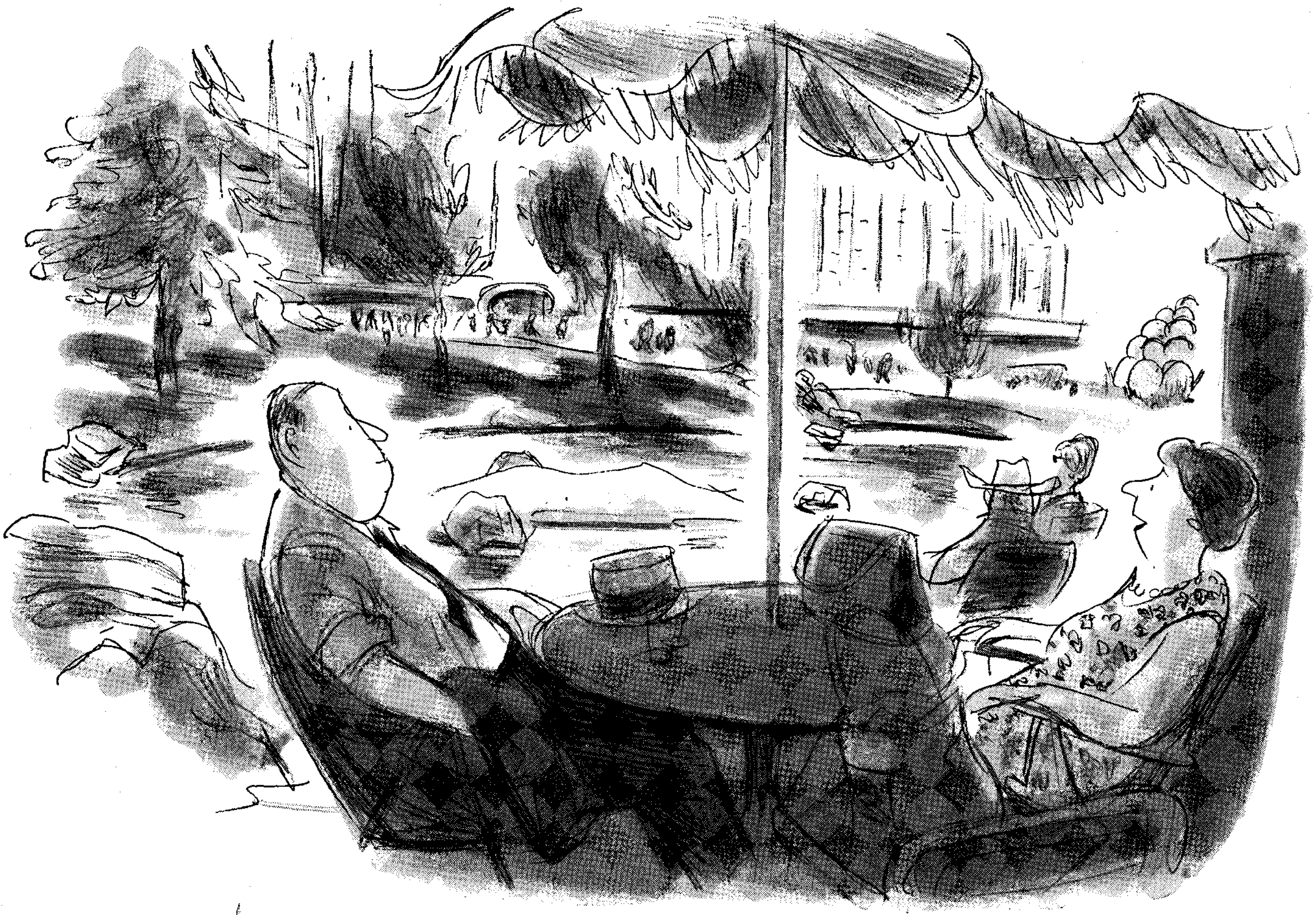

Schaefer Center
PEPSI-COLA
WALT DISNEY

"You know, I got a funny feeling Edna and Ruth said to meet them at Rheingold."

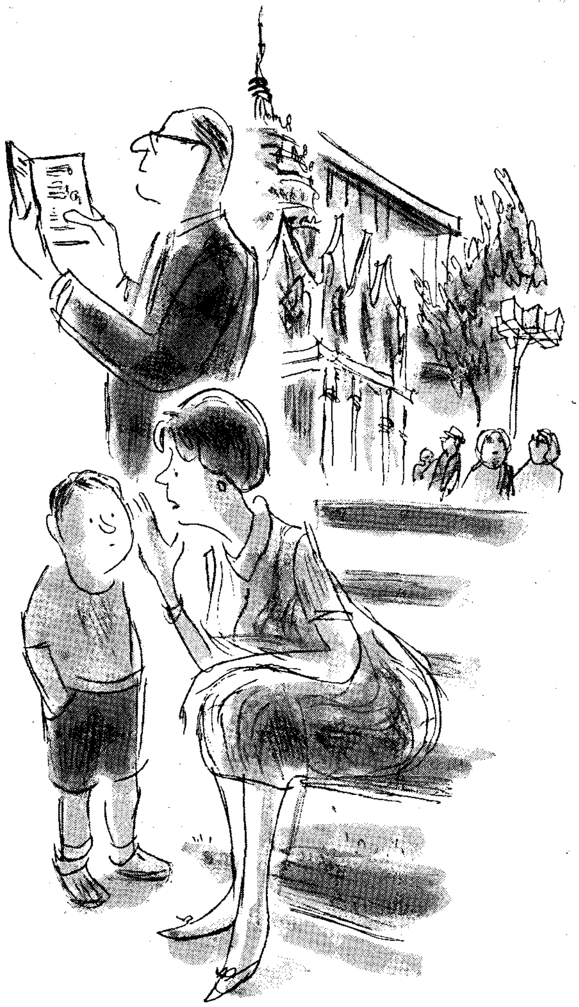

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE



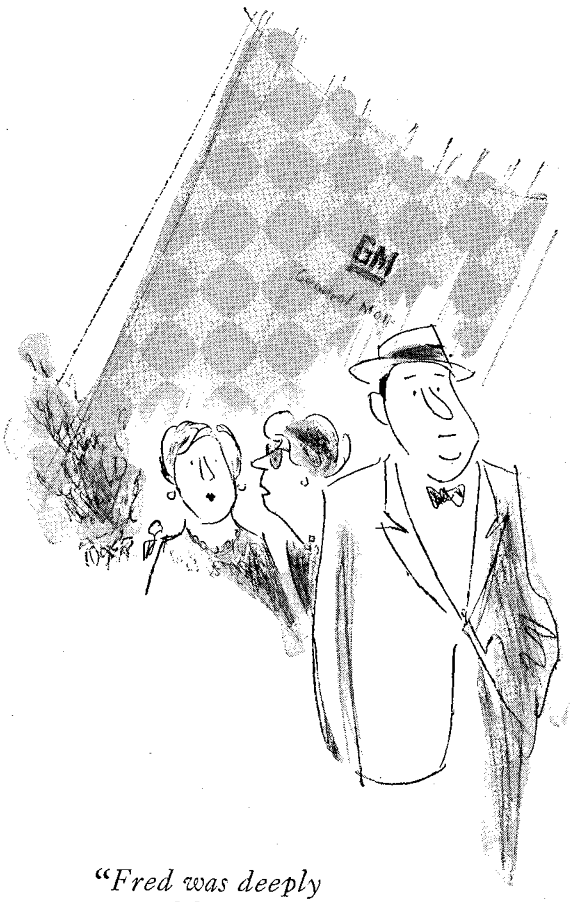
"It seems to me pretty arbitrary of the Fair to decide people can't have Sally Rand or somebody if they want her."



"*I wish there were some way to thank Oklahoma for letting us sit down.*"

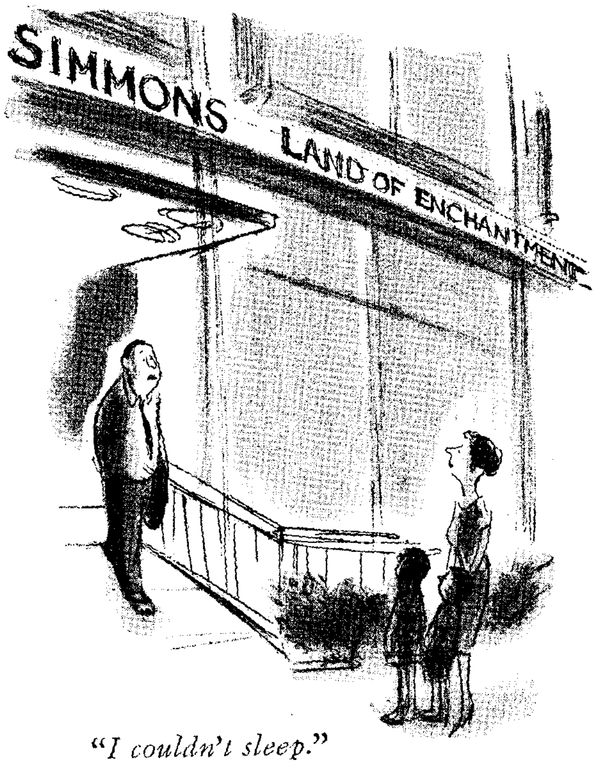


"*If Daddy finds out it's Walt Disney, he won't go.*"

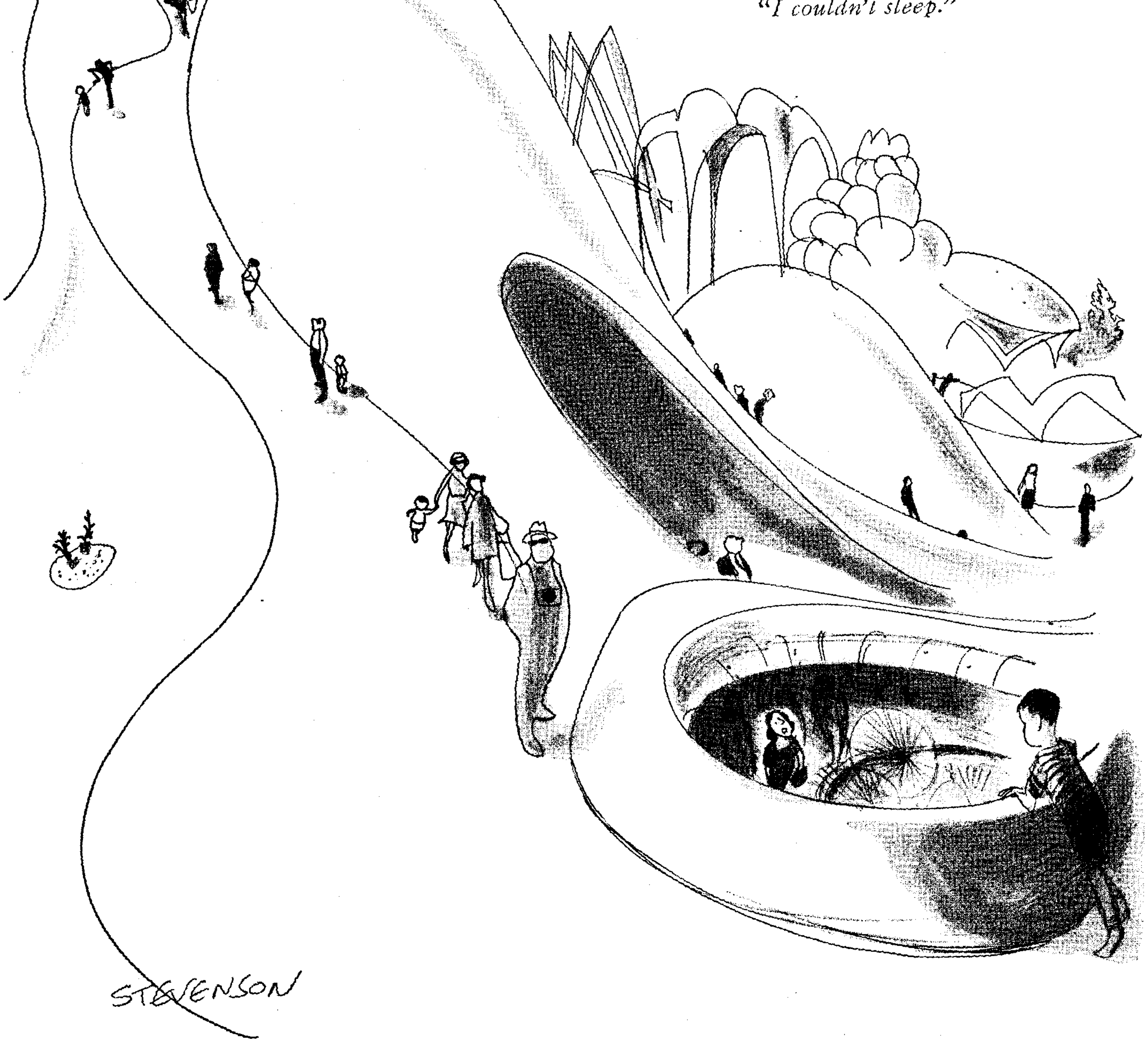


GM
General Motors

"*Fred was deeply moved by General Motors.*"


SIMMONS
LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

"*I couldn't sleep.*"



"*Where have you been?*"

THE THREE CATS

"IT'S a sure thing," remarked Mr. Edom of the Abbey Antique Galleries, "that if you see something you've never seen before and can't account for, within a couple of weeks you'll run across a match to it."

Mr. Edom's assistant knew that whenever Mr. Edom made one of these general remarks something particular would follow on it. Now he saw Mr. Edom delve in the pocket of his overcoat and bring out a crumpled blue-and-yellow paper bag. Inside the bag was a small object wrapped in tissue paper. While Mr. Edom was unwrapping it, the assistant looked at the bag. It was labelled "Ye Abbey Gifte Shoppe."

"It caught my eye in passing," said Mr. Edom. The assistant had raised his eyebrows at the bag, so these words took him down a peg, as they were meant to do—though kindly, since Mr. Edom thought well of him, and was bringing him on.

The tissue paper was removed, the object placed on Mr. Edom's desk. It was a very small object, about two inches high; but the minuteness of the modelling made it seem larger. It was a representation in enamelled bronze of a cat engaged in reading. It was sitting upright on a stool; its tail curved down behind, one of its hind legs was crossed over the other, its front paws supported a folio on its knees. Except for the tail, it partook of the human; but it was also perfectly feline—an ordinary short-coated tabby cat, but in an unusual attitude and unusually employed.

"What do you think of it?"

"It looks French to me," said the assistant. "Nice bit of modelling, too. Very lifelike."

"Just what struck me about it. And look at the finish! That wasn't done yesterday."

He put it away in a drawer. The assistant remarked that a pair of such cats—cats being so much in demand—would be quite a useful item. Pairs, replied Mr. Edom, continuing the process of taking down while yet bringing on, were all right for the present; but he wondered where the chimney-ornament side of the trade would be when the Coal Board and modern architects had between them done away with chimney shelves. "There'll still be window sills," said the assistant, who, being young and progressive, felt he must stand up for modern developments.

"Window sills! I pin no hopes on window sills. They bring out the worst. I can remember the days when it was Dying Gladiators. Now it's aquariums."

A fortnight went by, a month went by, but the metal cat remained unmated. In the end, it was taken from the drawer and added to the Miscellaneous Table, which needed new blood. Later that day, Mrs. Otter came in, looking, as the assistant had privately commented when he first met her, like a tinker out sleepwalking; and said she wanted a christening present for a baby who wasn't going to be christened. "But that's no reason why the poor little creature should be robbed of its due—unless, of course, it changes its mind when it's grown up and is dragged through a tank backward. Agnostics' children constantly do." Here Mrs. Otter picked up a shagreen case containing a set of fleams, gazed at it ardently, and murmured, "Phlebotomy!"

Mr. Edom hovered nearer, like a guardian angel ready to intervene. Sales are all very well, but he felt a personal responsibility for Mrs. Otter. Prudence Otter, the daughter of an adoring Rural Dean, the relict of two successively adoring theologians, was one of those women who are sent into the world to turn the heads of aging men. Her foot was light, her hair was like honeysuckle in its uncontrollable windings, her eyes and her conversation were wild. Aging men gazed into her eyes and listened spellbound by the unsurmisability of what she would say next. She gave them back their youth, with its wide horizons, where nothing was impossible. The young, including her two sons by her first husband, found no charm in her at all.

As for Mr. Edom, he trembled whenever she came into the shop. Not that she broke things; her gestures might sweep a Leeds basket to the brink, her hair on several occasions had become entangled in chandeliers, but she never broke anything. It was his self-confidence she threatened: he never knew when she would not persuade him out of his better judgment and possibly turn out to be right—for more than once she had been illuminatedly right; also he never knew when he mightn't forget himself and address her as his darling. Now he saw with relief that she had abandoned the set of fleams and moved on to the silver table. A spoon is always appropriate.... She had fastened on the very worst of the lot, a spoon so worn and battered that he would have hesitated to display it if its two initials had not been so nobly engraved. "It's in very poor condition, Mrs. Otter."

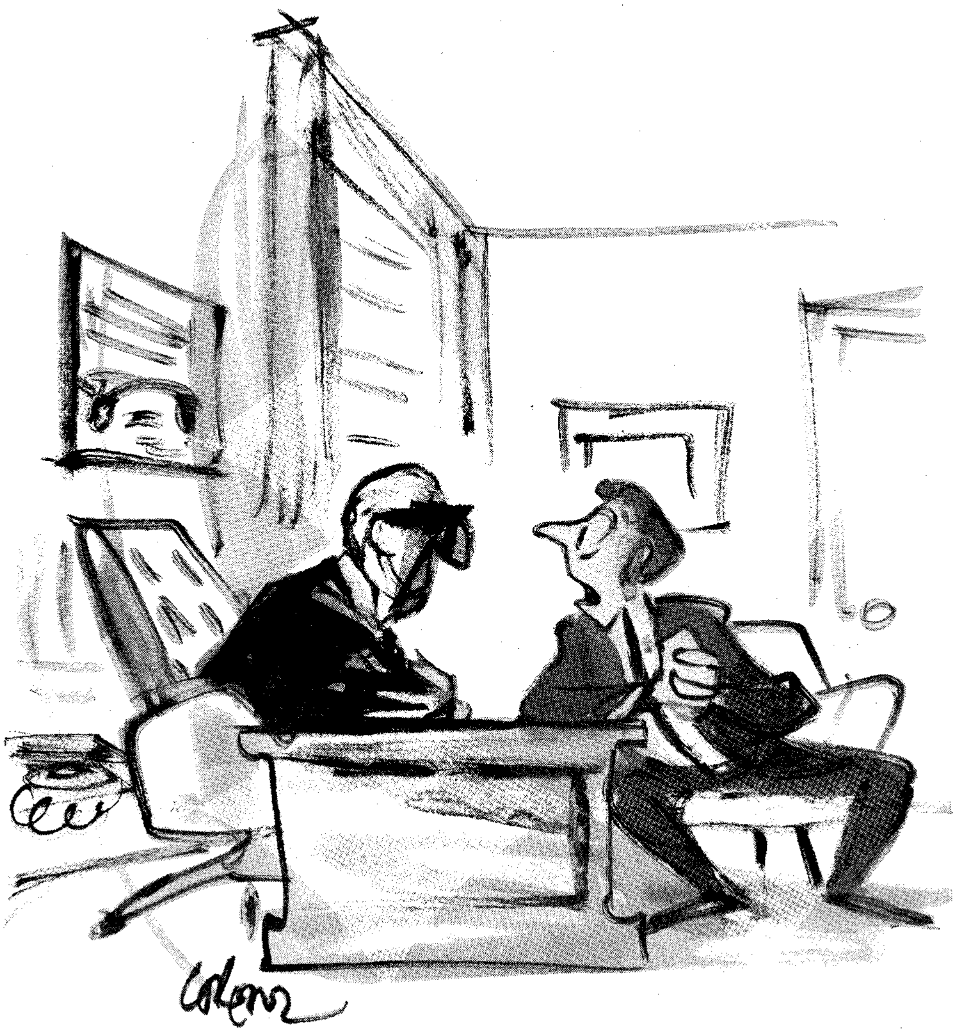
"But the initials, Mr. Edom! 'C.B.' Charlotte Brontë's own tooth marks, for all we know." She peered with her shortsighted eyes, like an animal looking out of a thicket. "I can't read the hallmark."

"Sheffield. 1817."

"There! I was right. Mr. Edom, I must have this spoon. Which reminds me, if you ever see a watercolor of a cormorant looking down on a drowned woman... Oh!" Mrs. Otter had moved on to the Miscellaneous Table, and was clasping the cat. "A Grandville! I'm positive it's a Grandville. Did you ever read 'Minette et Bébé'? With an angel cat in a long white nightgown struggling for poor Minette's soul on a rooftop? Just like Canon Bowles—you know he broke his leg? So sad for him. Stop! Wait a minute! I've got a feeling— Yes, it's coming back to me. Mr. Edom, I've met two of this cat's relations."

Mr. Edom cancelled his dream of giving her the cat.

"But where? I know I



"What's my trouble, Doctor? 'Tom Jones' depressed me."

was talking about tapioca at the time, but tapioca might be anywhere—unless it was old Mrs. Cartwright's St. Bernard. Sheepshead and milk pudding. Can you imagine a more horrible menu? Or it might just have been husbands, harking back to their school days—and flushed with rhubarb all through Lent. Tapioca. Tapioca."

Meanwhile old Major Barnard had come in and sat down with a grunt on a coffin stool. With his stick between his knees and his hand clasping the handle and his chin resting on his hands, he sat listening to Mrs. Otter.

"Tapioca. I shall run it down in time. It's just a question of keeping my mind on it. That's a very pretty work-table. Hullo, Henry. Have you been here long? You don't look very comfortable."

"I've been here for exactly four minutes, Prudence, and I am very comfortable, thank you. I saw you through the window, and came in to ask you to have lunch with me."

"I'd be delighted. When? Now, instantly?"

"As instantly as you can manage. You're obviously dying of malnutrition, as usual. Mr. Edom, may I see that spoon Mrs. Otter was looking at? I want to give it to her. It might remind her to eat. Hmm! Been a bit knocked about."

"Look at the initials, Henry! Charlotte Brontë's own spoon!"

"Yours now, dear."

"Oh, Henry, I'll adore it. I'll use it every day of my life. It's exactly the right size for eating essence of chicken out of the pot with."

"Not tapioca?"

"Tapioca? Why tapioca? Oh, yes! That reminds me. Henry, have I ever talked to you about tapioca?"

"I expect so. One thing leads to another. By the way, Grandville did illustrations and things, didn't he? And caricatures. I've never heard he went in for statuary."

They left together, Major Barnard carrying Mrs. Otter's gloves, her handbag, her books from the public library, and both her shopping baskets, Mrs. Otter clasping her spoon and talking about the Colossus of Rhodes. Mr. Edom put the cat back in his drawer, handling it with reverence, and went out for his lunch. The assistant, who would lunch later, began consulting Mr. Edom's books of reference. It was an extraordinary thing about these country fogeys: they knew nothing, hadn't the smallest idea of values, attributed all their family portraits to Joshua Reynolds and took them to be restored by the caretaker at the auction rooms, who did it in his spare time with a cleaner called Roll It Off; and yet, all of a sudden, they'd be at home with some shibboleth like this Granville, who wasn't even in a book of reference, thought the assistant, seeking for him without his "d." Come to that, he wondered how much Mr. Edom knew about Granville.

The spurt of rebellion was quelled that same afternoon, because a dealer, buying extensively, he said, for shipments to Latin America, walked in, and to see Mr. Edom putting him down and keeping him there was something Old Masterly.

"He didn't get much out of you."

Mr. Edom straightened his waistcoat. "The sort of person I used to keep horse brasses for in my younger days," he observed; and, having entered in the Sales on Commission ledger, "Turquoise Rabbit Pin, Mrs. O. £9. 5. 0," made out the check, less his ten-per-cent commission, with a sense that he had not done too badly for her.

When she came in two mornings later, her look of excitement went rather beyond what £8. 6. 6. would warrant, and her voice, when she thanked him, was inattentively enthusiastic. Could she have been expecting more for that shocking trinket?

"And now, Mr. Edom . . ." Words had actually failed her. Portentously, she disembarrassed herself of a portentously large parcel.

"Yes, Mrs. Otter?"

"Don't look so alarmed, I wouldn't give you a walrus. It's your two cats. I said I'd find them, and I have found them, though tapioca was a completely false scent. You know that place that sells thatched tea cozies—the Abbey Present Shop."

"Gifte Shoppe."

"That's it. Gift. Horrid word; one might as well say 'donation.' Well, I was going past it and thinking of that unchristened baby I told you about, when suddenly I saw its silver lining. If it's to grow up a little heathen, then give it an idol. And as it will be an English heathen, the idol must be furry. And I went in, and found a superb idol, a washable brown walrus with harmless woollen eyes. And while it was being done up I was looking with thankfulness at all the things I needn't buy, and there, among some bead necklaces, were your two missing cats! But they're rather expensive. I didn't know if I should spend so much of your money without asking you. They want three guineas for them."

Mr. Edom's face hardened into professional glassiness. He had bought the first cat for seven shillings and sixpence.

"You were quite right, Mrs. Otter. Three guineas would be going too far."

"Poor pets!"

"But I'll see what can be done. I don't intend to miss them."

"But if someone else gets there first? We should never know their fate." Her voice was suddenly maudlin, and tears ran down her cheeks.

"I will send Mr. Collins immediately."

A second inquiry within an hour was impolitic, but he could not bear to see Mrs. Otter so upset. Taking the assistant to one side, he told him to go up to twenty-five shillings if necessary.

Mr. Collins had long legs, and a steady head for bargaining. By the time Mrs. Otter had dried her tears and drunk a little brandy out of the flask she carried in case of street accidents, he was back. Thrice unobtrusively whisking the thumb and fingers of his left hand, he set down the two cats on a small table. Mr. Edom produced the first cat from his drawer. It was a solemn moment; even the assistant felt it to be so, and exclaimed, "Reunited!"

Mr. Edom noticed a momentary demur cross Mrs. Otter's beaming face, as a wisp of cloud crosses the moon. Shortsighted people have their own kind of acute vision. Perhaps she had seen some flaw in one of the cats, some discrepancy of measurement or handling? He saw nothing wrong himself. They seemed all of the same litter, all studiously inclined. One of the newcomers was bending over a small table, and in its right paw was a quill of really remarkable workmanship; the other was staring at some sort of square-ruled drawing board. All three sat on identical stools with their tails curling down behind. They made a nice little group, were in excellent condition, and quite unusual. Already he foresaw the customer for them: young Mrs. Harington, who, as he had reason to know, was prone to cats.

"I'm sure we shall find the others," said Mrs. Otter.

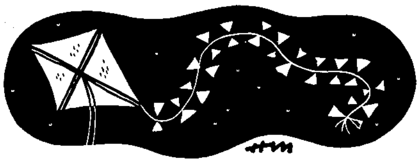
"The others?"

"The other four: Music, Astronomy, Geometry, and Rhetoric. Here's Grammar, you see, reading the classic authors; that's Arithmetic; and this one is Logic, writing a treatise to account for everything, like Thomas Aquinas. That's why Grandville has given him such a smug ecclesiastical expression." Perceiving that they were silent, she added, with a slight blush—for she did not like to appear better informed than they—"The Seven Liberal Arts, you know. In the Middle Ages. To know them was a liberal education."

"Four more," said Mr. Edom pensively.

"Yes, but we're practically sure of another pair—the two I saw when I was talking about tapioca. I have never seen anything to suggest tapioca in that Present Shop, so it can't have been there."

"You might have seen them in the window while you were talking about tapioca outside," said the assistant. Mr. Edom frowned. He disliked the insinuation that Mrs. Otter had only one subject of conversation. It was uncivil; and it was demonstrably untrue. For example, she could talk about these seven liberal arts, which was more than the assistant could.



After she had gone, Mr. Edom realized that he had been uncivil himself, for he had forgotten to thank her for finding Logic and Arithmetic, who, with Grammar, were now in the drawer. Why Grammar and Arithmetic, and, for that matter, Geometry, should be arts was beyond him. Why the artist should have chosen to represent them as cats was a bit beyond him, too, though less so, since artists can be led into the most peculiar expedients; he had seen the Nine Muses as monkeys—a parallel case—in a sale, and had bid for them, though Thompson of Cheltenham got them in the end. Seven Bronze Liberal Cats would not be so commanding an item as Nine Porcelain Monkey Muses, perhaps, but they would be a set—if the other four could be traced, that is. Mrs. Otter seemed pretty confident about it, and she might well be right. In a country neighborhood, sets which have been dispersed still tend to remain within hail-

CADENZA

The violinist's shadow vanishes.

The husk of a grasshopper
Sucks a remote cyclone and rises

The full bare throat of a woman walking water
The loaded estuary of the dead

And I am the cargo
Of a coffin attended by swallows

And I am the water
Bearing the coffin that will not be silent

The clouds are full of surgery and collisions
But the coffin escapes—a black diamond

A ruby brimming blood
A turquoise beating its shores

A sea that lifts swallow wings and flings
A summer lake open

Sips and bewilders its reflection
Till the sky shuts back like a burned land to its spark

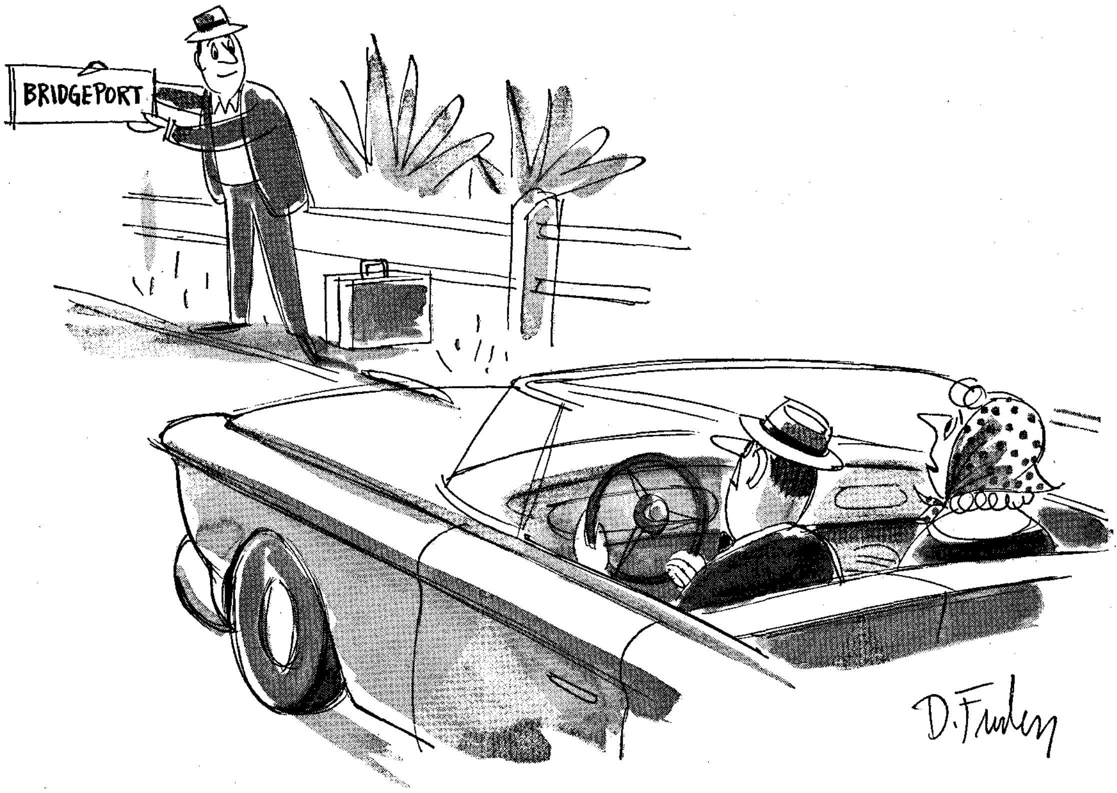
A bat with a ghost in its mouth
Struck at by lightnings of silence.

Blue with sweat, the violinist
Crashes into the orchestra, which explodes.

—TED HUGHES

• •

ing distance; one daughter takes the cups and saucers, another the cake plates, a third, for the sake of sentiment, the teapot, even though it's cracked. And such small objects as these cats, though jolted apart, might not have rolled very far. He inclined to back Mrs. Otter. In the past, she had several times been surprisingly right, if at other times surprisingly wrong. Her judgments were those of the heart rather than those of the head, but there is a lot to be said for the heart. The heart has rejected the fake before the expert has had time to say "Bob's your uncle;" and Luck, that austere goddess, won't do a thing for you if all you've got to go by is head. For all that, and feeling that he would like to have some hand in it himself, he reinforced Mrs. Otter's powers by sending a small advertisement to a trade paper, inquiring for "Bronze Enamelled Figurine Cats, height, two inches." Mention of Rhetoric, etc., would not be discreet.



"I can't for the life of me see why anybody would want to go there!"

However discreetly one frames an advertisement, one cannot prevent its being read by enterprising blockheads, and Mr. Edom received offers of cats in all sizes and substances—cats as Christy Minstrels with banjos, china kittens dressed as choirboys, Oxford and Cambridge cats competing in the boat race, several signed drawings by Louis Wain, and a stuffed polecat, "very lifelike with all faults." Meanwhile, he saw nothing of Mrs. Otter; he supposed she was carrying on the pursuit. But when she next visited the shop, she had nothing to report; she had been having influenza, and felt so miserable that she had come to buy something, just in order to cheer herself up. There were other customers in the shop, strangers to the place, and Mr. Edom found himself wishing Mrs. Otter would go away, for they looked at her as if they had never seen a lady the worse for influenza before.

Though she continued to come in from time to time, it was most often to bring something or other she wanted him to sell on commission; presently, she brought things she wanted him to buy outright—among these, the spoon with the initials C.B. on it. He could not refuse to buy it; and because the transaction shocked him, paid her more for it than he had charged Major Barnard, saying that the price of silver had gone up. It was not like Mrs. Otter to do such a thing. He began to feel a kind of resentment against her; resentment because she did not visit him so often, resentment because he felt impoverished that she did not, or did not seem present even when she did. As for the cats, he thrust them into the back of the drawer, saying to himself that she had lost interest in them, and so had he. Major Barnard, taking his daily walks down Abbey Street, came in as of old whenever he saw her through the window. Sometimes he made a pretext of buying, at other times he sat patiently on the coffin stool, waiting till he could take her off for a meal or see her home.

It was early in May, the lilacs were just in bloom, and children coming back from country walks dropped buttercups on the pavement, when Mr. Edom saw Major Barnard halt his venerable Bentley in front of the Galleries and walk in, leaning on his stick and with a carnation in his buttonhole. "Mrs. Otter's meeting me here, at quarter past four," he said. "Do you mind if I wait inside? I don't expect she'll be long." And he sat down on the coffin stool. "I ought to pay you rent for this," he said, smiling.

Customers came and went. The beautiful weather had brought sightseers to the town; not many bought, but all were polite and praising because they were happy. The hands of the clock went on to four-forty-five.

Major Barnard said, "Do you mind if I smoke a cigar?"

Mr. Edom brought him an ashtray. "Perhaps Mrs. Otter mistook the time," he suggested.

"Just what I was thinking. She must have thought I said quarter past five. Maybe I did say quarter past five."

"Are you taking her out in the car? It's a lovely day for it. Everything will be looking its best."

"She's coming with me to Salisbury. There's some sort of concert in the Cathedral. It begins at six, and then we are to have dinner and drive back in the cool. But now we shall miss a good part of the concert. Silly of me to tell her the wrong time. Silly time to have a concert, come to that."

As the hands of the clock moved toward five-fifteen, Mr. Edom tried not to count the minutes till Mrs. Otter should appear. At twenty past five a woman who was not Mrs. Otter came in. She looked at everything, attentively and in silence. Finally, she began to bargain for an ikon. Mr. Edom had no patience with bargainers, but now he nursed her along and dandled her hopes, for she filled a gap—till the moment came when she changed her mind and bought a mug from the Miscellaneous Table and went away. Only then did he allow himself to look at Major Barnard, and at the clock. He signed to the assistant to leave by the side door and pretended to busy himself in replacing the ikon. The clocks in the shop, the clocks in the town began striking six; the Abbey bell surmounted them with its leisurely strokes; the street filled with people going home from work. Major Barnard raised his head and stared at Mr. Edom as though he had appeared on the margin of a dream.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Otter must have mistaken the day, Major Barnard. She would be so concerned."

"Something's happened to her. There's been an accident." The old man hoisted himself to his feet and began to walk up and down, clenching and unclenching his rheumatic hands. "But what can one do? What can one do?" he muttered.

"If you think Mrs. Otter may have met with some accident, sir, why not ring up the police station? They would know. And it would set your mind at rest."

Compelling Major Barnard into his private room, he dialled the number, put the receiver into his shaking hand, and shut the door on him.

It wasn't long before he was back. "No bad news, I hope," said Mr. Edom, reading calamity on his face.

"She was found unconscious in Fore Street, early this afternoon. She's been taken to hospital—to Pomeroy House."

"Oh, poor lady!" Pomeroy House was where they took the mental cases, the attempted suicides, the alcoholics.

Major Barnard stiffened himself. "The truth is—" Staring fixedly at Mr. Edom, he had recognized in Mr. Edom's face the expression of one engaged in putting two and two together—a mercantile process. "The truth is, I must be going," he concluded, and walked out.

Once set in motion, two and two rush into four. By the next day all those acquainted with Mrs. Otter knew that they had known for a long time that she was drinking too much; and most of them—for even those she did not charm felt she injured no one and was part of the place—were sorry. Naturally, the quality of the sorrow varied; varied from the desolation felt by Major Barnard, who had lost the delight of his heart, to the pure, fellowly compassion felt by Old Grog, who had lost the dear, sweet creature who never grudged him a couple of shillings toward a drink. Mr. Edom's narrower heart was wrung by a more complicated laceration. His grief was an anguish to him because the cause of it was so painful and so shocking. He would have gone to the stake, he averred, rather than think such a thing of that dear lady. His prim uprightness flinched from the picture of a drunken lady lying in a stupor outside the closing doors of the Acorn Inn, and carried away by the police on a stretcher; it was a rape on his respectability.

Six months later, when he heard that Mrs. Otter would shortly be discharged from Pomeroy House as cured, his second thought (for the first had been an explosive realization how much he had missed her) was that he didn't know how he would be able to look her in the face.

IT was not her face. His memory repudiated it, and she exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Edom, I don't believe you recognize me!" They had returned her fat, healthy, well preserved, and unaccountably lowered in class. Her clothes were spruce, she was made up, her hair had been waved and tinted. The charm was gone. Even her voice was coarsened, and though she talked as much as ever, it was of herself she talked and of the psychiatrist. Mr. Edom was too stricken to ease his mind by finding a formula. The assistant, who had recently come on a lot in judgment and connoisseurship and who was not personally affected by the disappearance of a charm he had never felt, was at no loss for a summary: Mrs. Otter looked as if she had been given a thorough treatment with Roll It Off. He kept this opinion unspoken; but later he asserted himself. It was stocktaking time, and they were going through the unlisted articles in Mr. Edom's drawer. "Three bronze enamelled cats," he called out. "How do I enter these?"

"Incomplete set," replied Mr. Edom.

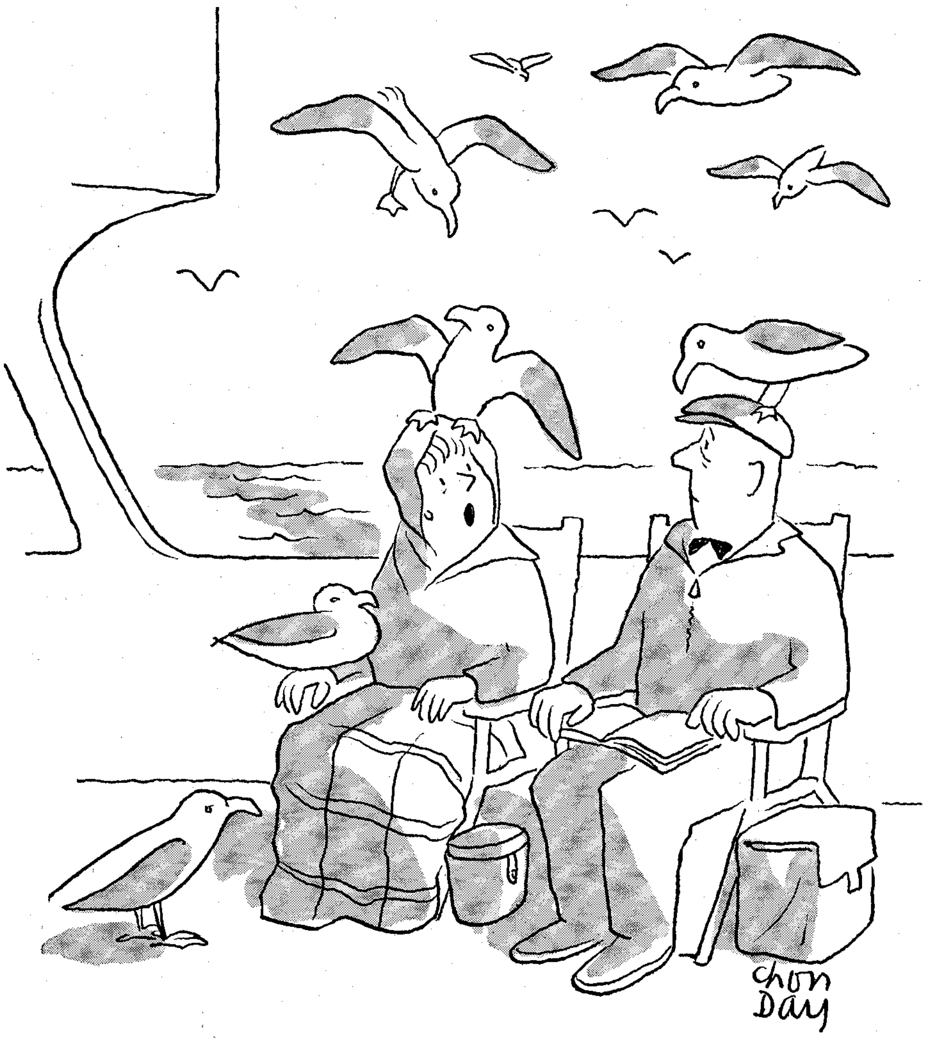
The assistant placed them in a row. "You know, I'm not altogether so sure about that," he said. "I think you should take another look at them."

Mr. Edom approached, gloomily, and did so.

"It's my belief," went on the assistant, "that they are a set just as they are. Look. Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic."

For a moment, Mr. Edom was convulsed. He seemed about to take hold of the assistant and strangle him. Then, recovering himself, he looked at the three figures—soberly, professionally—and said, "I daresay you're right."

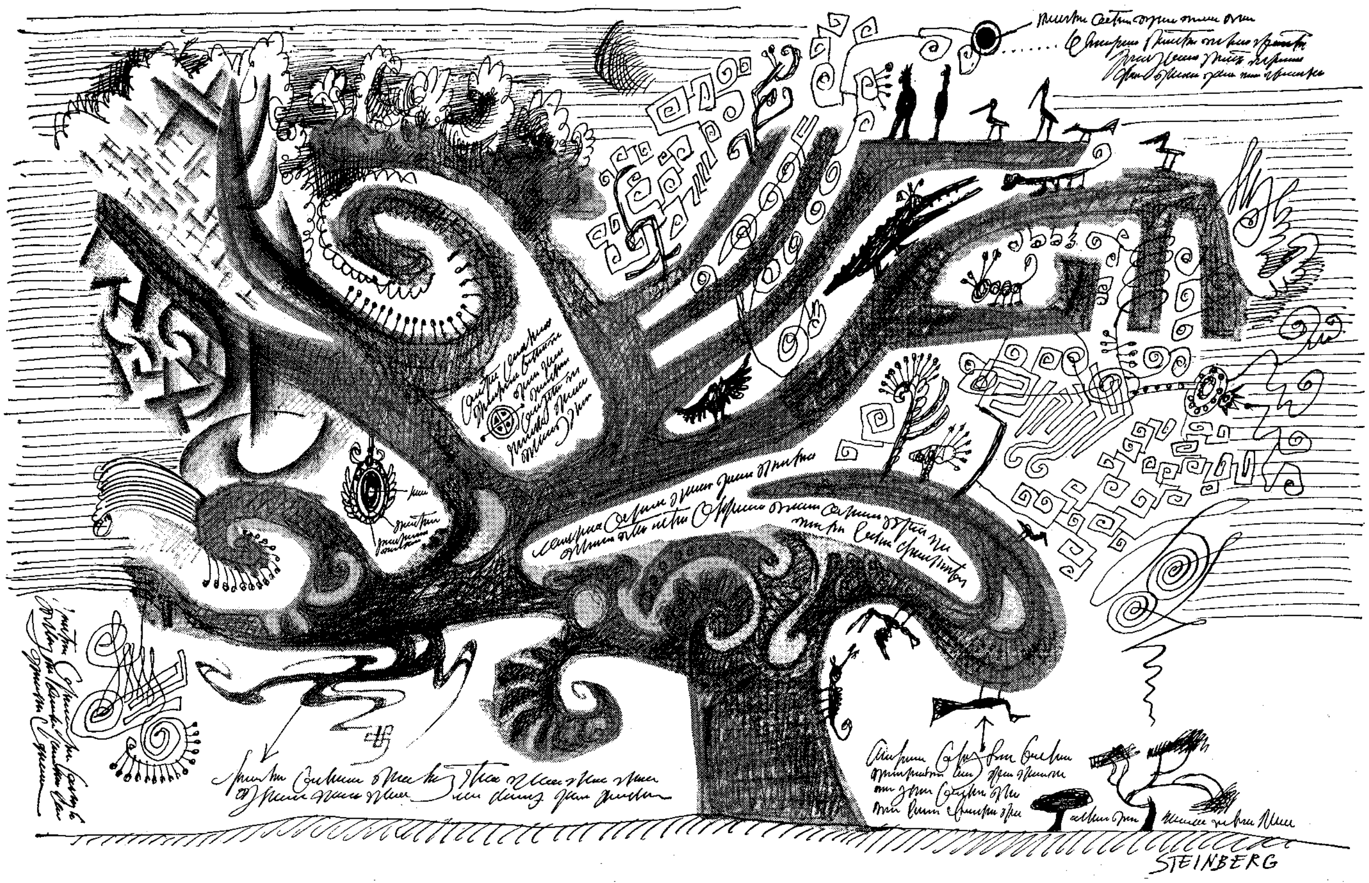
—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER



"Well, it looks as though we've met our host of new friends."

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE SCIENCES

THE TAIL OF TAXONOMY

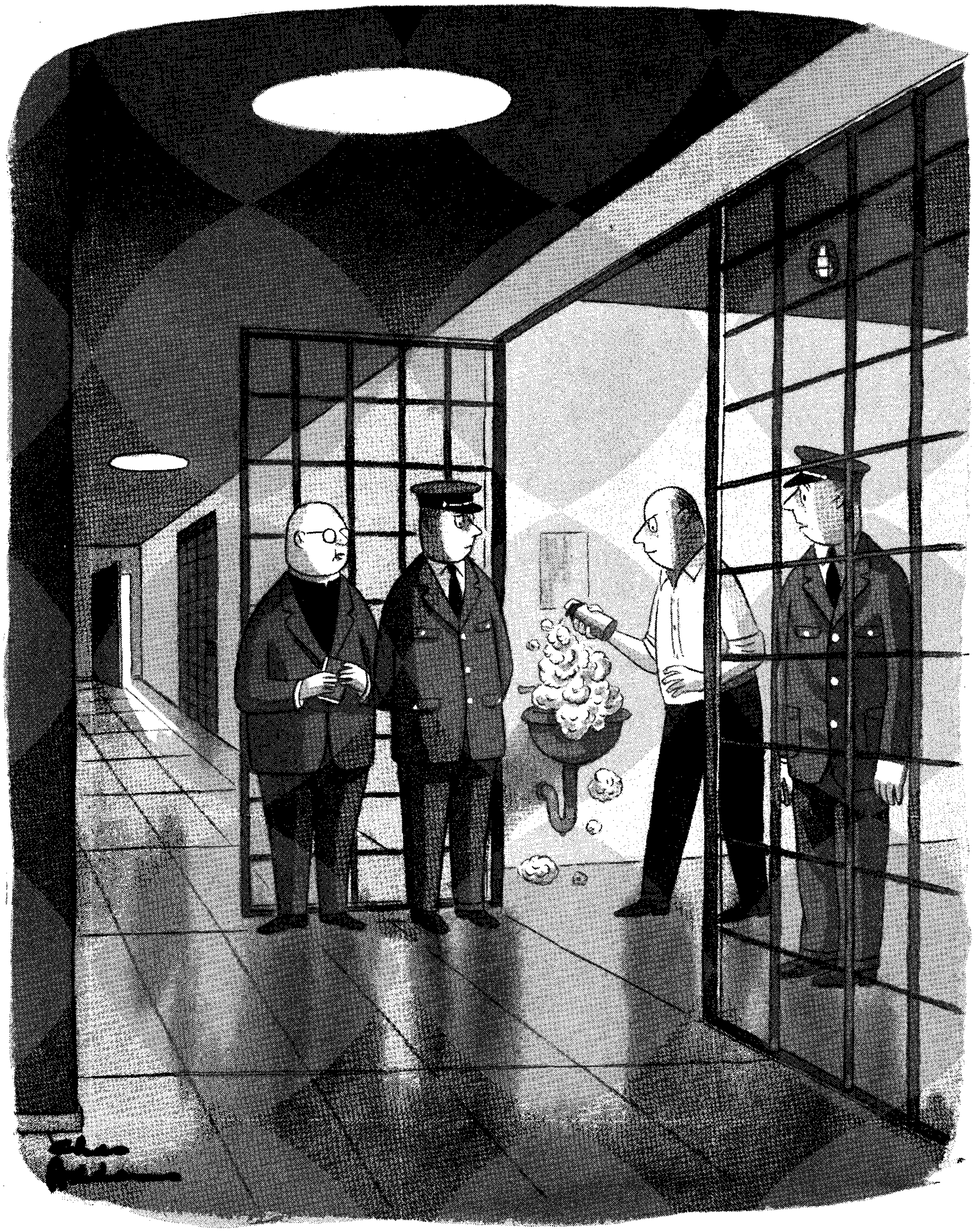


DID you ever stop to think that the research activities of most botanical gardens and natural-history museums, like the configuration of icebergs and the caucuses of congressmen, are largely hidden from the public? I keep going to these places, and it has been borne in on me that their ecological and taxonomical occupations, or preoccupations—those having to do with the relationship between organisms and environment, that is, or with classification—are based, typically, on the study of specimens of which only a tiny fraction ever get out of behind-the-scenes research collections into the public domain. The Museum of Natural History, for example, ordinarily shows only twenty-five hundred of its nine hundred thousand birds, about two thousand of its one and a quarter million butterflies and moths, and a couple of dozen of its million termites, while the New York Botanical Garden, whose grounds and conservatories display twenty-five thousand different plants, has a relatively secret standing, or recumbent, army of three million herbarium specimens, of which a mere corporal's guard of twenty or thirty is generally exhibited. The men (and, occasionally, women) who do the aforementioned gathering and studying—sedentary curators for most of the year, who leave their cocoons and begin to fly or hop around in the open, usually during the summer, once they hit the Orinoco or the mountains of Nepal—don't *mean* to conceal their outdoorsy and laboratory research from the populace. In many of their institutions, you can ask to see any study specimen you designate, and the product of their work eventually becomes accessible to one and all in scientific bulletins, monographs, memoirs, and the like—but how many devotees of dinosaurs and century plants avail themselves of these reports, or, having done so, are able to understand them?

Such thoughts, and questions, were buzzing around my head one day last July when I received a communication, couched in violet typewriter-ribbon ink, from my old institutional friend the Garden just cited, which started out, "Knowledge of plants and their care will be stimulated by explorations this summer by Garden scientists," and went on to say that Dr. Bassett Maguire and Dr. Howard Irwin, head curator and associate curator of tropical botany, respectively, were already on their way to the Wilhelmina Mountains of Surinam; that Dr. William Steere, the Garden's director, was going to Point Barrow, Alaska, "for studies of distribution patterns of arctic plants and mosses," and Dr. Pierre Dansereau, assistant director and senior curator of botany, to the Gaspé Peninsula "for vegetation mapping;" that Dr. Arthur Cronquist, curator of temperate American taxonomy, was heading for the mountains of the American West for wild-plant studies, and Dr. David Rogers, curator of quantitative taxonomy, was off to Mexico "for investigations of economic plants;" and that Dr. Caroline Allen, a full-time research associate, was leaving for the cloud forests of Chiapas, Mexico, to observe wild members of the avocado family. I took this as a sign from Heaven—or, at any rate, from the Bronx—to look into the Garden's expeditionary side, and one morning not so long ago I went up there to see how the explorers had made out.

I had arranged, through Mr. Phil Clark, the Garden's public-relations director, to begin my expedition by buttonholing Dr. Maguire, whose trip to Surinam—his fifth—had rounded out twenty years of botanical exploration in the Guiana area of northern South America, and on my way to his office in the Administration Building I paused at an exhibit commemorating this work. The display was attractive but skimpy. It featured a number of photographs of Surinam Indians and Bush Negroes, and one of Dr. Maguire with a full beard; some pressed plants and a plant press; a model of a dugout canoe; and a model of an Akawaio house—a thatch-roofed enclosure hung with net hammocks of the kind used by visiting scientists. After this not altogether botanical cocktail, I found Dr. Maguire in a big, light room containing several tables covered with dried herbarium specimens. He is a slender, courteous, fast-moving, Alabama-born man with an inquiring look, and seems remarkably youthful for his fifty-nine years; I had noted in a *curriculum vitae* supplied by Mr. Clark that while at the University of Georgia, from which he graduated in three years, taking first honors in botany, he had for all three years been "first-prize winner in horsemanship and acrobatics." He was wearing a white alpaca duster, round-rimmed glasses, and a bow tie, and he was meticulously clean-shaven. I mentioned the bearded snapshot, and he said, with a trace of a Southern accent, that he always grew a beard in the field to keep the flies off and to dispense with the bother of shaving. I asked about the Wilhelmina Mountains, and he worked up to these by degrees.

"While the fieldwork of the Garden is worldwide, it has tended to stress the American Northwest and tropical America," he said. "It was pioneered by Nathaniel Lord Britton, our first director, who worked on the floras of the United States, the West Indies, and parts of South America. There are twelve times as many plant species in tropical America as in the temperate zone, and they're much less well known, in spite of the fact that during the Garden's first fifty years more than half its explorations—a hundred and twenty-eight out of two hundred and forty-seven—were made in the American tropics, and in spite of the fact that since then we've run about forty more tropical expeditions, which have added some three hundred and fifty thousand specimens to our herbarium and to others. Most of them have come from the Guayana section of northern South America—the high interior region of southern Venezuela and adjacent areas of British Guiana, Brazil, and Colombia. Plant endemism—the state of being indigenous—is extraordinarily high there. We're still studying our finds, but so far two thousand new species and fifty new genera have been described. Our inventory has passed its preliminary stage. The northern part of South America has even yet not been well covered floristically, and the need for a catalogue of vegetation still exists all over the continent. We're going into the central plateau of Brazil and the rain forests of the Amazon next, and in this connection I've recently set up a ten-year joint research program with



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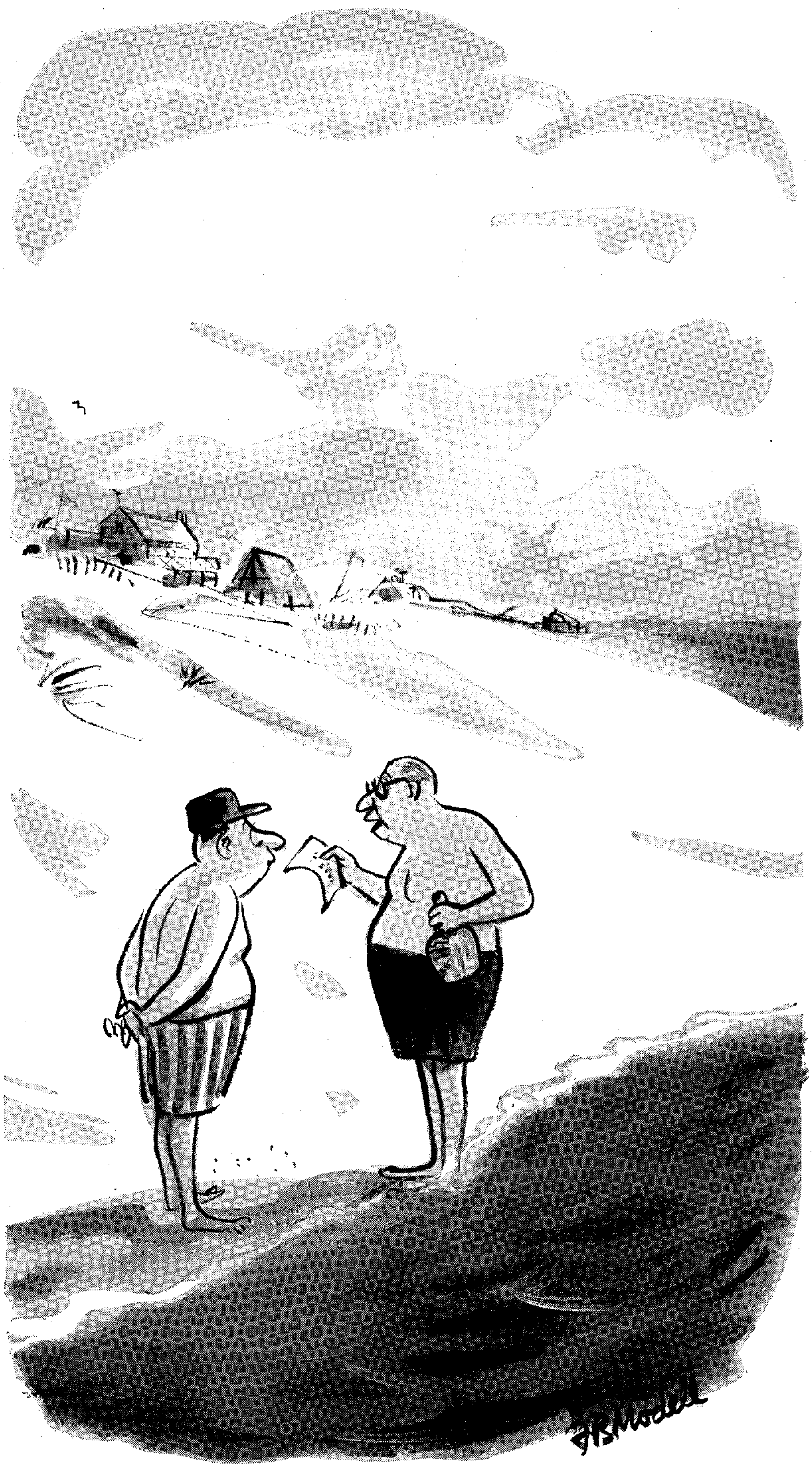

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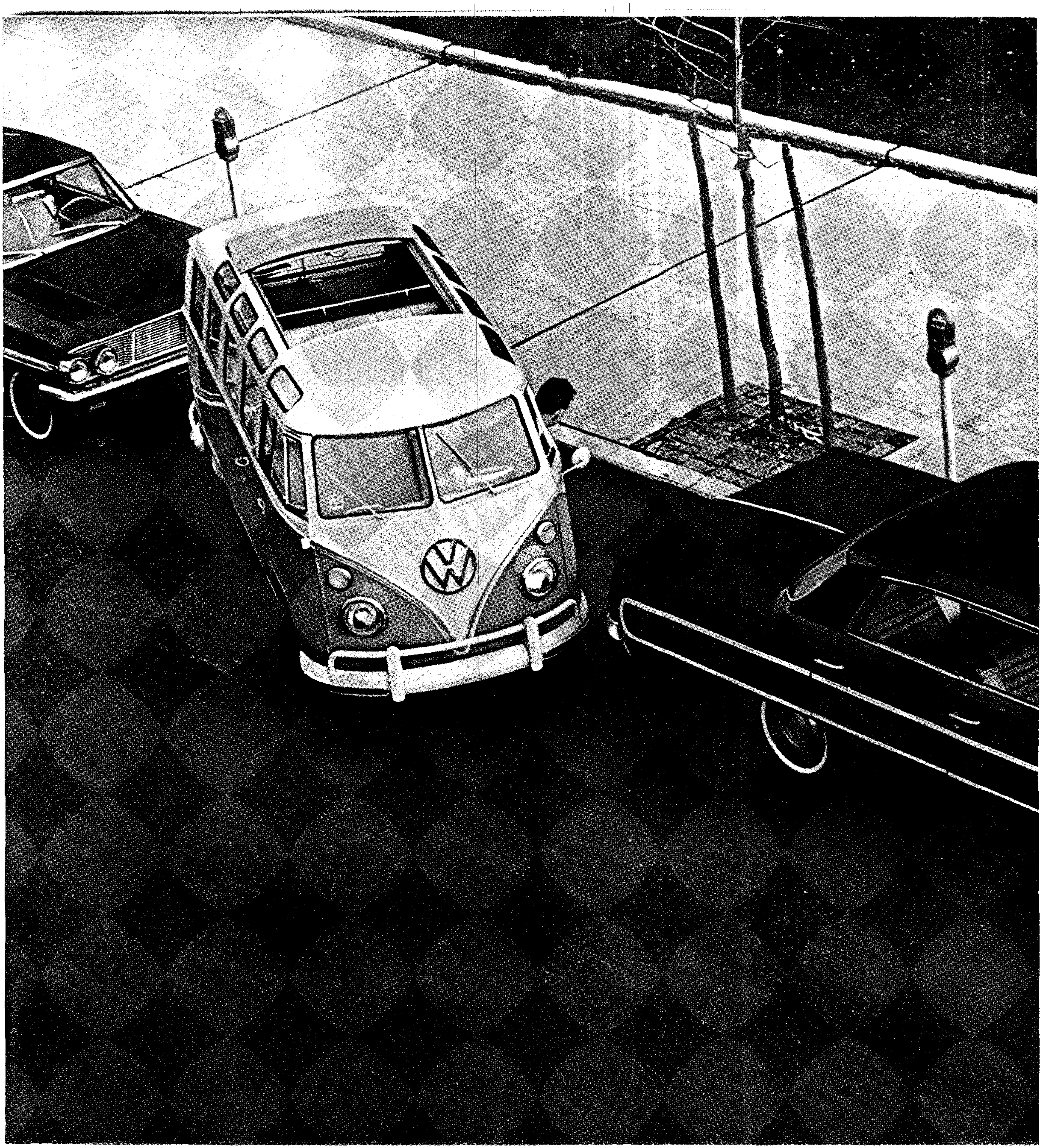
the University of Brazil. There's a biotic continuity between the Guayanan and Brazilian highland regions."

"What's it like in the Wilhelminas, floristically?" I asked.

"I came to the Garden in 1943 from the faculty of Utah State University to work on the flora of the Intermontane Region—northern New Mexico, Arizona, western Colorado, Utah, Nevada, western Wyoming, southern Idaho, and eastern Oregon and Washington," Dr. Maguire said, "and I made my first trip to the Guayana Highland the following year. Last June, I took an Alcoa freighter to Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam, with our gear—we carry our own stoves, kitchens, tents, medical supplies, tarpaulins, and plant presses, and this time we had eight outboard motors for the *falcas*, or large dugout canoes with built-up sides, that we use on the rivers—and then flew to the Wilhelmina area, in central Surinam. It took eleven chartered DC-3 round-trip flights to get all the equipment in. The principals of our party, besides me, were my wife; Dr. Irwin, who became leader of the expedition upon my departure; two staff assistants; and a couple of botanists from the Smithsonian Institution and from Utrecht University, in the Netherlands. We went to the Wilhelmina Mountains because you find the greatest diversity of vegetation in mountains; the more habitats there are, the more plants. This is just as true of the Adirondacks as it is of the Wilhelminas. They constitute the largest and highest mountain mass in Surinam; they're granitic, crystalline, fairly youthful mountains in an intermediate stage of weathering. You approach them in *falcas* along a hundred miles of river, almost a third of it rapids. Going over the rapids on a previous trip, we lost a Brazilian colleague, but such a disaster is exceptional. We work with local Indians and with Bush Negroes—descendants of slaves imported by the Dutch who escaped into the forests. They are handsome and intelligent but difficult to work with. They are savvy and have lots of cunning. Like union labor, they will carry only such-and-such a load. When there is trouble with the rapids, they demand overtime. They speak *taki-taki*, a polyglot language derived from English, Portuguese, Spanish, French, German, Dutch, and African; I've picked up a smattering of it by reading a *taki-taki* Bible. Most of them know a little Dutch. They may not be able to write, but they can figure. They have a taboo about eating anything with a smooth



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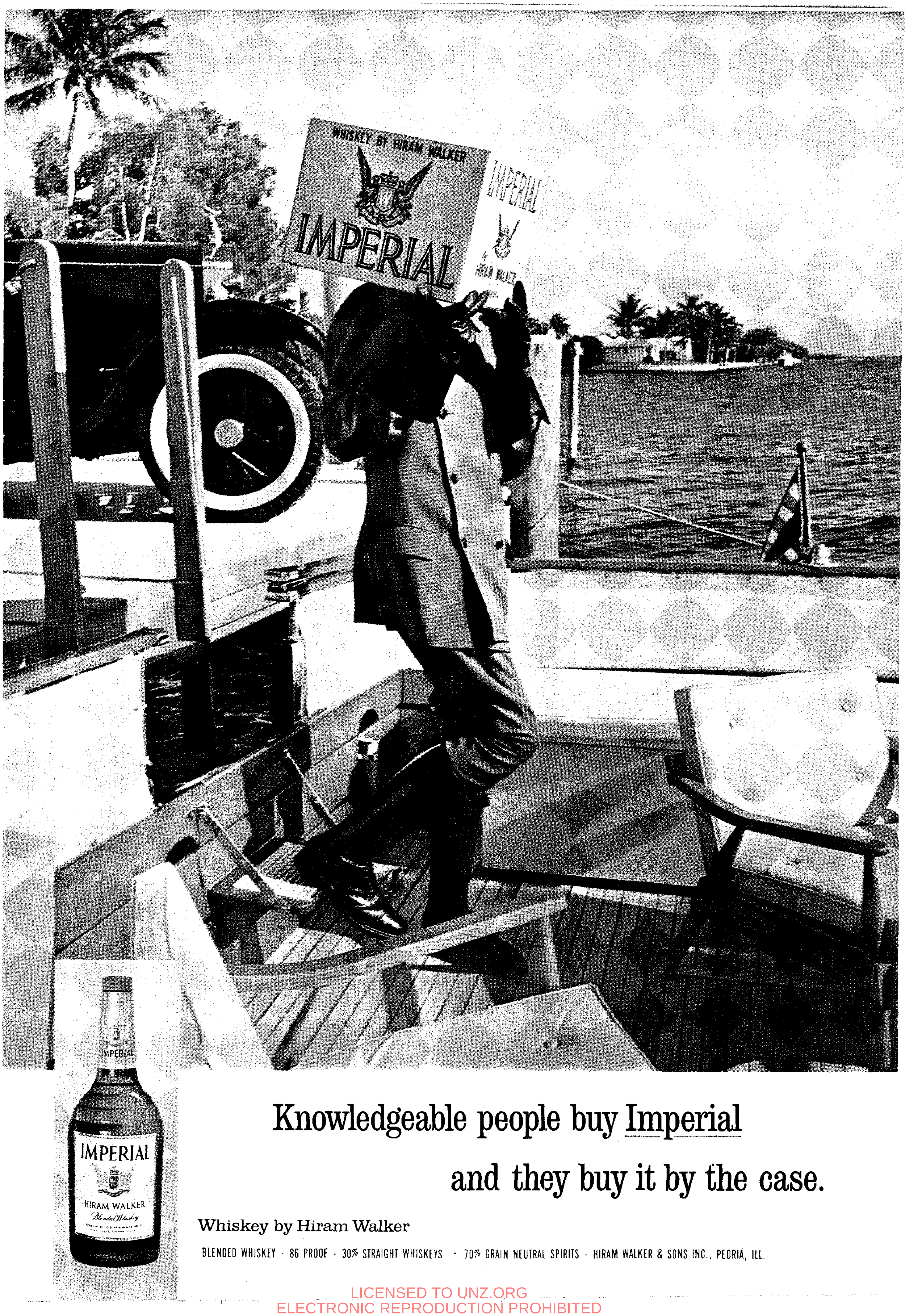
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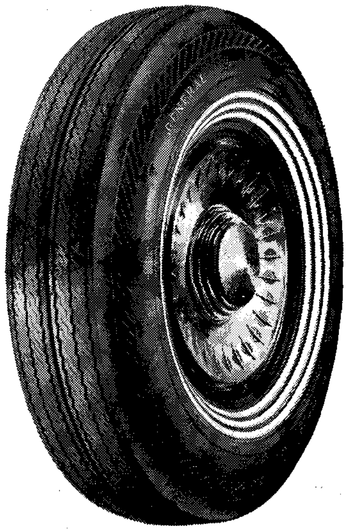
skin, so they won't cook catfish, a lovely eating fish that grows up to two hundred pounds in the Surinam rivers, or crocodile tails, which I also like. Some of the Indian tribes—there are a dozen or more of them—are more coöperative, although once a crew of forty Indians I'd recruited all disappeared one day without giving me warning. I had to walk a hundred miles to get replacements. It turned out that my crew were Seventh-Day Adventists and had gone off to a Seventh-Day Adventist convention in the jungle."

Steering me out the door and moving fast, Dr. Maguire led me down a great hall filled with cabinets of herbarium specimens, and then, after unlocking a door, into a sizable triangular room off the auditorium in the Administration Building. Boxes of dried plants were piled up to the ceiling. "This is our storage-and-fumigation room," he said. "This, I daresay, is probably the greatest treasure room of unstudied tropical material in existence today—nearly a quarter of a million specimens, or better than half of what our twenty-year Guayana program has yielded. This program has cost over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to date, so, in a manner of speaking, you are looking at half a million dollars' worth of specimens. The rest have been processed into the herbarium; they produced two thousand hitherto undescribed species, and we may well find a thousand more here. The ratio of new things naturally declines as you go through material from any given area. We send puzzling specimens to specialists all over the world for identification, and we exchange duplicates with sister institutions everywhere. We add thirty or forty thousand sheets to our collection every year."

As we left the treasure room, Dr. Maguire pointed to a tiny hole in the door. "Twice a year we pump twenty pounds of liquid gas—methyl bromide—through this to keep out the museum, or dermestid, beetle, which eats up plants, among other things," he said. "You leave the gas there three or four days before going in again."

The Doctor loped up some stairs and along a corridor toward the office of Dr. Irwin, the next summer-roving scientist on my indoor expedition, and as I followed him, I asked how the seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar Guayana program had been financed.

"Largely by the Garden and by such friends as the National Science Foundation, the Guggenheim Foundation, the



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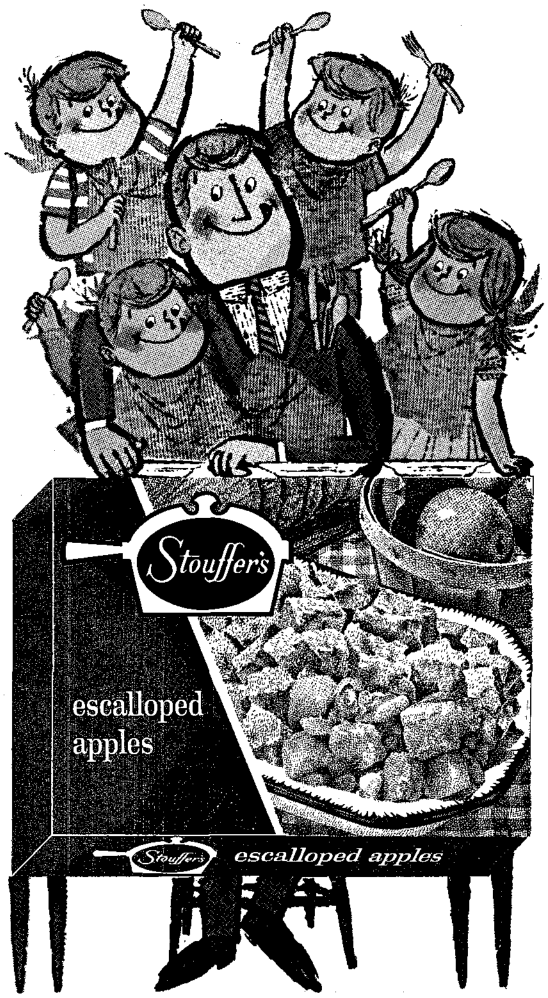

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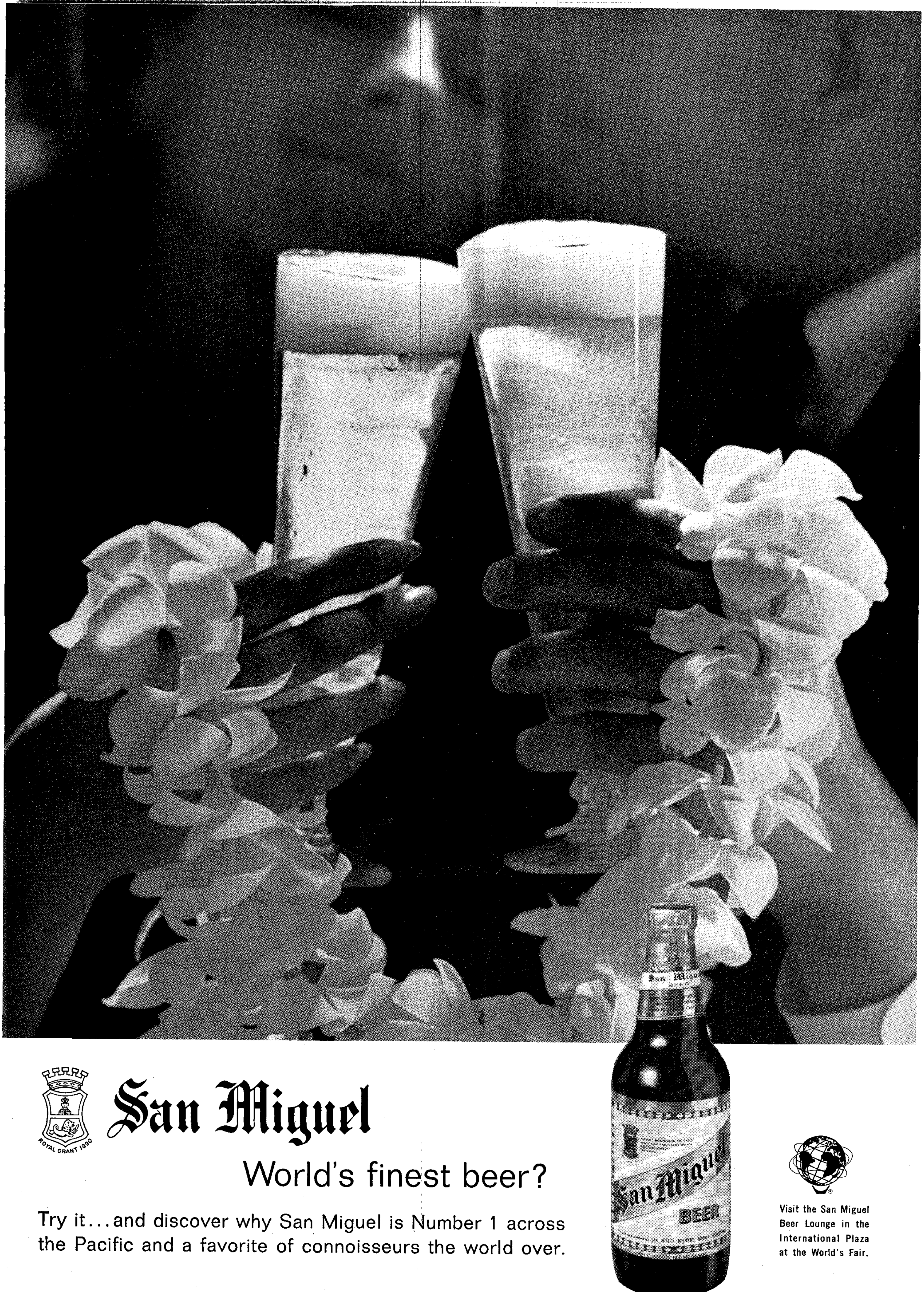
American Philosophical Society, the late R. H. Kunhardt, and the late Pierre Jay," he said. "The Johnson outboard-motor people have given us motors, several steamship and oil companies have provided us with passage, Sears, Roebuck has presented us with equipment, and some of the drug companies, such as Eli Lilly, have made generous contributions in return for botanical material—leaf samples, soil fungi, and seeds. They analyze these chemically in order to develop new drugs. I think a number of promising things have come out of this, but I'm not privy to them. Pharmaceutical outfits aren't especially talkative."

He introduced me to Dr. Irwin and, as he left us, said, "I'm looking forward to next summer in Brazil. I always look forward to summers in the field. I think some people are born liking the out-of-doors, and I'm one of them. I just grew into hunting, fishing, and camping as a child. I become restive here. I get hay fever if I stay here in the summer. I never get hay fever on trips."

I ASKED Dr. Irwin, a scholarly-looking man of thirty-six, how he felt about crocodile tails and two-hundred-pound catfish, and he replied, "Well, the whole idea is to put something on top of the rice. My favorite dish in Surinam is piranha, a carnivorous fish that is caught in big circular nets with lead weights, and I also like waterhaas, an enormous rodent the size of a pig. Peccary and snake steaks are good eating, and so is a South American forest turtle that weighs eight or ten pounds. But we pretty much eat to live. You generally lose weight on these expeditions. We try to work fast, because the sword of the rainy season is over our necks. The dry season in Surinam gets under way in mid-August and lasts until mid-November, but it isn't terribly dry. We move around quite a lot within an area of five hundred square miles; we spot likely environments—a river border, a hilltop, a rocky creek valley, a swamp, a dense forest—trying for all the variety there is. There are lots of very curious plants in Surinam. Many have no roots in the soil and are found as epiphytes, growing on other plants—not as parasites. They get their moisture from the air, and some of them attain an enormous age. There are also the stranglers, which clasp normal trees and are held up by them to the sunlight. Eventually, they kill the host tree, and that is the end of them, too. And there's an abundance of lianas, or woody vines. All these are characteristic of the rain for-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est. It's relatively easy to walk through rain forests, because they're so cool and they're not dense; once you get away from the river, the undergrowth thins out. But these forests are rather monotonous, really, at least at eye level; the trees are all coated with lichen and are pretty much alike. There's an overall homogeneity at ground level."

"Any dangerous animals?" I asked, hoping to rev things up.

"Well, a peccary can cause you trouble," Dr. Irwin said. "If he's taken by surprise, he'll charge, and he has long canine teeth that can give you a nasty bite, so the thing to do is climb a tree and get above his head height until he saunters off. I was once charged by one in an open field; I climbed to the roof of my car. There are poisonous snakes—fer-de-lances and coral snakes—but they're not common. The bigger animals, such as jaguars, retreat before we arrive. The Indians themselves retreat before civilization, by the way—they get a liver disease from a worm and don't live very long—but the Bush Negroes are simply burgeoning, especially since the mosquito has been vanquished. Let's see. We did come across an anaconda, nineteen or twenty feet long, but it was dying. There are many pestiferous insects—much of the pollination of flowers is done by ants and termites—and when a tree is cut down, we have to watch out for wasps' nests, ants' nests, termites, and an occasional snake. We often collect leaf samples from the top of a tree, because the lower part is covered with lianas or epiphytes, and we also collect wood samples—two feet long and four or five feet wide—for the Smithsonian and for Syracuse University. There are some very important timber trees in the Guayanas, such as the purpleheart. The vegetation is as remarkable as any in the world—my specialty is Leguminosae, the pea family, which constitutes about a twelfth of

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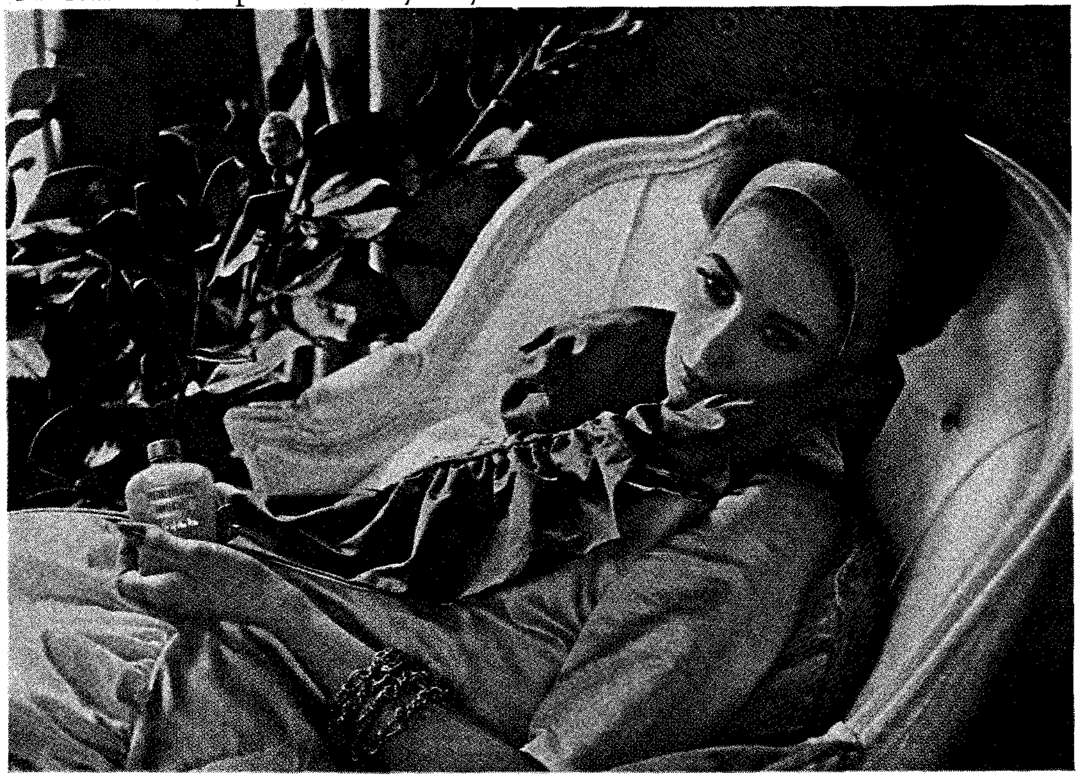

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everything we get—but the fauna is meagre. I spent four years in British Guiana in the nineteen-fifties on a Fulbright, and when I was on Mount Roraima—an enormous tableland where Venezuela, Brazil, and British Guiana come together—I ran into a man from the B.B.C. who was collecting material for a book on the sounds of the forest. He was very disappointed because there weren't many animals there, and so not many sounds."

I learned that Dr. Irwin was slated for a commanding role in the coming Garden-University of Brazil field program, and I next called on Dr. Allen, the wild-avocado lady of the Chiapas cloud forest. She proved to be a pretty, blue-eyed taxonomist in a green suit who graduated from Vassar in 1926 and came to the Garden after a good many years at the Arnold Arboretum, outside Boston. "My specialty is the laurel family, to which the bay and the avocado belong," she said. "This is the family of the noble laurel that Caesar was crowned with—*not* our mountain laurel, which isn't a true laurel at all. I spent several weeks last summer in Mexico, collecting avocados in Oaxaca and Chiapas. I found three that are new to our herbarium, although they're recognized by Mexican botanists. Trees of the laurel or avocado family, which grow to thirty feet, sometimes have exceedingly striking fruit—the fruit of one variety is oblong, a shiny blue-black, and supported by a brilliant-scarlet acorn-type cup—and they are additionally interesting because they are full of alkaloids that may eventually prove to be of medicinal value. This is the era of the alkaloids, you know. The University of Mexico supplied me with a Ford station wagon and a driver, and a helper who climbed trees and roped the branches down, and assisted me in drying the specimens. I was guided to appropriate laurel spots around Tehuantepec by Thomas MacDougall, a native of the Bronx who has been living in Mexico and collecting plants there for forty years. I suppose he's had time to get used to the food. The Indian influence in hot, spicy things can be upsetting, and I got tired of Pepsi-Cola and tequila—water is out, of course. But they have a good bread, and it's perfectly safe to eat rice and eggs and bananas and oranges—anything you can take the skin off of."

MR. CLARK had arranged for Dr. Allen and me to lunch with him, and after a perfectly safe meal

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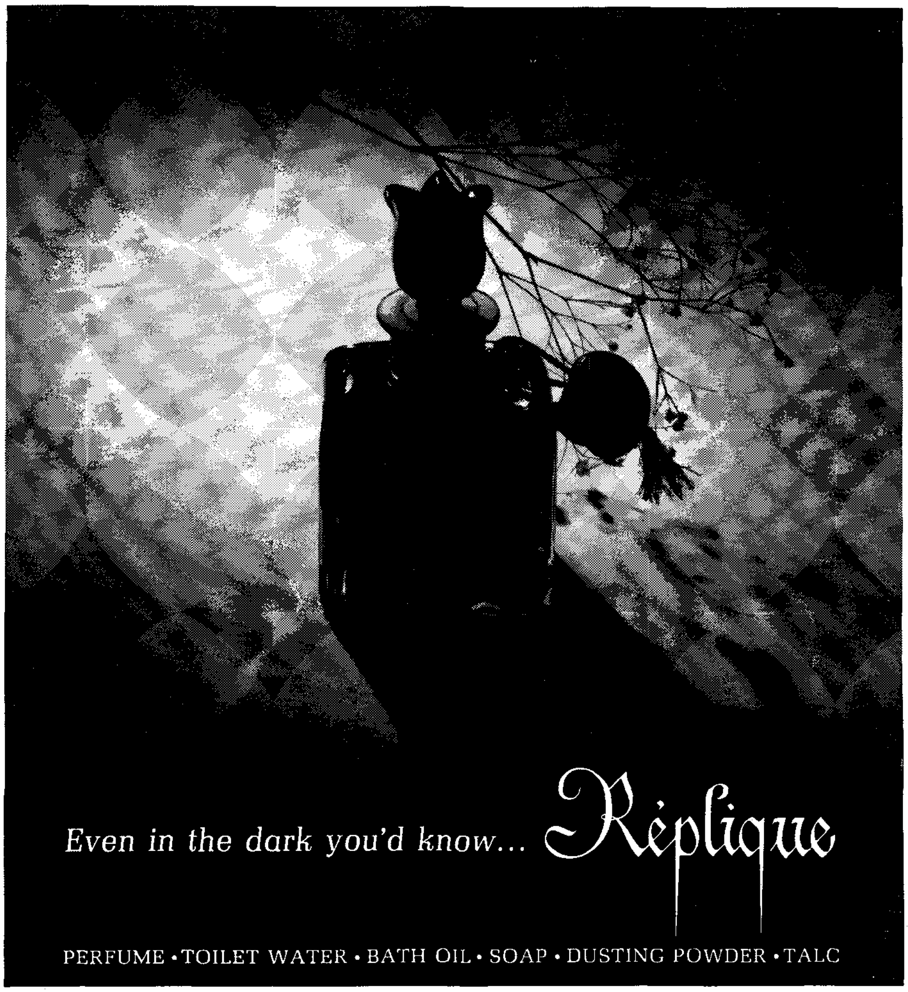
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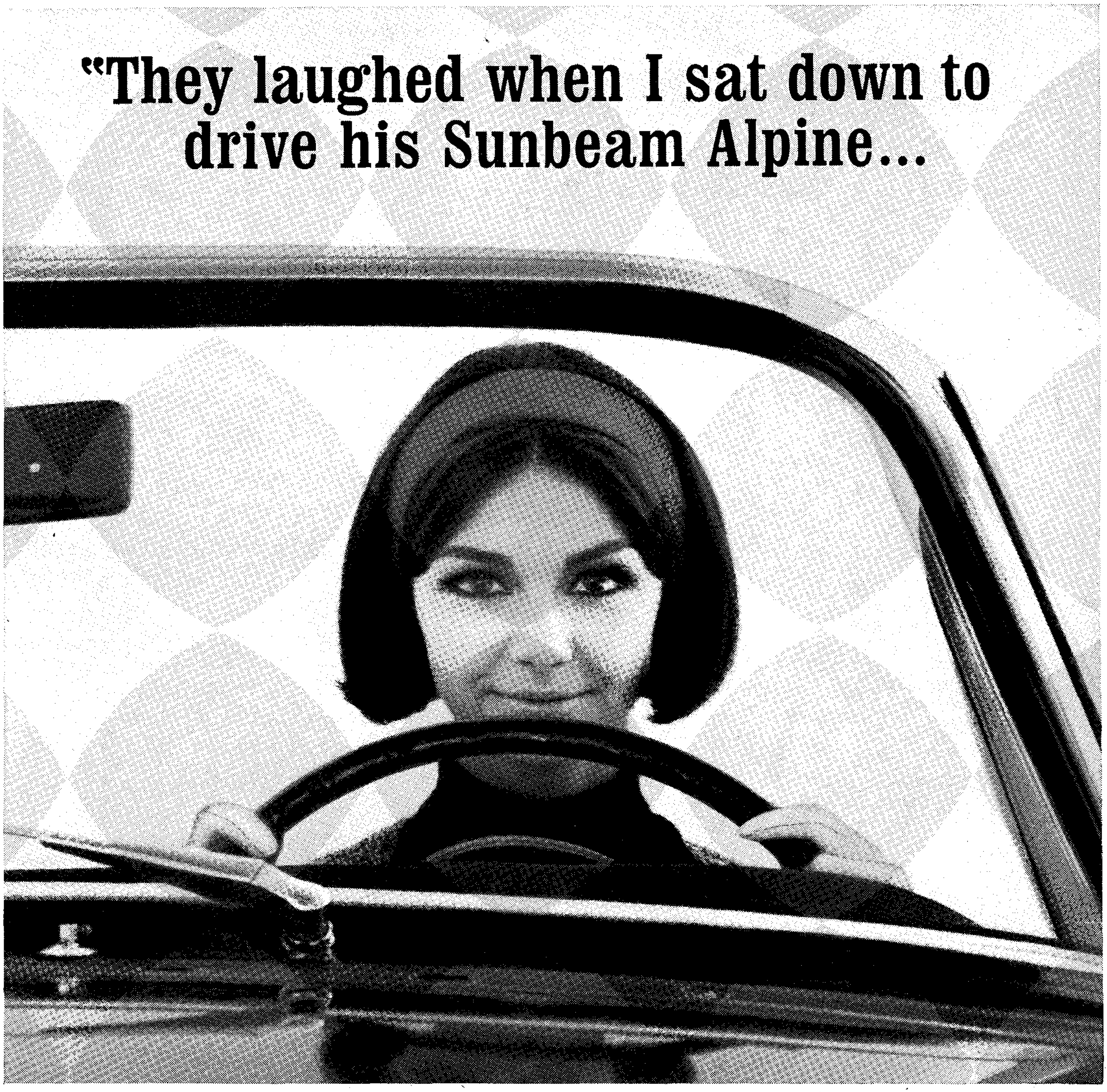
at Murray's Restaurant, on Webster Avenue and East 200th Street, I gained the office of Dr. Rogers, the Mexico-summering curator of quantitative taxonomy. He was sitting in his shirtsleeves in a large, light room (such curatorial quarters, I began to realize, are one of the blessings of working for a concern that owns two hundred and thirty rural acres) looking worried. "I'm primarily interested in one plant only," he said. "That's the cultivated species of *Manihot esculenta*, or manioc, which the Brazilians call 'mandioca,' the British 'cassava,' and the Mexicans 'yuca.' It varies from a low shrub to a skinny tree fifteen feet tall, although in its genus, *Manihot*, which includes over a hundred species—three hundred and fifty have been named, but there's been a good deal of synonymy—we find trees up to fifty feet tall. It is raised for its roots, which are from one to three feet long and resemble overgrown sweet potatoes. We get tapioca out of it. It grows easily, has large yields, and is an important source of carbohydrates in most of the world's lowland tropical areas. I'm trying to find out where it originated, but this isn't easy. I *suspect* that its earliest use as a crop was in the Mayan cultures in Yucatán and on south to the lowland areas of Guatemala. How did I arrive at this hypothesis? Well, I've studied manioc through archeology—through plant remains, dug out of caves, that resemble it. Manioclike seed and leaf residues over two thousand years old have been found in Mexican caves, and the earliest Mayan and Aztec chronicles mention the plant. It was certainly first cultivated in the tropical Americas; its various common names are all derived from native Indian terms. It *may* have originated in northeastern Brazil, but there is very little archeo-ethnobotany in Brazil."

Dr. Rogers went on, "That's a tongue twister, isn't it? It means the study of plant fragments found in digs. Last summer, I spent six weeks in Mexico collecting manioc and asking Mayan farmers about its cultivation. I took along my son John, then thirteen, as an assistant. I hired a Volkswagen in Mexico City and covered four thousand miles, travelling down through Veracruz to Yucatán and then west through the states of Oaxaca, Jalisco, and Michoacán. I spent eight hours a day in the field and drove mostly at night, which is no joke in Mexico; half the population is out walking after dark, not to mention ani-

"They laughed when I sat down to drive his Sunbeam Alpine...



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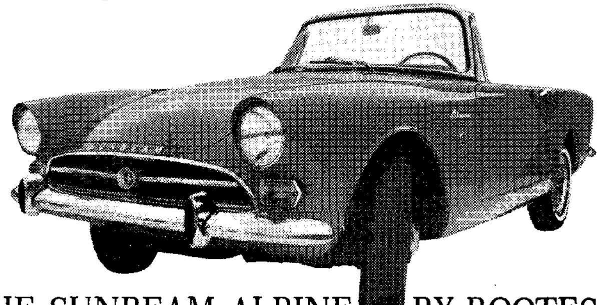

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mals. I've convinced my boy that if he's going to be a biologist, it'll be a marine biologist—we ran into so many thorns and mosquitoes. I photographed whole plants, and then I took parts of them and squashed them down flat for herbarium specimens. I've been doing this for ten summers—in Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and the West Indies as well as in Mexico. Look at those cabinets."

Dr. Rogers indicated four large metal cases and said they were crammed with unstudied manioc, or yuca, or mandioca, or cassava, specimens. "I'm trying to show the relation of the cultivated *esculenta* species to the wild species in the same genus. It's a desperate undertaking. For some time, I've been using an electronic computer, which an I.B.M. friend of mine, Taffee Tanimoto, now with Honeywell, Inc., has helped me with, and whose rental has been financed by a grant from the National Institutes of Health and the Office of Naval Research. This has enabled me to handle quantities of data that no man could keep in his mind, but there isn't a computer with enough space in its core memory to hold all the information I have to put into it. There's enough stuff in those cabinets to keep me, and the computer, out of mischief for ten years. I frankly am not going to undertake any more fieldwork. The tail of taxonomy is wagging the dog of exploration. I'm going to sit down at a table for ten years and go over what I've collected."

He looked at me defensively, and said, "You might want to know why in the world anyone would give so much time to this manioc plant—what's so good about it?"

This remark astonished me, in view of the big tapioca-large-yield-important-carbohydrate sendoff that Dr. Rogers had given yuca, but I said nothing, and he continued, "Well, there are a lot of interesting things I could probably bug you with. During my graduate work at Washington University, in St. Louis, where I took my Ph.D. in 1951, I studied a similar group of plants—phanerogams, but I won't bore you by telling you what *they* are—which seemed to be in the most complete disorder, taxonomically speaking. Chaos, really. Manioc is phanerogamous—well, all right, that means, to simplify things, that it has obvious stamens and pistils—and later on, when I was teaching at Allegheny College, in Meadville, Pennsylvania, I remembered this chaos,

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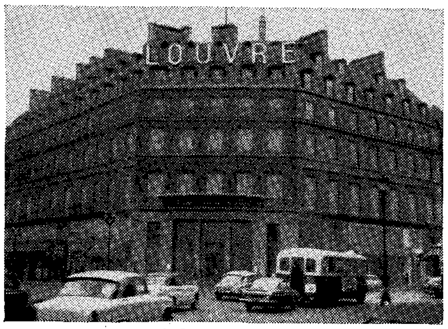

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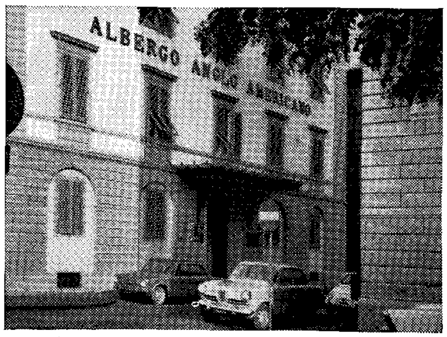

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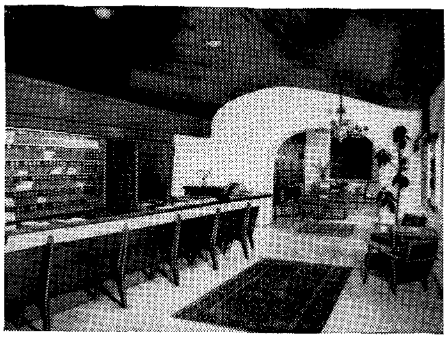

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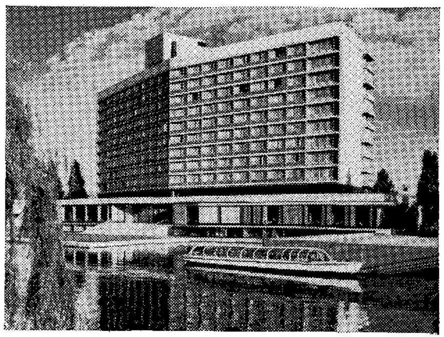

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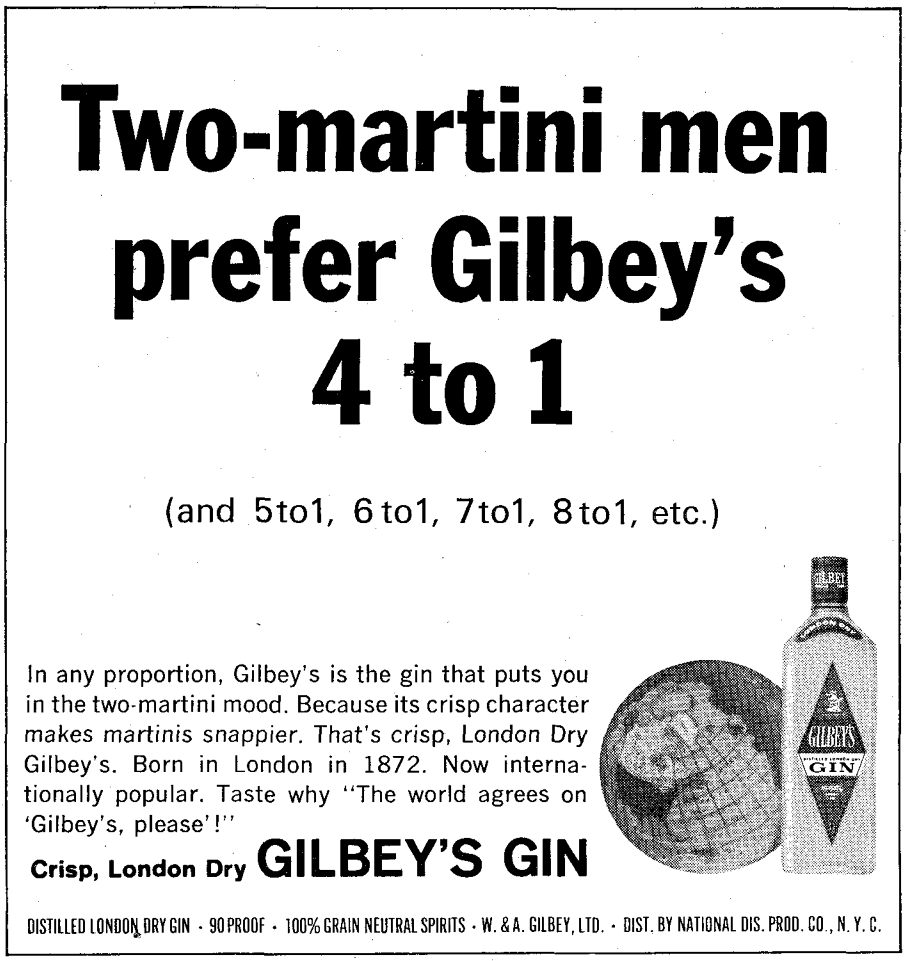

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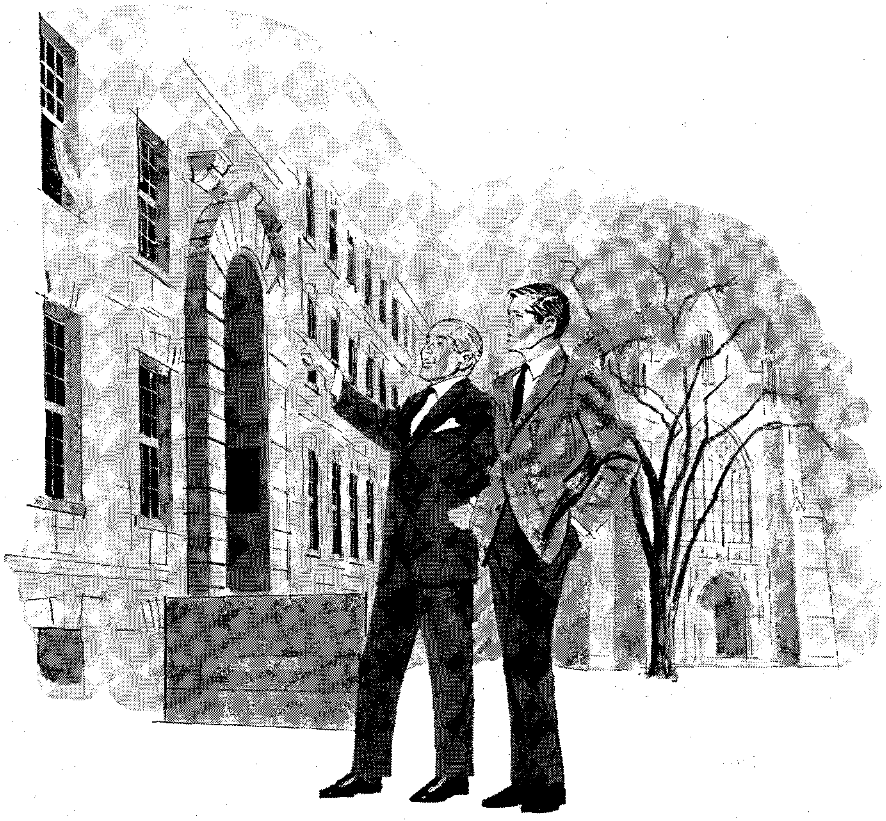
and I also remembered that in his 'Origin of Species' Darwin says that one of the most profitable categories in which to begin a study of evolution is that of cultivated plants, and the more I looked at manioc, the more it looked like a good place to put some effort. Corn and wheat and rice and coffee and sugarcane, among other big crops, had been much more fully studied. So I settled for manioc, and for a lifetime of trying to bring order out of confusion. Crops migrate with people, and this leads to a great number of varieties, owing to hybridization of the cultivated plant with a succession of wild species. I had to expand my research from cultivated manioc to include the related wild species; the cultivated species is sort of an artifact. Even with a computer, it's difficult to keep up with all the variability that man has dragged out in these plants. You get a whole row of things lined up. You get this constant mixing of genetic materials. Some of the resulting combinations are weird."

I began to feel like a manioc-depressive, and got up to leave. Dr. Rogers showed me to the door, and I asked whether he had brought any living, breathing manioc plants back to the Garden. "They're too light-sensitive to grow here successfully," he replied, looking more worried than ever. "During the winter, they just sit, and during the summer they grow too fast. I have one in the Economic House of the Conservatory." He pointed to a picture of a scraggly-looking tree on the wall. "It's a horrible-looking thing, isn't it?" he said.

I WENT back the next morning and started my second expeditionary day by calling on Dr. Cronquist, yestersummer's explorer of Western United States wild plants. A huge man—six feet six—he was wearing high black shoes, and he, too, was sitting in his shirtsleeves in a large, light room, looking worried. "I'm an outdoorsman at heart," he said. "I was brought up in Oregon, and I've always liked to look at the birds and the bees and the flowers. I'm engaged on the flora of the Pacific Northwest, where my specialty is the interpretation of Compositae, which includes asters and sunflowers. I've written a textbook about the family—a volume called 'Introductory Botany' and published by Harper & Row—and it is doing very well. I suppose I could do my research in the herbarium without going into the field, but I'd make



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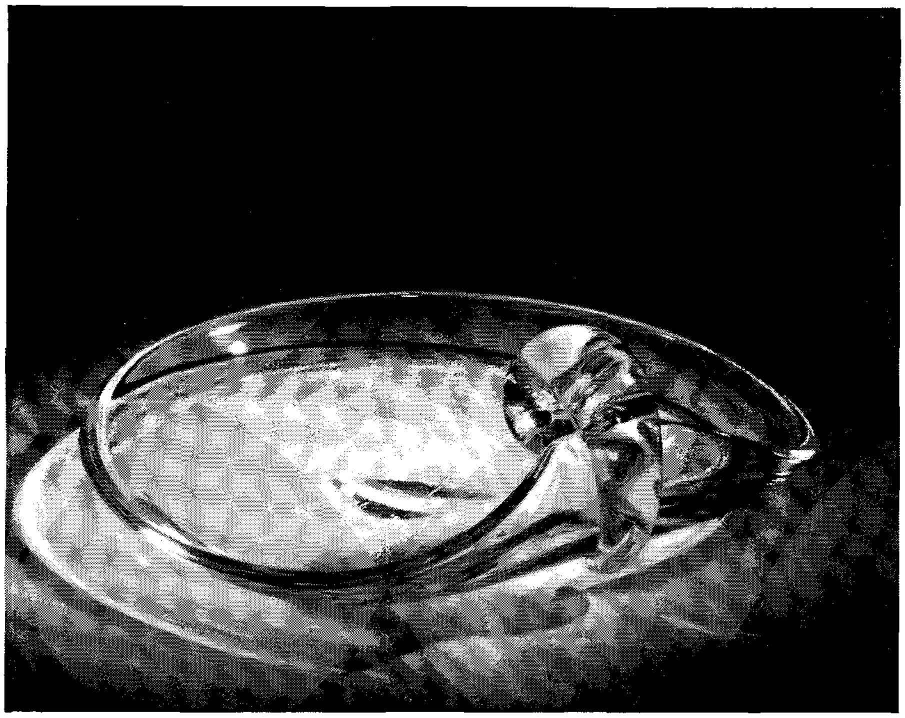

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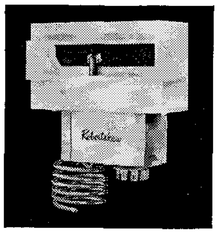

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more mistakes that way. Herbaria give you biassed samples; they tend to reflect the unusual. The geography of a place is very useful in helping you ferret out what the natural populations of plants are. It's much easier to keep your feet on the ground in a figurative sense if you also keep them on the ground in a literal sense."

Dr. Cronquist's professional footwork, on which he embarked in the nineteen-forties when he was taking his Ph.D. at the University of Minnesota, was extended last summer in Oregon, where he travelled, solo, in a station wagon, with a sleeping bag, an air mattress, a shovel and a pick, three plant presses containing a hundred herbarium sheets apiece, a metal plant-drying frame, a gasoline stove, and a number of canned-milk cases, which he characterized as the best boxes for specimens. "There was just enough room left in the car for me to squeeze in," he said. "I used to take my wife along on trips, but now she has a job as librarian at the Horticultural Society of New York and can't get away. Our son is taking a Ph.D. in philosophy at Harvard, and our daughter is finishing up high school in Greenburgh, where we live. I generally camp out on expeditions, and stay at a motel once a week to shave and get a hot bath. I was once picked up by a sheriff in Utah, who said I resembled an escaped convict he was after, but I gave him a dried specimen of *Clarkia pulchella*—an evening primrose—and he sent me on my way. To dry plants, I put them in my metal frame, which is open at the top and bottom; slide the stove

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underneath; turn it on low; and in eight or ten hours the specimens are dry. Plants prepared for herbariums don't always dry as they should. Do you know how bitterroot, the state flower of Montana, got its scientific name, *Lewisia rediviva*?"

I said no.

"Meriwether Lewis, of Lewis and Clark fame, was a pioneer botanist as well as a general explorer in the West," Dr. Cronquist said. "The flower was named after him, and that particular species was called *rediviva* because the damn thing bloomed on the herbarium sheet. *Clarkia* was named after William Clark, by the way."

I thanked him for this nomenclatural lore, and he observed that another Northwest American plant in which he was interested was *Lithospermum ruderale*, or stoneweed. "The oil from its seeds has long been used by Indians as an oral contraceptive," he said. "The drug companies are looking into it. Their chemists often get a lead from plant extracts, which sometimes point the way to synthetic drugs with a similar structural formula. In the natural product, the concentration may vary with climatic changes from season to season, while the synthetic has the virtue of uniformity. But digitalis, or foxglove, is still used in its natural form to stimulate the cardiac muscle. Its medical use was discovered, or pinpointed, in Shropshire in 1785, when Dr. William Withering, who was a botanist and mineralogist as well as a physician, experimented with a potion with which a local old lady was successfully treating dropsy patients and isolated the essential ingredient, foxglove. Foxglove is native to Europe but wild by establishment here, just as sunflowers are in Europe."

THE next large, light office I visited was that of the vegetation-mapping, Gaspé Peninsula-summering Dr. Dansereau, a French Canadian who was born in Montreal in 1911, graduated from that city's university at twenty, took a scientific doctorate at the University of Geneva in 1939, and in 1961 came to the Garden, as senior curator, from a deanship at his undergraduate alma mater; he is the author of "Biogeography: An Ecological Perspective," a book that deals not only with the environmental relationship of plants but with animals and people, both past and present, and of many pamphlets and monographs, in French, English, and Portuguese, with titles like "A Universal System for Recording Vegetation," "Vascular Aquatic Plant

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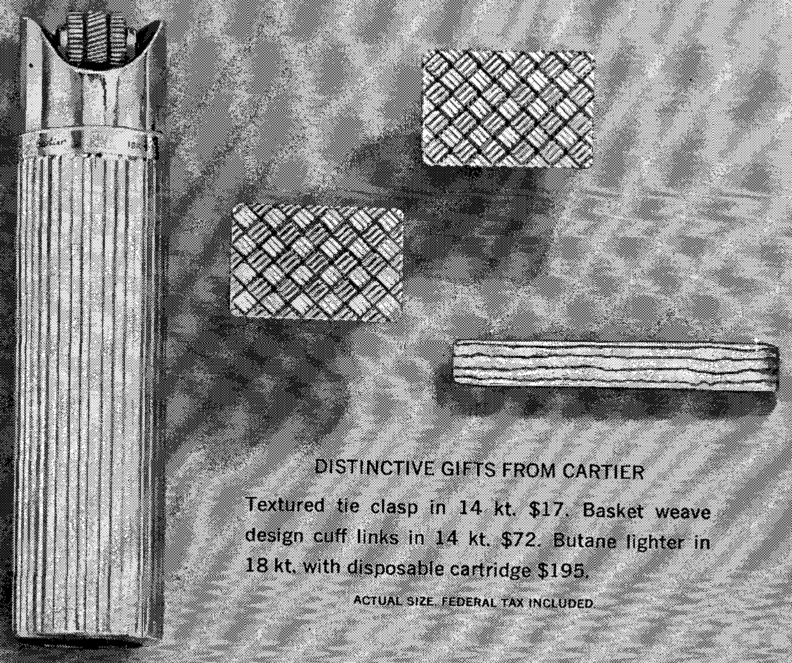

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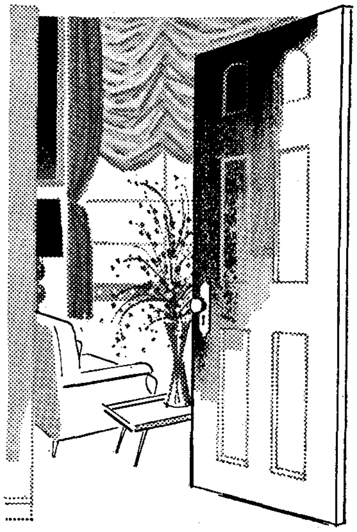
Communities of Southern Quebec: A Preliminary Analysis," "The Grading of Dispersal Types in Plant Communities and Their Ecological Significance," "Phytogéographie Laurentiana: Introduction et Méthodologie," and, less typically, "New Zealand Revisited" and "The Barefoot Scientist." This multiple-vegetal pamphleteer is a slim, poised man with brown eyes and a silky mustache; he was wearing a white alpaca coat over a smartly striped shirt, and he did not look worried. His room contained a portrait of himself, which he told me had been painted by his wife. "I've been going on field expeditions all over North America and Europe, as well as in Brazil and New Zealand, for thirty years," he said. "I'm an ecologist rather than a taxonomist; I work on the structure of vegetation rather than on individual flora. I'm impressed by the large number of botanists who are so interested in the trees that they cannot see the forest. Some of my colleagues give me a very blurred picture when I ask them to describe the plant cover of the places they've visited. I have no quarrel with any of this, but my own mission and my own talent, if I may call it that, are apprehending the whole landscape and reading it correctly. Is a certain type of vegetation penetrable by foot? Jeepable? Visible from the air? How tall? How low? How dense? How open, before and after it loses its leaves? What is the composition of a forest—what per cent maple, what per cent beech, what per cent evergreen? What is its dynamic aspect? Is it stable or unstable? Will it be replaced by something else? Consideration of such questions is good biology. I can predict that a pine stand is congenitally incapable of maintaining itself, because young pines cannot develop under old pines. The pines will be replaced by spruce, because spruce germinates in shade. And spruce will be replaced by spruce. The general long-term migration of vegetation interests me. Elms can jump from one place to another. Have the plants in a given area migrated by themselves or as a community? Did ash and maple move together?"

I asked Dr. Dansereau for a word on the Gaspé vegetation, and he said, "It has a very broad range. There are beautiful stands of maple in deep valleys. When the ice retreated in the Pleistocene Age, the drainage of some areas was blocked, so vegetation formed in these bogs and produced peat, or decomposed plants, into which pollen dropped from trees. By taking



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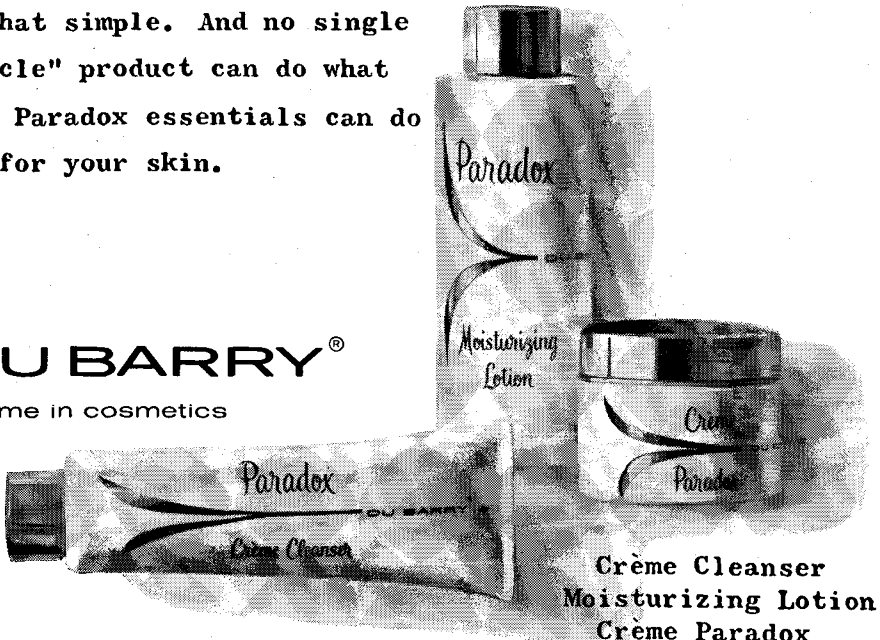

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borings of this peat, in which different kinds of trees—maple, oak, pine, fir—are layered at a varying rate of accumulation, you get a witness as to what happened thousands of years ago. We've discovered that Gaspé today is colder and wetter than it used to be. Maple forests, now found only in protected areas, were widely prevalent four thousand years ago, as were forests of oak, white pine, hickory, chestnut, and hemlock. The oaks are definitely on their way out, because the oak climate is no longer there. Here." Dr. Dansereau handed me a reprint of one of his articles, "Flora and Vegetation of the Gaspé Peninsula," and as he busied himself with some notes, I read, in part:

> The whole Peninsula is included in the Canadian forest zone, which extends clear across the north of the continent. The remarkable uniformity of this great life zone has often been pointed out. In fact, it may well have been overemphasized, as some authors have failed to distinguish between the forest properly speaking and the more open sub-arctic, hudsonian taiga. . . . I would like to insist upon the differences which separate Canadian forest and the taiga. They are structural rather than floristic: the tall, close-growing trees with their scanty shrub and herb layer and rather dense moss carpet of the forest are in strong contrast to the smaller, columnar, scattered or bunched trees with their often dense, although patchy, low shrubs and very abundant lichen mats of the taiga. . . . The Gaspé variant is dominated by black spruce (*Picea mariana*) and white spruce (*P. glauca*). . . . Jack pine (*Pinus banksiana*) does not occur in Gaspé. As for arbor-vitae (*Thuja occidentalis*), it grows to a greater size here than anywhere else within its natural range: one tree near Grande-Vallée was more than a hundred feet tall and had a diameter of over five feet. . . . Further research will undoubtedly reveal the presence of many ecotypes in this polymorphous and eurytopic species. . . .
>
> Much of the forest . . . has been variously lumbered or burned and cut through by roads. After such catastrophes, the hillsides—sometimes for miles and as far as the eye can see—will be covered by a close formation of the purple fireweed, the "widow's bouquet" ("*le bouquet de la veuve*"), as the Gaspesians call it. *Epilobium angustifolium* will not hold its own more than a few years, however, and the blueberries (mostly *Vaccinium angustifolium*) will take over, profusely flowering and fruiting. Bracken (*Pteridium aquilinum* ssp. *latiusculum*) will soon spread from well-buried rhizomes, its coarse fronds shading out the blueberries. In this it will be assisted by dense tangles of raspberry (*Rubus strigosus*). Then will the woody species, especially hazel (*Corylus cornuta*) and aspen (*Populus tremuloides*) or birch (*Betula papyrifera* var. *cordifolia*), crop up in all directions. But the blueberries, bracken, and raspberry will soon thin out, while club-mosses

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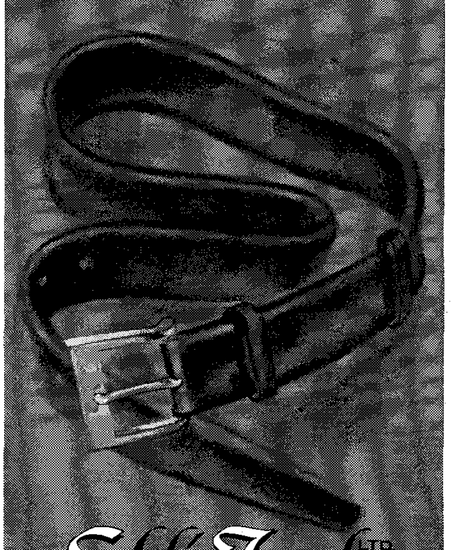

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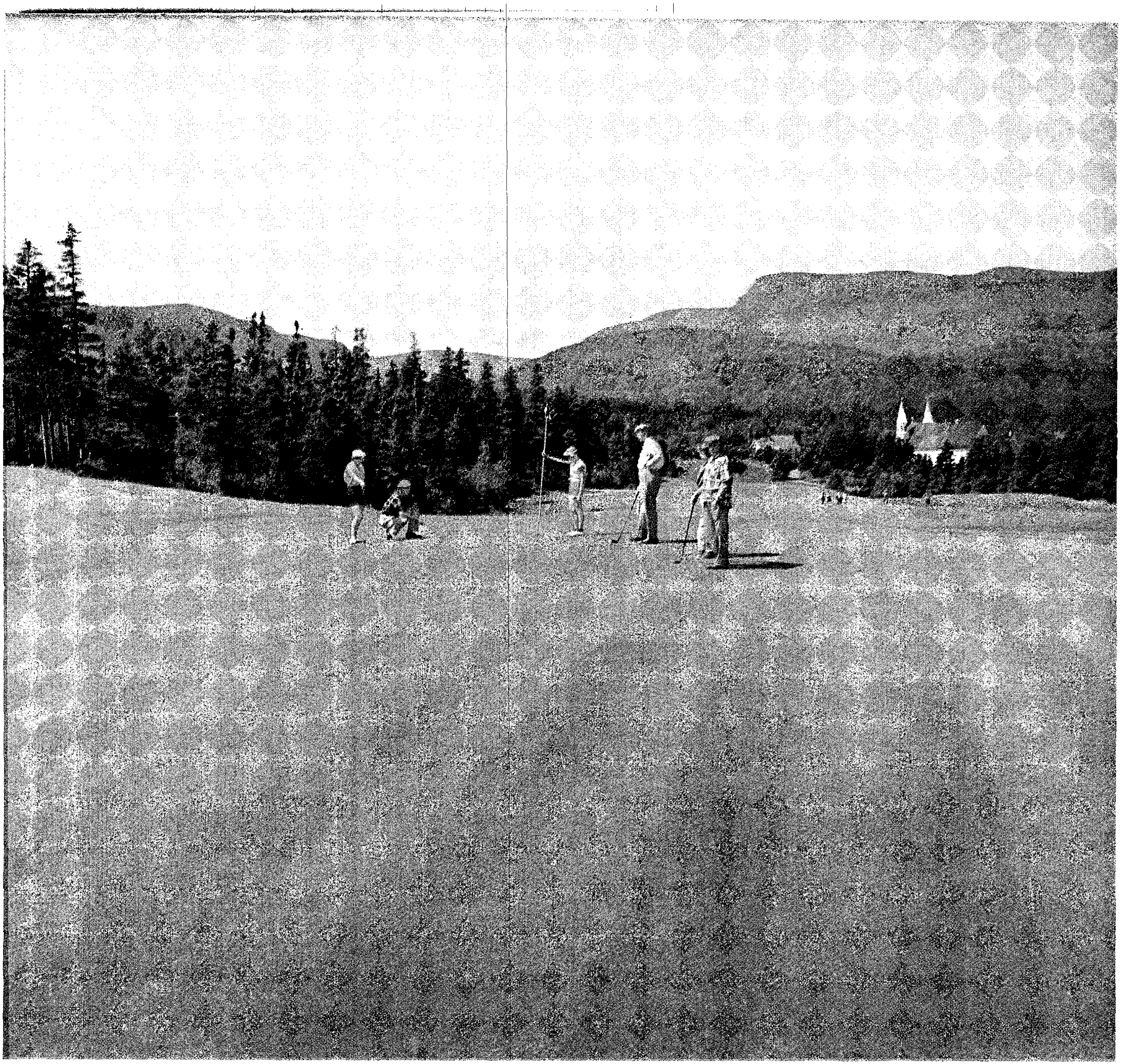

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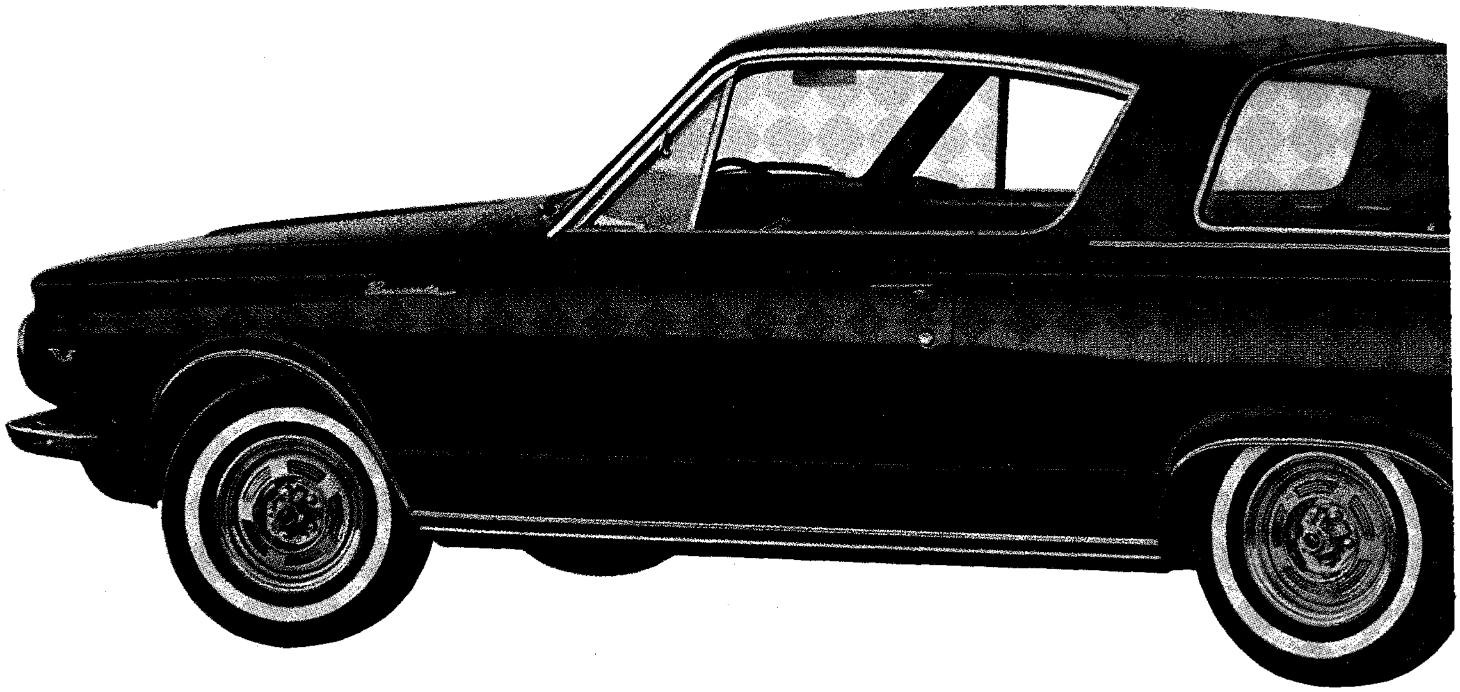

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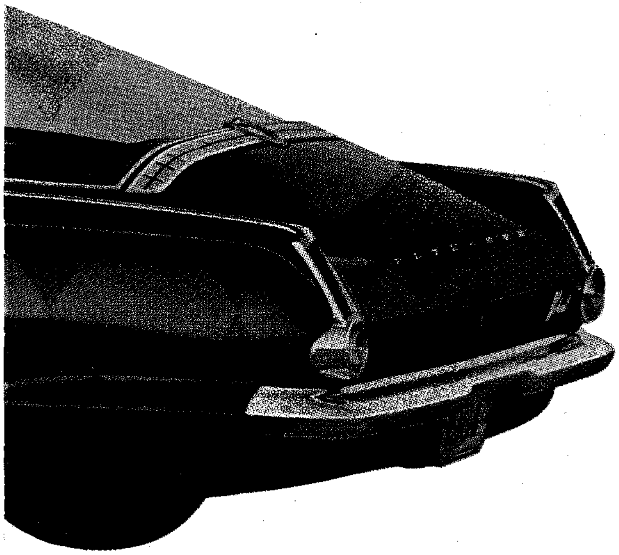

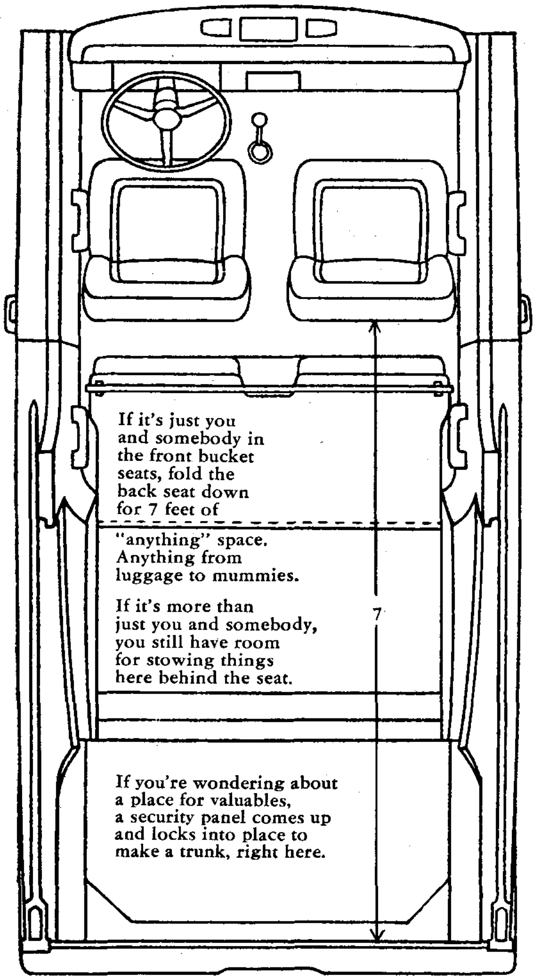
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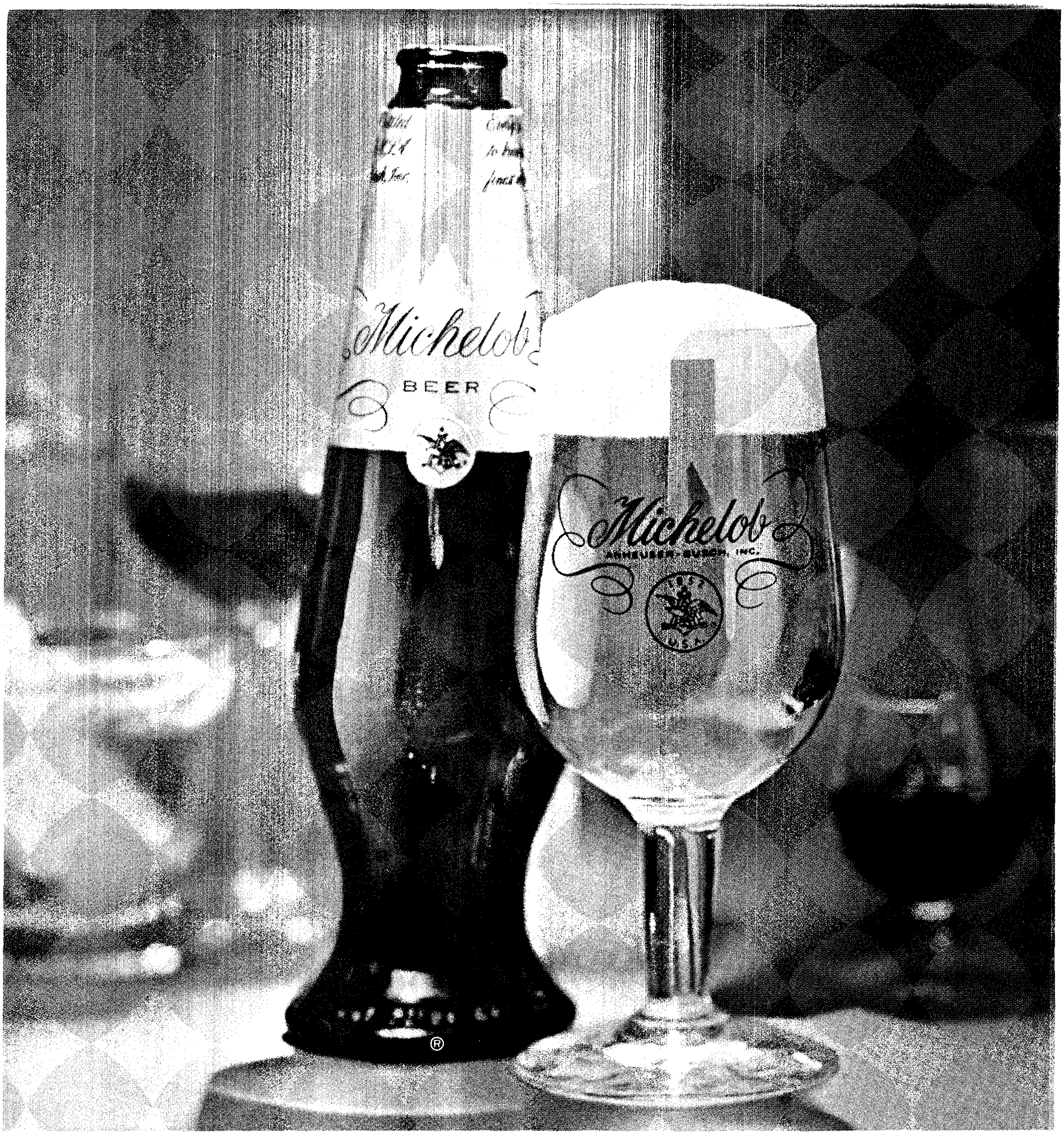
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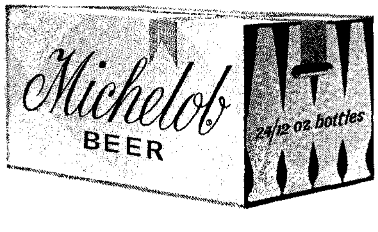
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(*Lycopodium clavatum*) and goldenrod (*Solidago macrophylla*) creep in. Presently, large numbers of young balsam fir will occupy the lower layer of the birch or aspen stand and shade these out as they grow.

With the author's permission, I filed this example of good biology in my pocket for further study. Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's assistant director of horticulture and an old horticultural friend of mine, had suggested that Dr. Dansereau and I lunch with him, and, after we had joined him in the Administration Building's entrance hall, he drove us up the Bronx River Parkway to his favorite eating place in the Bronx—Mayer's Parkway Restaurant, at 613 East 233rd Street, which faces a hospital to the south and Woodlawn Cemetery to the west. Mayer's is a garish place with a dance floor (unused at lunch) and excellent food; it is popular with wedding parties, and adjoins a photographic studio and an establishment where white ties, black ties, Prince Alberts, and other festive accoutrements may be rented. "You get your wedding clothes next door, get married in a church down the block, have your picture taken, have your wedding dinner here, have your baby in the hospital across the street, and presently get buried in the cemetery," Mr. Everett said, with a great cackle.

Dr. Dansereau remarked that in addition to his scientific works he had written many poems and several plays and novels, but hadn't published them, because he feared they might obscure his ecological image. "I'm wrapped up in my work, both in the field and at the Garden," he said. "I look forward to going to the Azores this year, on a grant from the Conservation Foundation, to map the vegetation there. On expeditions, I wear basketball shoes and khaki pants. I hate blue jeans. I don't like sandwiches. I like warm meals. I live in Bronxville, a twelve-minute drive from my office. The joy I get out of writing from nine in the morning until six-thirty is like swimming. I'm an adjunct professor of botany at Columbia; my students come to me four or five times a month, and we work in a big research room adjoining my office."

AFTER lunch, Mr. Everett drove us back to the Garden, where, in the Laboratory Building, at the foot of the hill dominated by the Administration Building, I found Dr. Steere, the bryology-centered director and Point Barrow summerer. He was wear-

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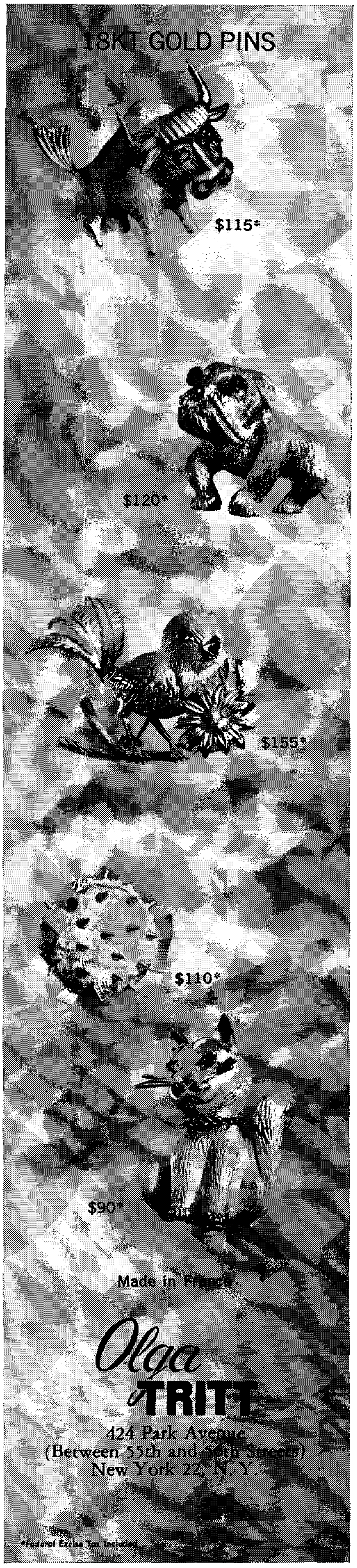

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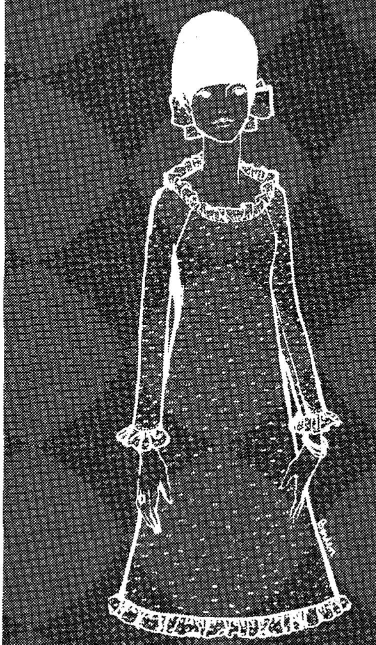
ing a well-cut moss-colored suit and looked slightly worried. "My prime interest is the distribution of plants—why they grow where they grow," he said. "This goes back to geological history. Ornithologists are lucky—the birds fly by. Botanists have to go to their subjects. I began to concentrate on mosses in 1931, when I was an instructor at the University of Michigan. I spent a lot of time in the tropics in my earlier years, but since 1951 I've used the arctic mosses as a medium for ecological and plant-geography study. No aborigines have fussed around with them and moved them from here to yon. It's difficult to trace banana or sweet potato, but mosses are pretty stable; they haven't been transferred by man's hand. Last summer, with my wife, I went to the Arctic Research Laboratory at Point Barrow—the northernmost part of Alaska, on the Arctic Ocean—for my sixth visit. The Laboratory, which operates through the University of Alaska under contract from the Office of Naval Research, was our headquarters for excursions to the northern slopes of the Brooks Range, Noluck Lake and Cape Thompson, the Mackenzie River delta, and Banks Island. We were flown to these places in bush planes and DC-3s, and left for a week or two, and then we were picked up. Mosses have no true roots, of course, and are therefore found mostly in moist habitats. I make an inventory of each area, taking multiple samples of everything I find. Mrs. Steere does the drying; moss takes a long time to dry. When we fly in to a spot, I have the pilot give us a ten- or fifteen-mile go-around—as far as I can cover on foot—to size up the different habitats. Then we visit them. Some of the places we go to, such as Noluck Lake—this is two hundred miles from Point Barrow and was named by a disappointed gold-mining prospector—are completely uninhabited. We take along a gasoline stove, tinned food, fresh food, and dehydrated food—Armour freeze-dry steaks are delicious—and generally a tent, although a few of these places have small wooden huts on the order of small freight cars. Hell's bells! Some of these huts have propane stoves. Turn the handle and away you go. You just aren't suffering anymore. The unbelievably voracious mosquitoes and other biting insects have been pretty well licked by repellents; getting lost isn't easy, because it's light all the time—you miss sleep, because when the sun shines in your tent at two in



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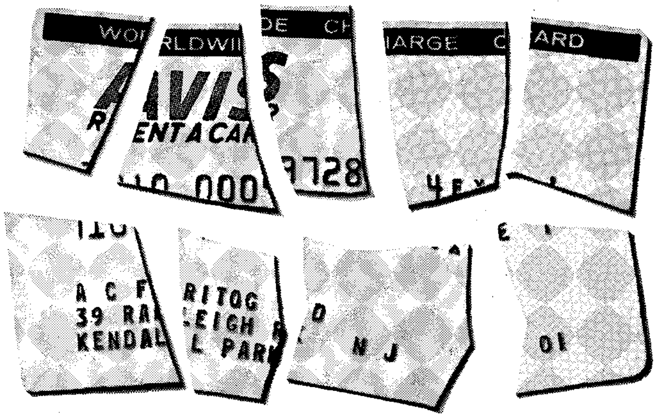

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the morning it's difficult to convince your physiological control system that day has *not* arrived—and the danger of being charged by an enraged bear or musk ox is no greater than that of slipping in your bathtub at home. The greatest hazard in the arctic is indigestion from eating too much of your own cooking."

"How about wolves?" I asked.

"We were visited by a wolf several times at Noluck Lake," Dr. Steere said, "but single wolves don't give any trouble. They're rather curious about people. As a matter of fact, I think the old Russian stories about wolf packs following sledges and picking up human snacks are exaggerated. Banks Island, the westernmost of the Canadian Arctic Archipelago, has a village on its southwest corner with fourteen inhabitants, who hunt for fur—wolf, fox, and bear. It's remote, but it has an airstrip. We found some surprising things there, including a moss genus that had hitherto been thought to be restricted to a California and Mediterranean type of climate. Many species of arctic moss are not related to the species growing immediately south of them, but represent a very ancient flora found in the Southern Hemisphere. They may be relics from before the Ice Age. There was less ice in Alaska than in New England in the Pleistocene period, because very little rain falls in the arctic. The Mackenzie River flows north, so its waters are warm relative to the climate; they heat up the environment to a point where spruce and some tamarack can grow, far north of the Arctic Circle. The biggest rivers in the arctic, both in Asia and in North America, are north-flowing. I'd like to see arctic Siberia—the Russians, by the way, have far more scientific-research and experimental stations in the Far North than we do—but I want to be sure to get a round-trip ticket. We've always exchanged specimens with Russian scientists. We generally use newspapers for packing herbarium specimens—they're cheap, and they're a good size—but during the Cold War we were asked to send our plants in wrappers other than newspapers; I suppose the Russian government suspected propaganda. We've gone back to newspapers now."

I asked the Garden's director whether he looked forward to field expeditions as much as Dr. Maguire and some of the others on his staff did, and he nodded. "I've liked the out-of-doors ever since my boyhood in Michigan," he said. "Also, in a real sneaky way, I

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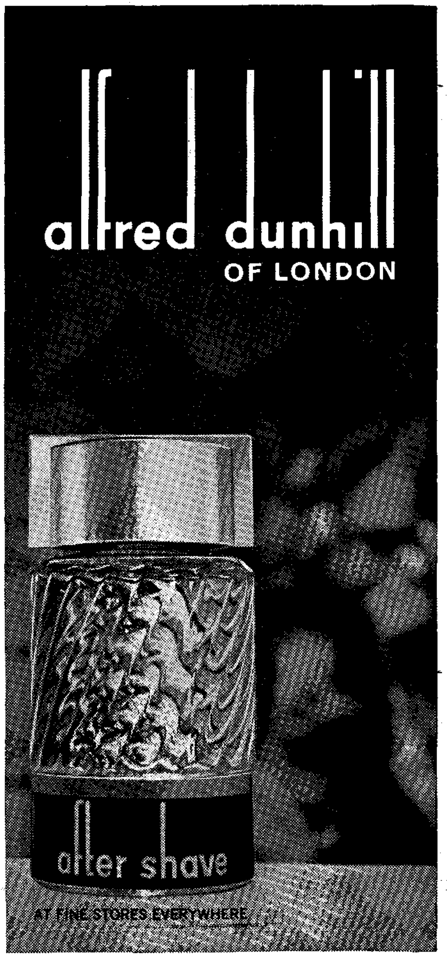

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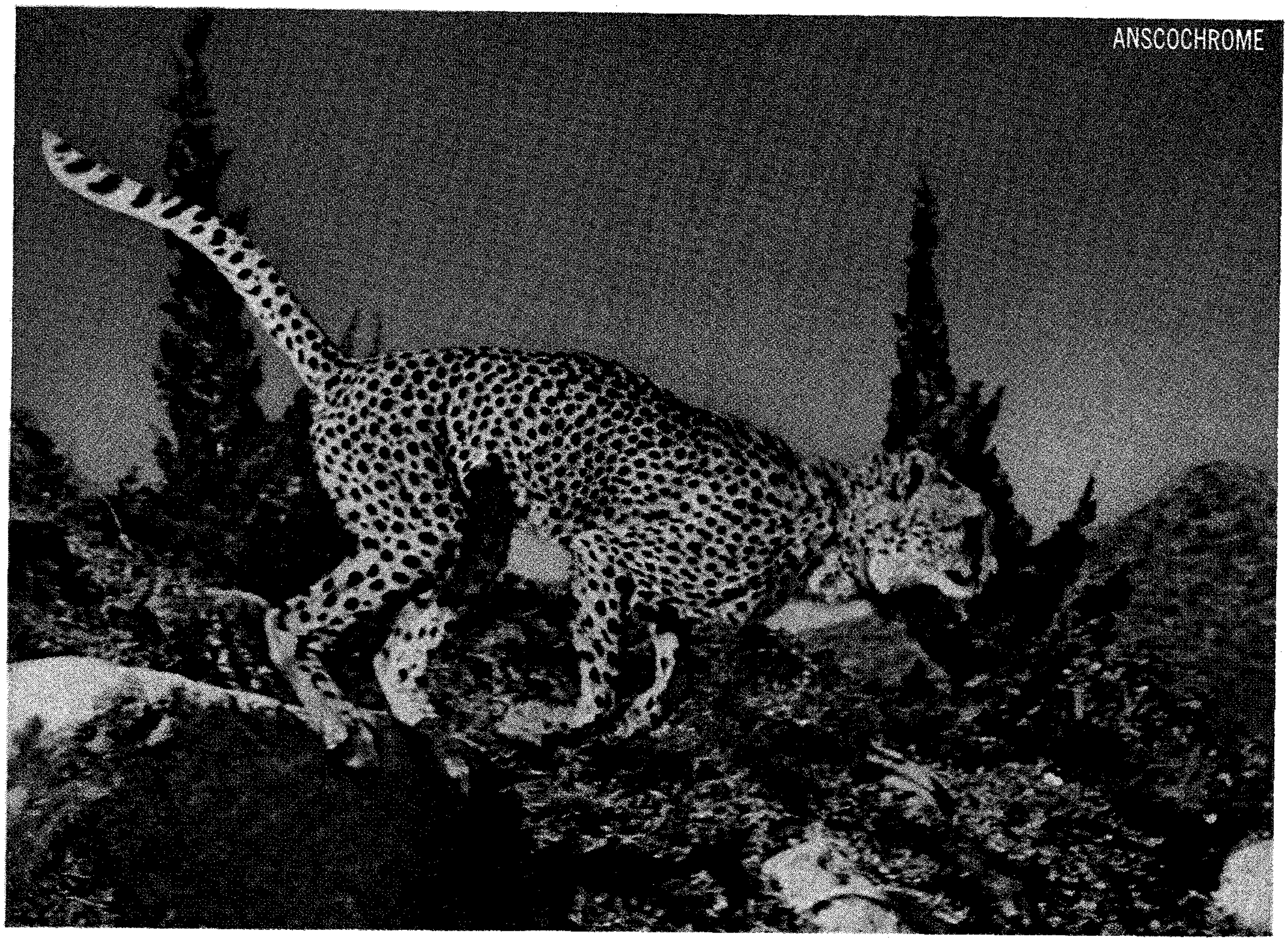

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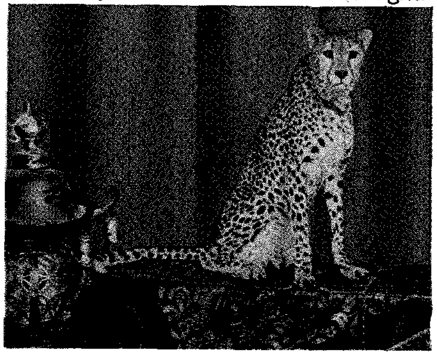

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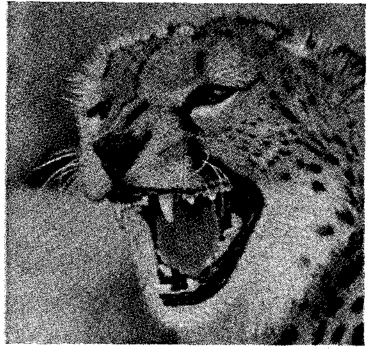

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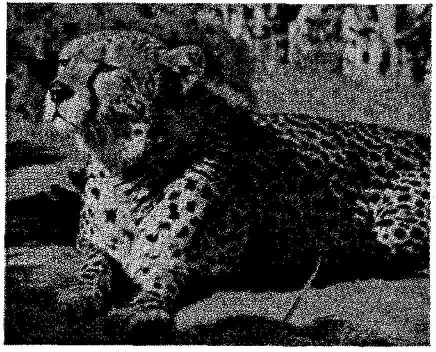

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enjoy being completely out of communication. It's wonderful to be relieved of office chores for a couple of months. The big problems get solved, and the little ones can wait. I have a good staff. Our worst problems are practical, not scientific. Money. We can get all the research funds we need—my arctic trips are financed by the Office of Naval Research through the Arctic Institute of North America, and by the National Science Foundation. The hard money to find is the money for day-to-day housekeeping—the money that washes the windows and guards the collections and keeps people from picking the plants."

I rose to go, and thanked Dr. Steere, and he looked at me thoughtfully. "There are around four hundred different mosses," he said, "and their cell walls are full of complicated chemical compounds, and they tell geologists something about the rocks they grow on, but they're of no economic importance. I must say it's rather embarrassing when someone asks me what *good* moss is, but it's kept me and my family going for nearly thirty-five years."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

THE MYSTERIOUS MEDITERRANEAN

[*From a description in an Italian guidebook of La Villa Adriana, in Tivoli*]

2. Island's nymphaeum said Maritime Theatre. It is a circular building in which a porticos and a channel contain a little island with a pretty central yard and some stay places.

3. Semi-circular colonnade at the bottom Campo's fishpond in first place a crocodile's statue, of cipolin marble, that from the fames uttered a spurt into the basin. . . .

8. Doric Pillars' room. It is a grand sitting-room surrounded by a porticos borne up by pillars. It is probable that it were a Basilica in which the emperor managed the justice during his staies in the Villa. . . .

10. Mars' statue in Canopo's hemicicle. It is a copy of the Grecian original the 5th age's half b.c. It is a very estimable for the anatomical development and the helm perfect preservation with downs' crest.

•

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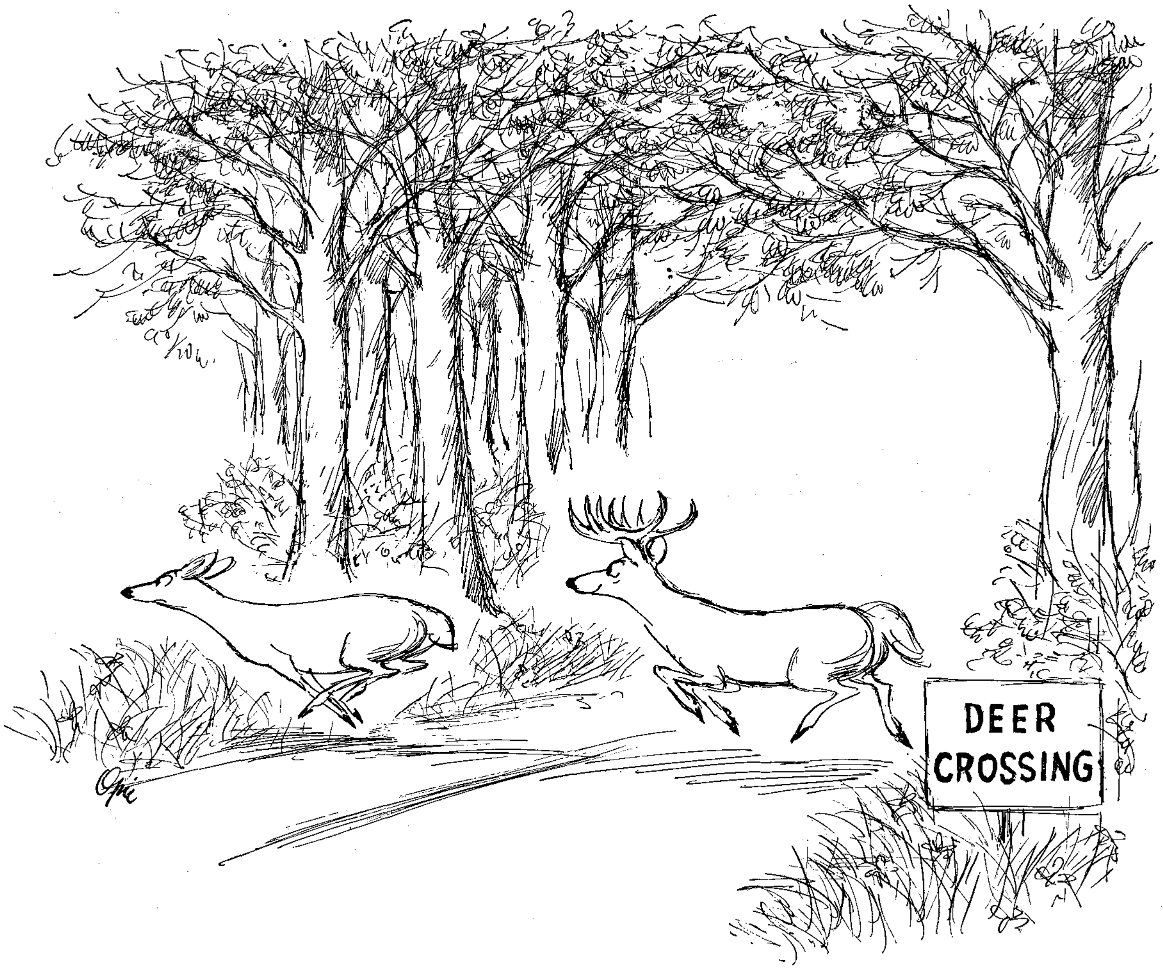
THE THEATRE

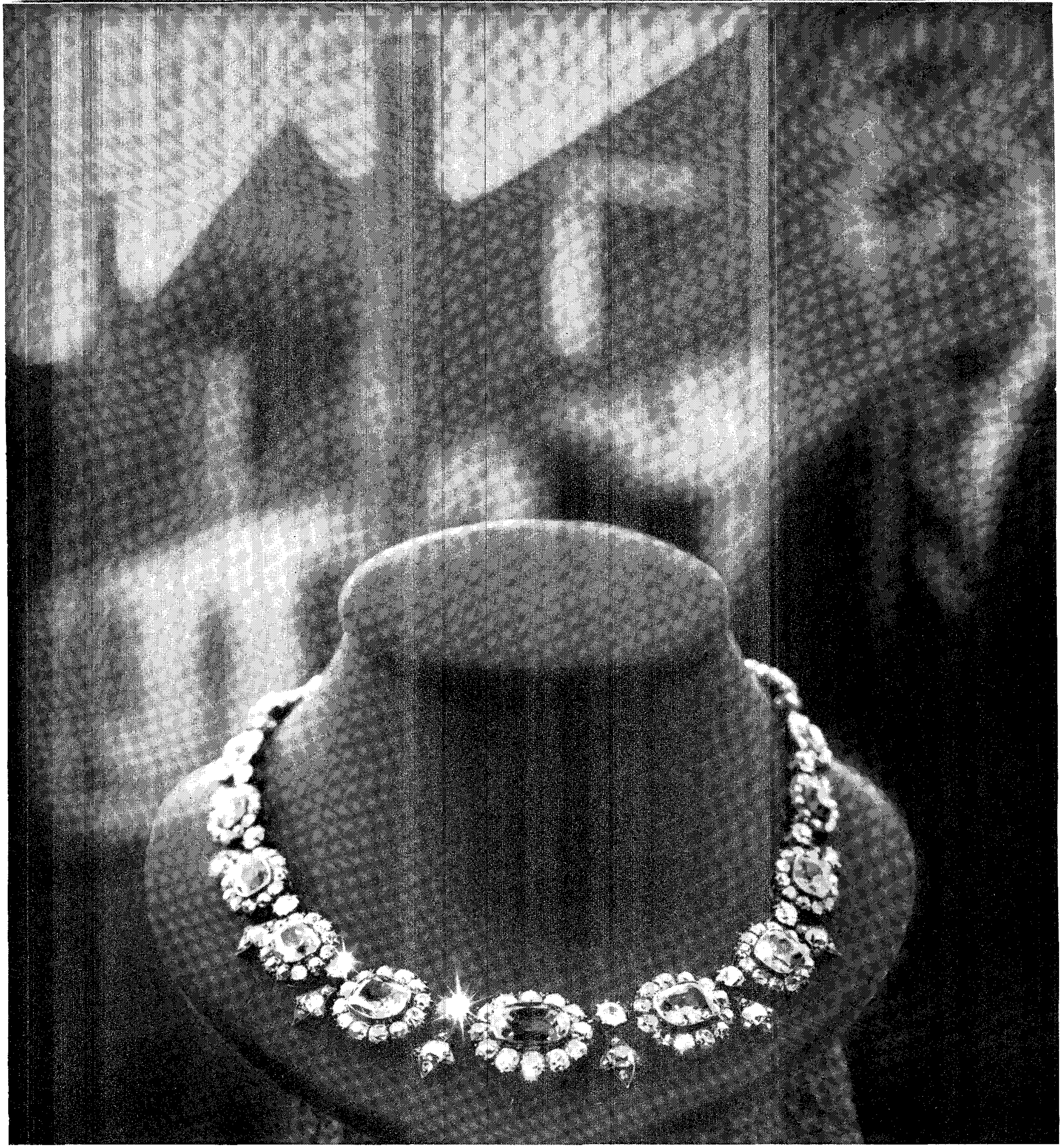
MÉLANGE

FOUR contributions to the waning Broadway theatrical season came on view last week, and none of them proved to be particularly galvanic. The Royal Shakespeare Company opened up at the new New York State Theatre, at Lincoln Center, with a version of "King Lear" directed and designed by Peter Brook. Even for the most enthusiastic of Bardolaters, the tragedy of the old monarch as presented here left practically everything to be desired, since—the acoustics of the New York State Theatre being deplorable—a good deal of it was done in dumb show. Unless an actor strained his lungs with shouting or got to the center of the stage as quickly as possible, he was an inaudible cymbal signifying nothing. Although my admiration for Paul Scofield, who plays the Lear in this production, is usually boundless, I regret to say that what I heard of his rendition of the role on this occasion seemed rather unemotional, and his fellow-mimes, for the most part, didn't appear to be especially excited about their fate or that of the poor King. As Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, Irene Worth, Pauline Jameson, and Diana Rigg, respectively, struck me as being pretty stiff in their movements, but four of the others—Alec McCowen, as the fool; Ian Richardson, as the bastard son of Gloucester; Tom Fleming, as the Earl of Kent; and John Laurie, as Gloucester himself—gave the proceedings some semblance of drama. However, any strictures on "King Lear" except those involving the sets and costumes, which are bleak, must be tempered by the fact that the New York State Theatre needs an acoustical overhaul.

The second production of the Royal Shakespeare Company (which is here, by the way, for a limited stay) is "The Comedy of Errors." In the course of this exercise, the performers, for reasons that escape me, were more successful in making themselves heard, but I'm afraid that my ear has never been attuned to the whimsey and wordplay of Shakespeare when he is letting Elizabethan low comedy run amuck. At any rate, the actors dashed about frenetically, and seemed to be having a hilarious time as mistaken identity was piled upon mistaken identity in this tale of old Ephesus. I wish I could say that I was as happy with the enterprise as they apparently were. The twins who are always getting mixed up are portrayed by Ian Richardson and Alec McCowen, and Michael Williams contributes a little something to the doings as an inept conjurer. I suppose that George Abbott is the only one who ever really made anything of "The Comedy of Errors." His adaptation, "The Boys from Syracuse," is doing fine in a current revival.

"THE WHITE HOUSE," at the Henry Miller, is a series of vignettes by A. E. Hotchner in which assorted Presidents from George Washington to Woodrow Wilson, and their wives as well, are admirably portrayed by Helen Hayes, Fritz Weaver, James Daly, Sorrell Booke, Eric Berry, and Gene Wilder. While "The White House" doesn't pretend to deal with history very profoundly, it does offer us a spate of anecdotes about the Presidents and their mates that are usually amusing and occasionally quite dramatic. Perhaps Mr. Hotchner is a trifle overloquacious in his account of the various domestic doings in the White House, but he is witty and perceptive, and he has obviously done plenty of research on his subjects. He has produced some unusual facts, such as, for instance, that Grover Cleveland secretly had plastic surgery done on his jaw and survived it splendidly. Under the direction of Henry Kaplan, the principals are all authoritative,





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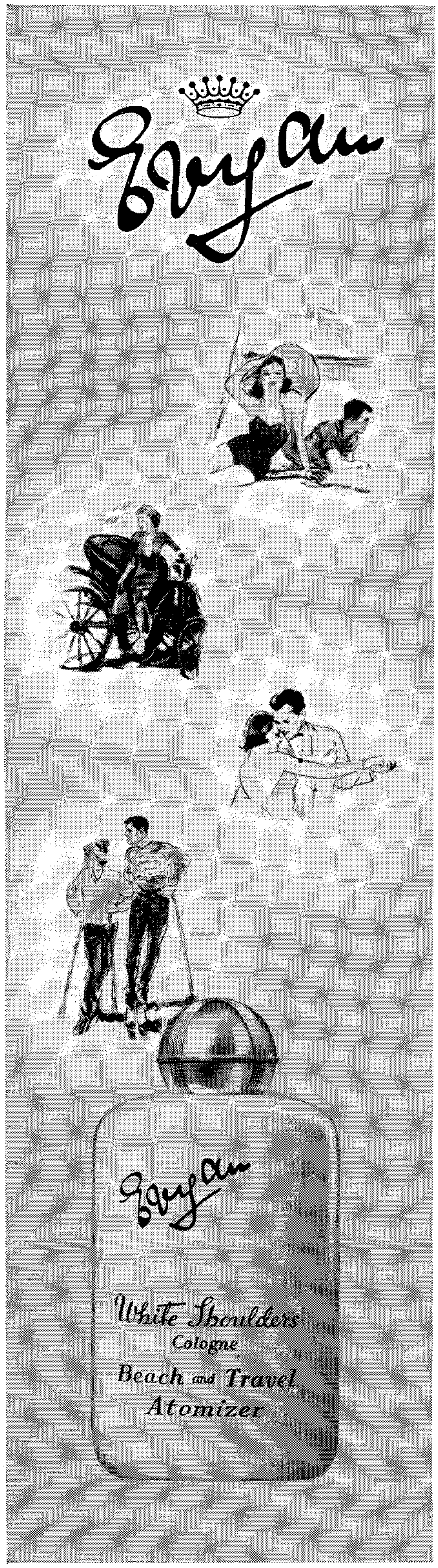

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and, in briefer appearances, Michael O'Sullivan, Bette Henritze, Nancy Franklin, and Eugene Roche do very nicely, too.

I AM prejudiced in favor of "Roar Like a Dove," at the Booth, because it brings us, after too long an absence, Charlie Ruggles. But even though Mr. Ruggles is on hand, the vehicle that has carried him back isn't very sturdy. Written by Lesley Storm, it ran for three seasons in London, but I doubt if it will have that sort of longevity here. Although Miss Storm's play is pleasantly acted, its plot is on the frail side, and there isn't much in the way of suspense to keep things interesting. It has to do with a Scottish laird (Derek Godfrey) who has married an American heiress (Betsy Palmer), sired six daughters, and wants to go for broke in order to have a son to help him run his farm. His wife, understandably, has decided to declare a moratorium on childbearing, and sends an SOS to her parents, in Palm Springs, to enlist their support in insuring that the laird doesn't get too philoprogenitive for comfort. This brings on Mr. Ruggles and Jessie Royce Landis, as the parents, and various schemes are devised, mostly by Mr. Ruggles, to keep the laddie from the lass. All this is harmless stuff, and maybe not completely entrancing. However, there is always Mr. Ruggles, and a cast that I found attractive.

FOR THE RECORD: A comedy called "The Sunday Man" went into the Morosco the other evening, and out immediately, which was a good thing. It was about a businessman and his baby doll, and involved all kinds of jokes about pants or the lack of them. Vivienne Martin and David Brooks were the leading players. They seemed fearfully agitated, and so they should have been. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

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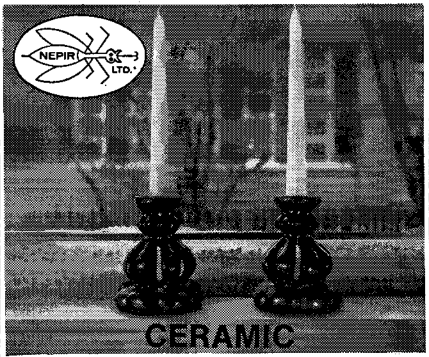

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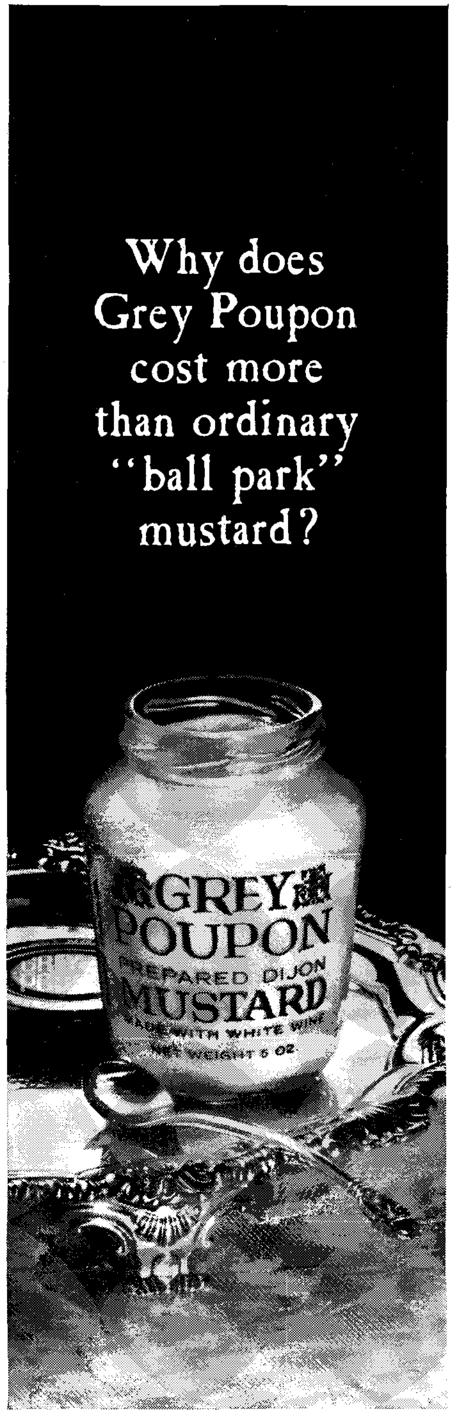

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[*Memorandum to public-relations vice-presidents of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.*]

Since there's no standard nomenclature for the elements of the numbers in our telephone numbering plan, various terms are sometimes used for the self-same element. For example, the central office code is also variously called "prefix," "designation" and "central office name."

To avoid confusion, departments at 195—including Plant, Traffic, Engineering, Commercial and Public Relations—have agreed generally to the following definitions:

A. Nationwide telephone number—1 212 393-9800

B. *1* is called "Dial 1," for example when speaking or writing about "the introduction of Dial 1." When it isn't appropriate to use "Dial 1," as in describing the above example, use "prefix 1" or "the 1 prefix"—as in "Don't forget to enter the prefix 1 in your personal directory when writing down an out-of-town number." The same general formula applies when other prefixes are used, as for example 112 or the special prefix code used in some EAS areas.

C. *212* is the Area Code.

D. *393-9800* is the local telephone number. First three digits—393—are the "central office code" or "office code." This is consistent with the change to ANC. Last four digits—9800—are the "line number." This applies to exchange telephone service. TWX and Improved Mobile Telephone Service may have 10-digit telephone numbers with all ten digits needed for local or long distance calls.

Otherwise, we believe the Area Code should not be defined as part of the local telephone number. It's likely to confuse customers into dialing the Area Code on HNPA calls where it isn't needed, and traditionally customers consider their telephone number to be only the seven digits needed for local calls. Further, always including the Area Code as part of the telephone number emphasizes the length and complexity of the number at a time when these are the subject of heated complaint. The nationwide telephone number—since it's needed for calls from foreign numbering plan areas—naturally should appear on stationery and out-of-NPA ads, and be left by customers for out-of-area callbacks.

E. With introduction of TSP, the prefix zero comes into use. We'll define person-to-person, collect, credit card and third party calls as "Expanded Direct Distance Dialing." As with Dial 1, when referring to numbers the customer dials to make a call, it can be called "the prefix zero."

F. For calls needing the Operator for assistance or emergency, we will use "Dial Operator."

G. Codes for reaching Information, Repair Service, Business Office ,etc.—for example, 411, 611 and 811—are "service codes."

H. For ease of understanding, we . . .

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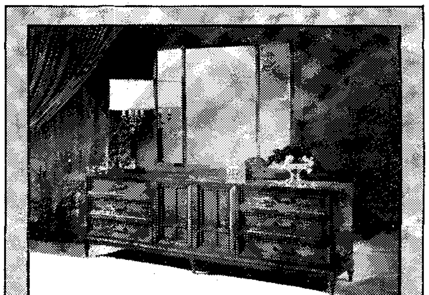

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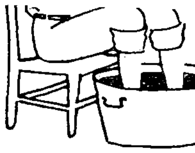

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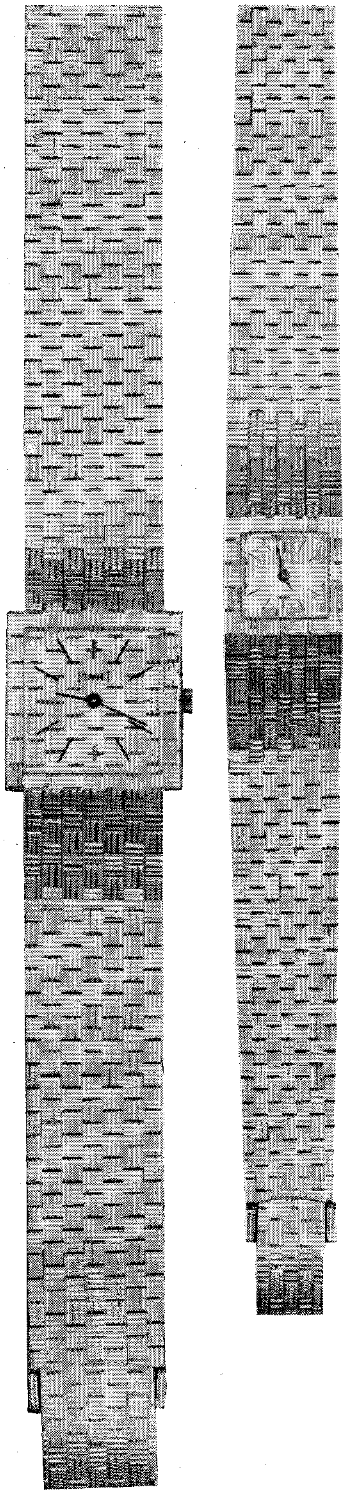

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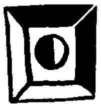
THE PHONE CALL

JERRY GORDON's grandmother died one night in April his second year at Andover. She had been hospitalized with what his mother kept calling terminal cancer for three months, and there had been two abdominal explorations.

Jerry was lying on his bed beginning Chapter 2 of "This Side of Paradise" when his housemaster called him to the telephone. Jerry had given up on his algebra homework for the night, because he didn't understand anything about quadratic equations. He had decided to ask his teacher for extra help. His room was on the third floor of Blue House, a rickety clapboard dwelling the school had purchased shortly after the Civil War and used as a dormitory, without noticeable modernization, ever since. Jerry's room had once been the attic, and it was impossible to walk crosswise in it, because the ceilings sloped so steeply. It was wallpapered a dirty brown with a light-green design. Outside and below the only window was a street light, and heavy rain was falling almost vertically through its bleached fluorescent light. The edges of the windowpanes were running. Jerry had just followed Amory Blaine into Princeton when his housemaster, Mr. Scott, walked up to the second-floor landing to call him. Mr. Scott and his wife and five children lived on the bottom floor.

"Jerry Gordon!" Mr. Scott called. "Jerry Gordon, telephone!"

Jerry got up off the bed and went to the door. "Coming!" he yelled down. He hunted under the bed for his loafers, slipped into them, and went downstairs.



Mr. Scott waited for him on the second floor. "It's long distance," he said.

"From home?" Jerry asked.

"Yes," Mr. Scott said. "Your parents."

"I thought so," Jerry said.

The phone was in the Scotts' hall, and Mrs. Scott was sitting in the living room, where Jerry could see her. She smiled at him as he came through the door. "Good evening, Ma'am," he said.

"Good evening, Jerry."

"We'll go in the kitchen," Mr. Scott said. "Come on, Janet."

Jerry sat down on the straight-backed chair beside the telephone table and picked up the receiver. "Hello," he said.

"Darling?" He heard his mother's voice. "It's Mother. Your father's on the other phone."

"Hello, Dad," Jerry said.

"Hello."

There was a pause. Jerry could hear breathing across the line, probably his father's. He thought it must be a very good connection if you could hear breathing clear from Santa Fe.

"I guess you know why we called," his father said.

"Yes."

"She died about an hour ago," his father said. "She didn't suffer any at the end."

"That's good," Jerry said.

"The big thing is to keep pitching," his father said. "Don't let it get you down."

"Don't worry. I won't."

"That's how she'd want it," his mother said.

"The funeral's day after tomorrow," his father said.

"I'm so glad it's over," his mother said. "She suffered so awfully."

Jerry heard his mother sniffle. He knew what she would look like—smiling a tight smile, her eyes pinkish and not seeming to focus exactly; the left corner of her mouth would be twitching.

"The end was easy," his mother said. "Thank God for that."

"I wish I could have seen her again," Jerry said.

"She talked about you a lot," his father said.

"Yes," his mother said. "She always wanted to know what you were doing and who your friends were. She was always interested in you."

"I know."

There was another pause, and his mother sniffed again. Then she sobbed once. His father said, "Try to relax, Agnes."

"It's not easy," she said.

"I know that," his father said.

His mother blew her nose.

"What we called for, Jerry," his father said, "was to find out what you thought about coming home for the funeral."

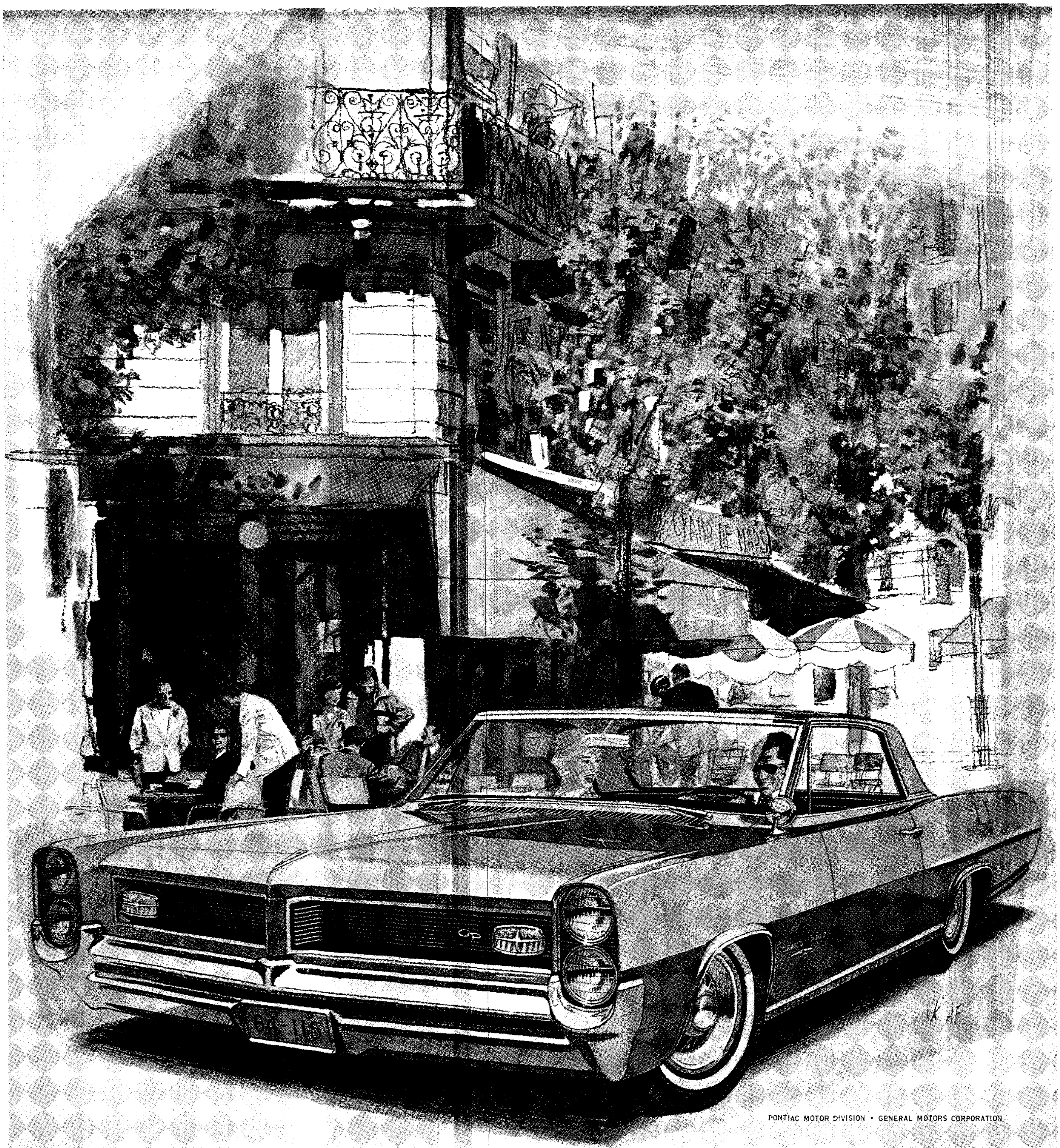
"I want to come," Jerry said.

"We want you to come," his mother said, "but we're not sure it's the best thing. That's what we called about."

His father said, "You'd miss a lot of school, and we're worried about that algebra. There's not much you could do here."

"I'd still like to come."

"We *want* you to come, too," his



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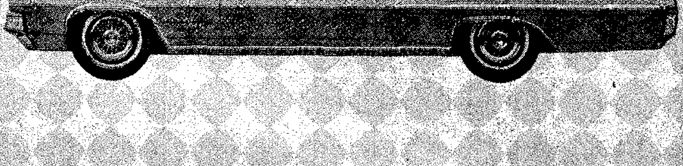

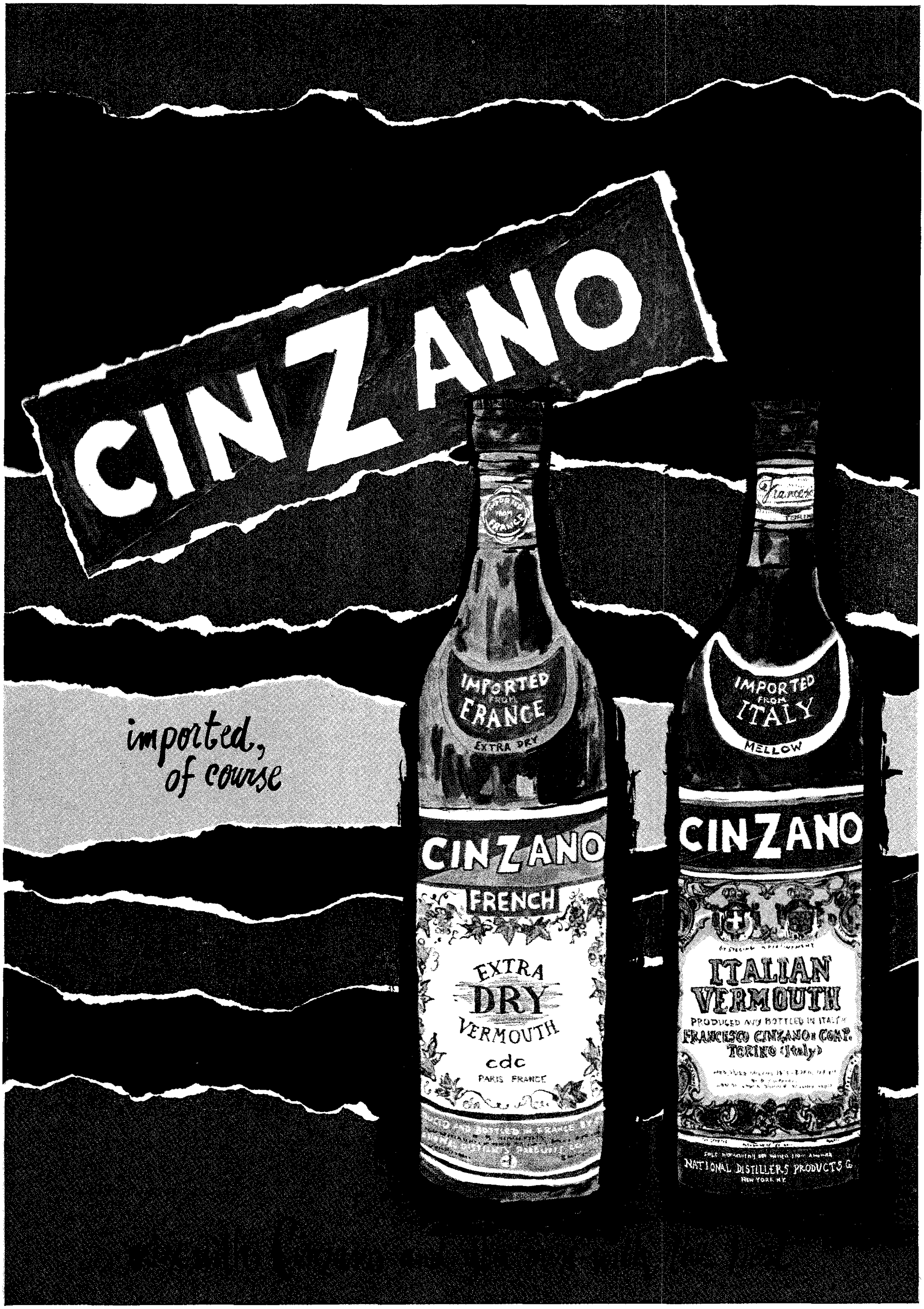
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father said. "We just think it deserves some consideration. That's all."

"I won't come if you don't think I should."

"We don't think you should," his mother said, "but we *want* you to."

"I won't come then," Jerry said. He was thinking it would be good to see home again. It wouldn't be so cold and gloomy. He thought of his own whitewashed adobe room with the corner fireplace and his swimming trophy on the mantel, and how different it was from the room upstairs.

"Then it's settled," his father said. "You'll stay there. Right?"

"All right," Jerry said. "Whatever you want."

"We think it's best," his father said. "But we want you here."

"O.K."

"That's using your head," his father said.

"The funeral's in church," his mother said. "We're not going to have a sermon, just some of her favorite music. The Brahms that she loved so."

"That's very nice."

"She wouldn't want a sermon," his mother said.

"No."

"We'd better hang up now," his father said. "Your pretty mommy's awful tired."

"I'm sorry you won't be coming," his mother said.

"Me, too," Jerry said.

"You understand our feelings though, don't you?" she asked.

"I understand them."

"You're taking it good," his father said. "Stick in there."

"I will," Jerry said.

"Goodbye, darling," his mother said.

Jerry waited until he heard the clicks of the two phones at the other end before he hung up himself. Then he sat for a moment looking at his loafers. They had been cordovan originally, but he had worn them without overshoes through slush, and the rock salt the school put on the paths had whitened them. A seam was split on the left one. The last time he had seen his grandmother had been in the blue-walled hospital room with flowers on the dresser and a "No Visitors" sign on the door. A nurse had been sitting in a chair beside the bed. His grandmother was asleep, her mouth open, the corners and lips crusted with something dry and yellow. Her face was emaciated. The high cheekbones stood out like points, the skin draped in folds beneath them, and the eyebrows were jutted ridges of bone overhanging deep

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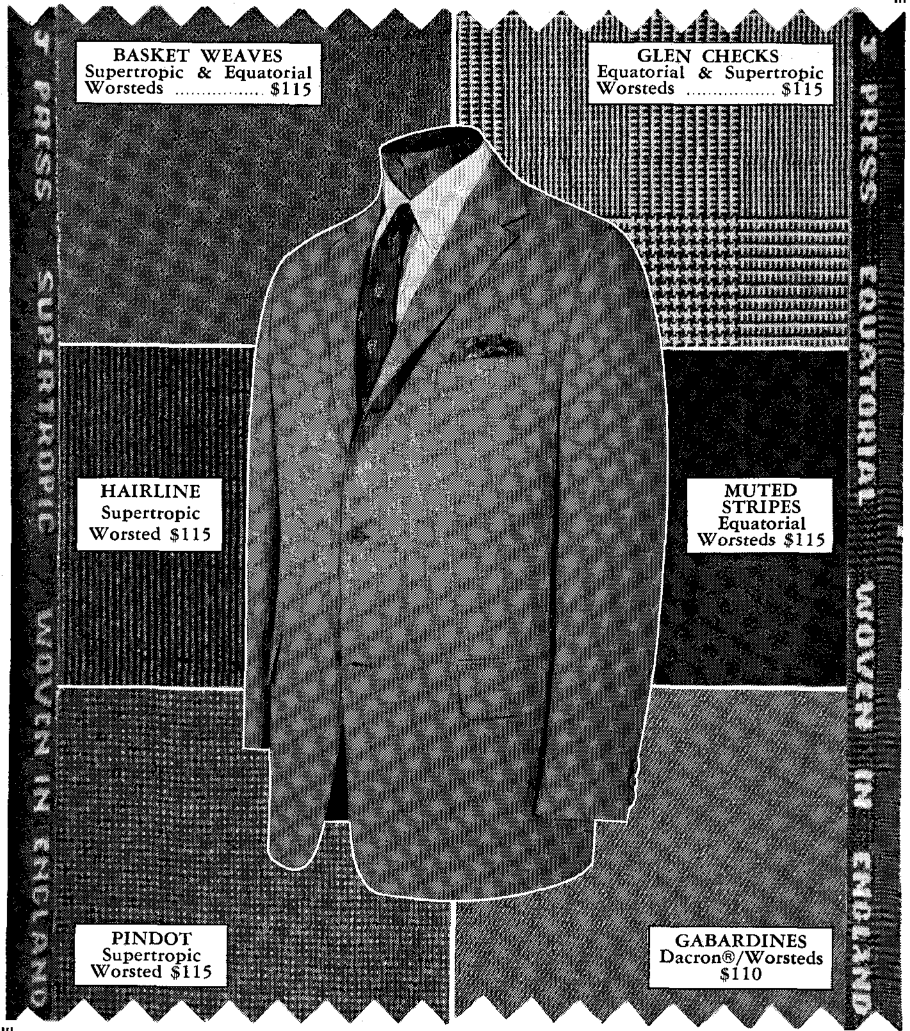
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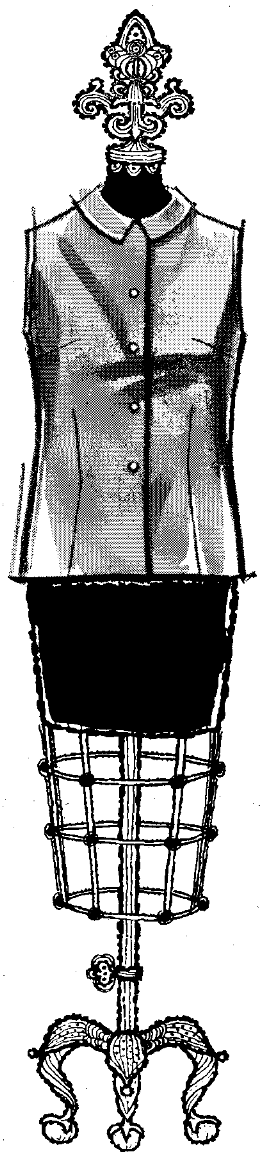

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shadowed sockets. Her nose was clown huge and bulbous over the fleshless cheeks and formless mouth. Her hands were folded together outside the covers, under her chin, the fingers pencil lines broken by arthritic knobs. Jerry stood up and called, "Mr. Scott? I'm through now, sir."

Mr. and Mrs. Scott pushed their way through the swinging door from the kitchen into the living room.

"I'm through, sir," Jerry said again.

"Won't you sit down for a minute," Mrs. Scott said. She was a pretty brunette, plumpish from childbearing, with big breasts. They made lots of jokes about her upstairs in the dorm.

"Yes," Mr. Scott said. "We were brewing some coffee."

Jerry liked the Scotts, but he wanted to get back to his room.

"Do stay," Mrs. Scott said. "Hal talked to your mother before he called you."

"Yes," Mr. Scott said. "It might help to talk about it."

"All right," Jerry said. "Thank you." Mr. Scott pointed to an easy chair, and Jerry sat down.

"You like coffee, don't you?" Mrs. Scott asked. "It'll be ready in a minute."

"Do you have some milk? I like that better, if you don't mind."

"Sure," Mr. Scott said. He got up and went into the kitchen. He came back with a glass of milk and a cup of coffee. He made another trip, and returned with a second cup and a plate of sugar cookies.

"Have several," Mrs. Scott said. "We have plenty."

"Thank you," Jerry said, and took two.

Mr. Scott sat down on the couch next to Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Scott sipped her coffee and said, "How are things going with you?"

"O.K., I guess."

"Didn't Hal tell me you have trouble with math? I'm a dunce at it myself."

"Opposites attract, you know," Mr. Scott said. He taught physics.

"I'm rotten at math," Jerry said. "I almost flunked long division in the fourth grade."

Mrs. Scott laughed.

"That took talent," Jerry said, "the schools at home were so lousy."

"It must be awful coming here from poor schools," Mrs. Scott said. "I don't see how some of you boys do it."

"It's not so bad."

"Jerry gets along all right," Mr.

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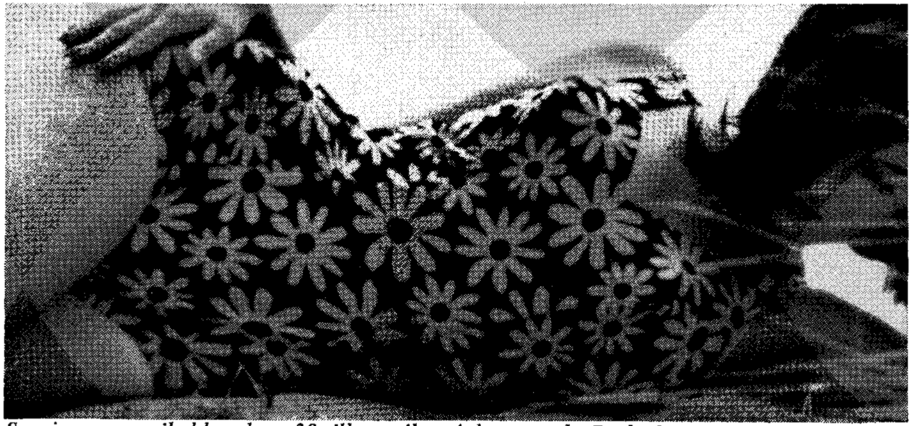

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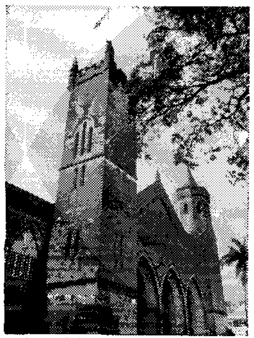

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Scott said. "He had an honor in history last term."

"That's wonderful, Jerry," Mrs. Scott said.

Jerry took a drink of his milk, and Mrs. Scott of her coffee. Mr. Scott ate a sugar cookie.

"Tell us about your grandmother," Mrs. Scott said.

"Yes," Mr. Scott said. "If you want to."

Jerry said, "There's not too much to tell."

"It was cancer, wasn't it," Mrs. Scott said. "Had she been ill long?"

"She's been in the hospital a couple of months. When I was home Christmas vacation, they thought she was getting better."

"Someday they'll find a cure for it," Mrs. Scott said.

"Yes," Jerry said.

"Had she lived in New Mexico always?" Mr. Scott asked. "Jerry lives in Santa Fe, you know," he said to his wife.

"Yes, I did know."

"She was a Southerner," Jerry said. "She came from Huntsville with her father after the Civil War. Her father was a captain in the Confederate cavalry."

"How romantic," Mrs. Scott said. "Sometime we must get West, Hal. I can't get Mr. Scott to do anything but sail in Maine summers. He loves his boat more than anything."

"I can understand that," Jerry said.

"What did your great-grandfather do?" Mr. Scott asked.

"Mining. He dug some of the first coal mines around Cerrillos. We still own some land down there."

"Is Cerrillos near Santa Fe?" Mrs. Scott asked.

"Yes." Jerry took a drink of his milk. "I used to go shooting down there with my grandmother. She was a terrific shot."

"Was she," Mrs. Scott said.

"She taught school in Clifton once, and she was the only Anglo woman in town. They made her learn to shoot."

"How fascinating," Mrs. Scott said.

"Where's Clifton?" Mr. Scott asked.

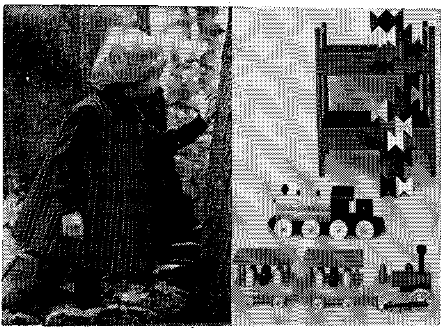
"Arizona."

"Is your family still in mining?"

"No," Jerry said. "We lost the mines to checkerboarding when the railroad came through. My great-grandfather had a partner named McLaughlin who double-crossed him."

Mrs. Scott wiggled and tugged at the hem of her dress.

"Your grandmother sounds like some



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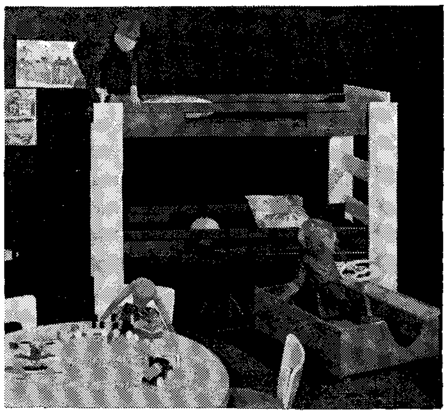

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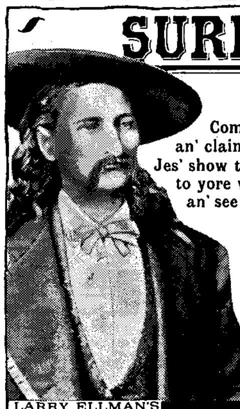

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kind of Annie Oakley," Mr. Scott said and laughed.

Mrs. Scott glanced at him sharply.

"No," Jerry said. "She was a painter, actually."

No one said anything.

"She taught music, too. She played the piano very well, and the violin."

"She must have been an amazing woman," Mrs. Scott said.

"Yes," Mr. Scott said. "You were lucky to have known her."

"You never thought stuff like that when you were around her," Jerry said. "She was a lot of fun." He thought of telling them how she used to read "Kim" and "Ivanhoe" out loud after he outgrew "Doctor Dolittle" and "Little Black Sambo," and how, before he developed speed, she used to play catch with him. Once, he threw a wild one and hit her on the shin. It made a big black-and-blue mark, and, to keep him out of trouble, his grandmother told his mother she had bruised her shin on a chair.

"The West has produced some fine people," Mr. Scott said.

"Yes," Jerry said.

"I can tell you were very close to her," Mrs. Scott said.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jerry said. "I was." He drank the last of his milk.

"Some more, Jerry?" Mrs. Scott offered. "We have gallons."

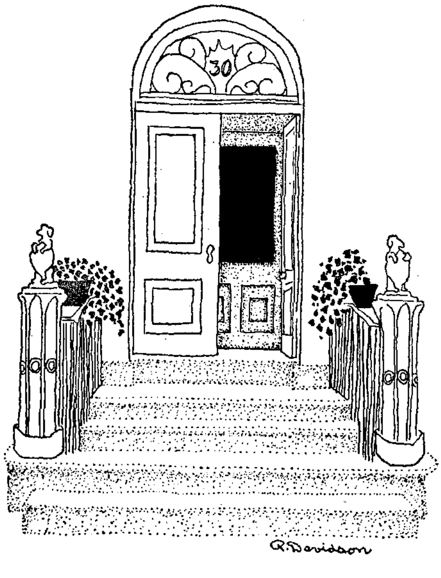
"The monsters guzzle it by the quart," Mr. Scott said. "We ought to run a dairy."

"No, thanks," Jerry said.

"Please," Mrs. Scott said. "What you've said was so interesting."

"Don't force him, Janet," Mr. Scott said. "We'd like to have you stay, though, Jerry."

"If it's all the same," Jerry said, "I think I'll go upstairs. I've got a



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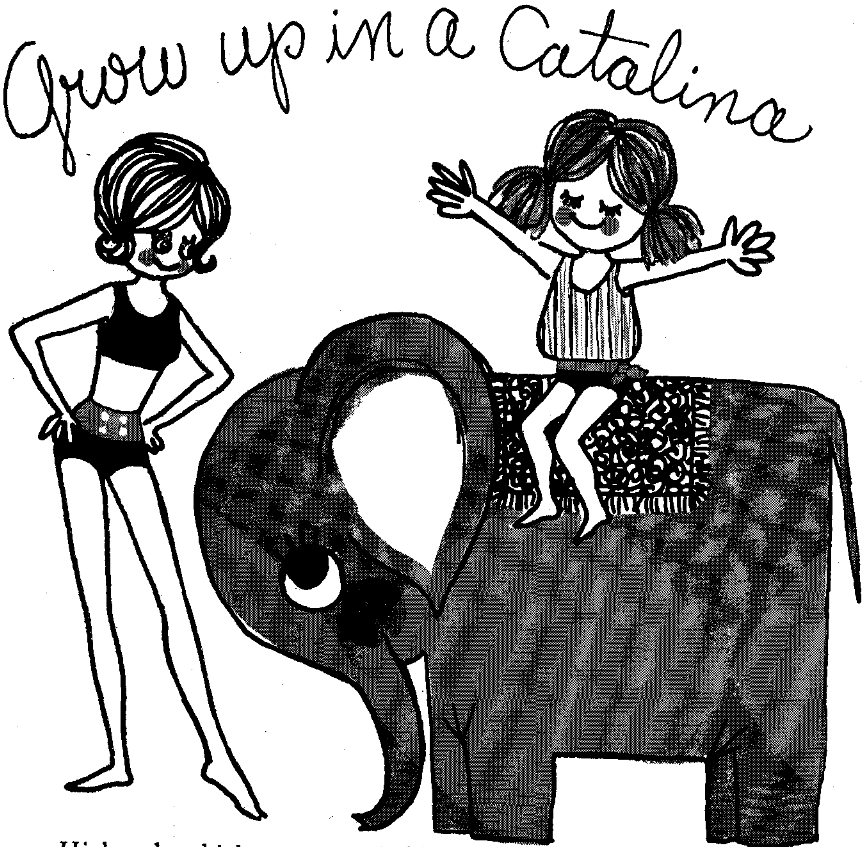
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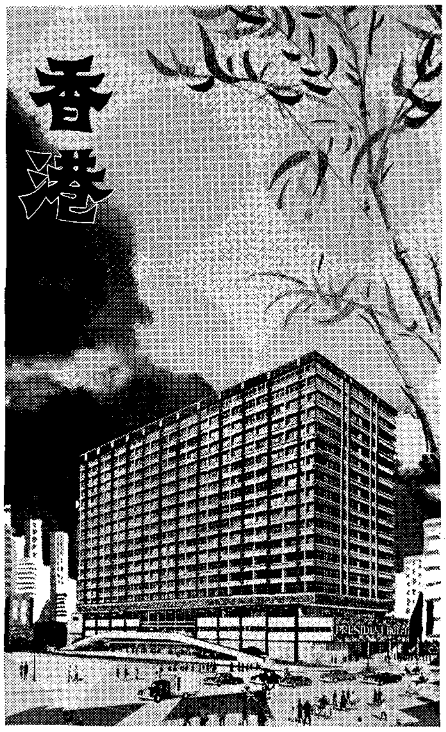

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few things to do for class tomorrow."

"Math, I'll bet," Mrs. Scott said.

"Yes."

"Don't let it bother you," she said. "None of the best people can add."

Jerry smiled.

"Jerry," Mr. Scott said. "I talked to your mother about your going home. She said you'd probably want to stay."

"Not exactly. I'm staying."

"Well, anyway, if you need anything the next few days, just let us know."

"I will, sir," Jerry said. "And thank you."

"Think nothing of it."

"Yes," Mrs. Scott said. "It was a pleasure. We're just awfully sorry about your grandmother."

JERRY went out the door and started to climb the creaking, winding stairs. He had started thinking now, not just talking about it. He thought of his grandmother playing the piano, and how he had always wanted to play ball instead of taking music lessons. She had never made him. Sometimes he used to sing with her, though. He didn't have a very good voice. He remembered how she looked at dinner, usually in a gray dress to match her eyes, and the way she smiled when something struck her funny.

On the second floor, a boy named McBean stuck his head out into the hall and said, "Makin' time with Janet baby, huh?"

"Sure," Jerry said, "any old time," and started up the next flight. The only light was a twenty-five-watt bare bulb hung from the ceiling on a cord, and twice he stumbled. The second time, he told himself that thinking about his grandmother wasn't getting him anywhere. Maybe it would help to get back to the book. He certainly wasn't going to do any math. He wished he could have seen her again. —TOM MAYER

•

Lodge was at his best in the give and take of Security Council debate, well illustrated by this exchange in the council's 1956 debate on the Hungarian question.

HUNGARIAN—I wish to raise a point of order.

LODGE—I decline to yield.

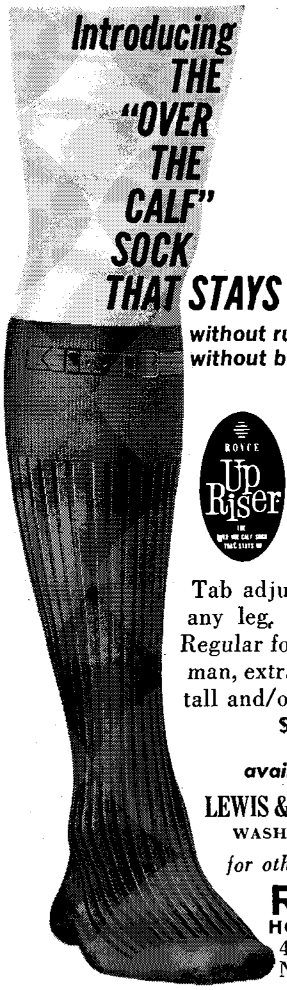
PRESIDENT—The representative of Hungary cannot take the floor before members of the Council.

LODGE—I have the floor and I intend to hold the floor.

SOVIET—Point of order.

LODGE—I refuse to yield the floor to the representative of the Soviet Union. I did not interrupt his speech and I will thank him not to interrupt mine.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Gee!



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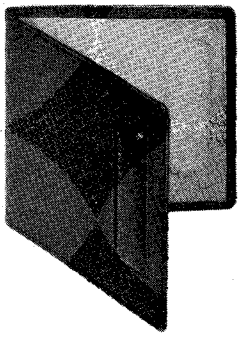

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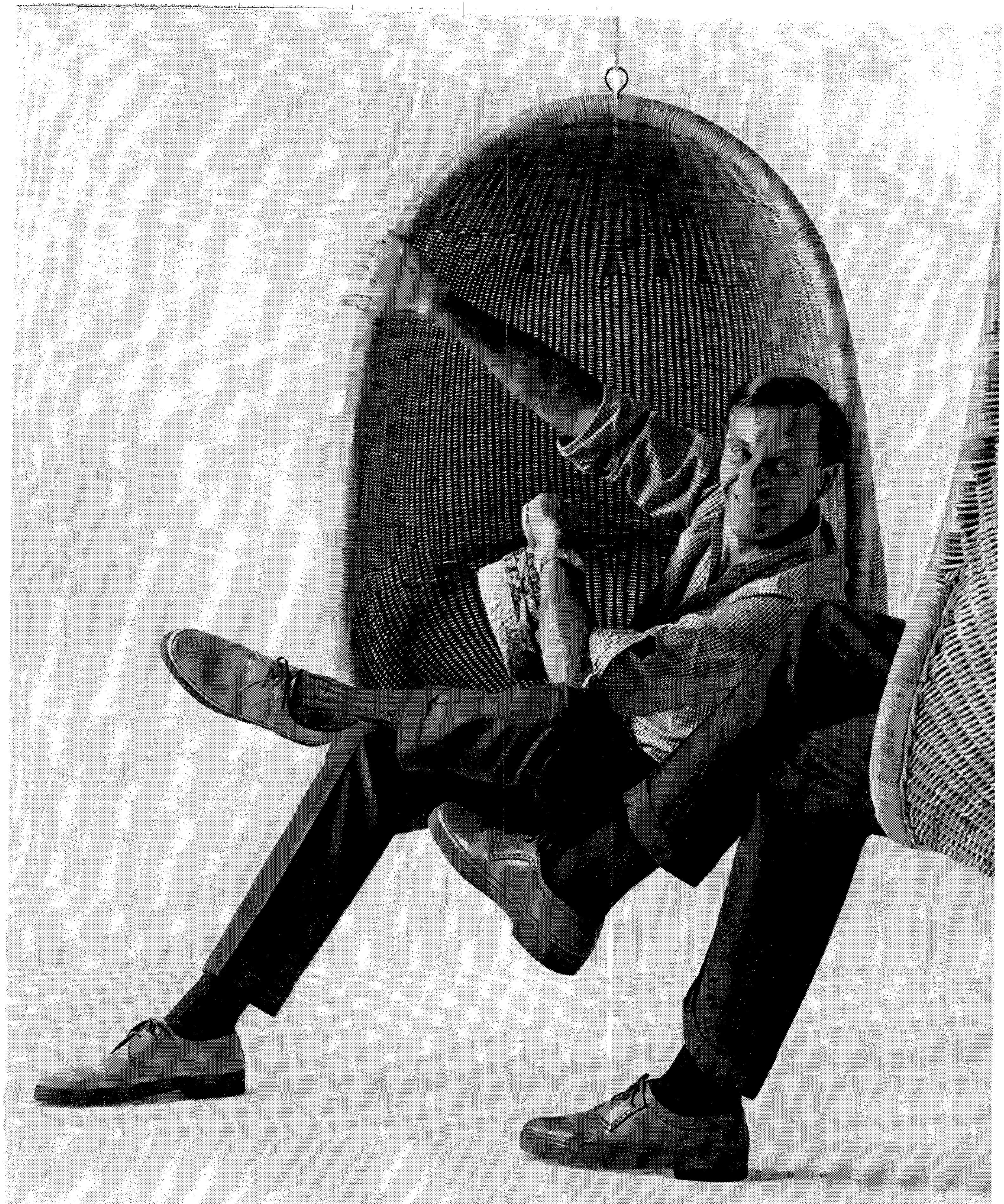

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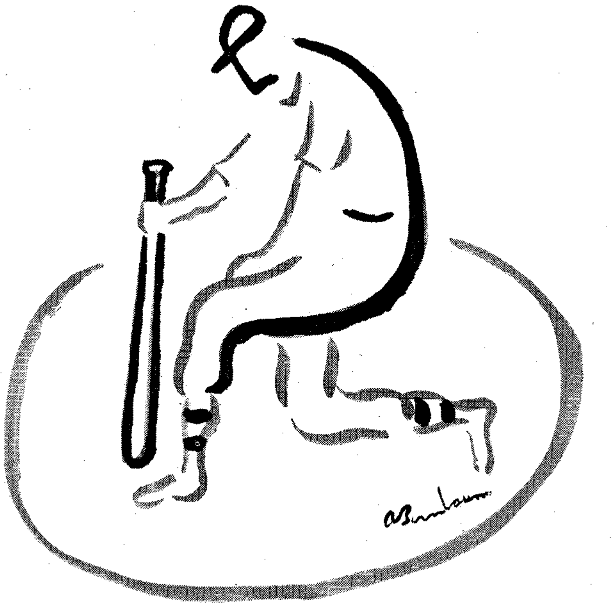

SCIENTIFIC evaluation of a zoological species requires extended periods of observation throughout the life span of the animal; a proper monograph on the bullfrog cannot be concluded while the creature still bears its polliwog tail. In baseball terms, this broad truth is contained in the adage "Nothing before the first of June counts." As the writer of two excessively vernal and optimistic previous dissertations on the New York Mets, I resolved this year to keep my distance after the home opener and not file a report until midsummer, no matter how stolid and unlovely my animal might grow during the hot months. This admirable plan lasted for three weeks, during which time the Mets lost sixteen of their first twenty games—exactly the same mark they achieved early in 1962 while rushing toward an all-time record, generally considered secure for the ages, of a hundred and twenty losses in a season. At this point, I reconsidered and hurried to the scene, and I am glad I did. After watching ten home games and four or five televised road encounters, I can report, almost without crossing my fingers, that the Mets are better than they were in 1962, and better than they were last year, when they lost a hundred and eleven games. There will be greater joy in Endsville this summer.

Much of the local interest in the Mets this year will be architectural rather than athletic or psychopathologic, for on April 17th the club finally moved into its long-promised new home, William A. Shea Stadium, which was built by the city (which owns it) at a cost of $25,500,000, seats 55,300 baseball fans, and is situated in Flushing, just across the elevated I.R.T. tracks from the World's Fair. Indeed, on my first visit the new ballyard, with its cyclotron profile, its orange and blue exterior spangles, and its jelly-bean interior yellows, browns, blues, and greens, looked to me remarkably like an extension of the Fair—an exhibit named "Baseball Land," or perhaps "Stengel-O-Rama." To one nurtured in the gray fortress of Yankee Stadium and the green barn of the Polo Grounds (O lost!), the place came as a shock; luckily, the Mets supplied a reassuring sense of continuity by giving up sixteen hits to the Pirates and losing, 4–3. On subsequent visits, my feelings of outraged classicism grudgingly abated and I was able to judge the park more coolly. Some complaints remain. The acres of box seats—21,795 of them—in two ellipsoid scoops on the field level, the entire loge circle, and much of the mezzanine and upper stand are probably a valid tribute to our affluent times, but I wish that unmoneyed fans, who usually make up a team's true loyalists, didn't have to climb to the top ten rows of the upper level to find an unreserved seat. Those same top-railbirds must also be irritated to discover that the two bullpens are out beyond the outfield fence in right and left field, thus making it impossible for a spectator to identify and speculate about the relief pitchers who are warming up. This could be remedied, no doubt, if the gargantuan scoreboard in right center field provided such useful information in lighted letters on its huge central message center, but so far that bulletin board has been largely employed to boost souvenir and ticket sales and (very unsuccessfully) song lyrics for between-innings sing-alongs. The bright colors of the different stands are cheerful, I guess, and the keying of those colors to the appropriate tickets and escalators is a sensible plan borrowed from Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles; at the same time, women in the field boxes are not going to be pleased with their complexions during night games, when the floodlights bouncing off those yellow seats make the section look like a hepatitis ward. The lights, the most powerful in any ballpark, are bright enough to pick up gleams from the shine on an outfielder's spikes, and most of them have been set lower than usual, just above the upper tier of seats, in order to make it easier for outfielders to follow fly balls. Unfortunately, this innovation also makes it more difficult for infielders and lower-stand spectators to follow popups, since the ball disappears utterly into the glare on the way up and on the way down. Shea Stadium is built of reinforced concrete, and its banked seats, set almost entirely within the foul lines, sweep around in a lovely circle, offering everyone a splendid and unobstructed view of the action. This arrangement is the plant's greatest asset, but, curiously, it is also the cause of another complaint. Many of the games I saw this spring were thickly attended, but again and again I had the impression that although the ballplayers were almost in my lap, I had lost company with the audience. In the broad, sky-filled circle of the new stadium, the shouts, the clapping, the trumpet blasts, and the brave old cries of "Let's go, *Mets!*" climbed thinly into the air and vanished; the place seemed without echoes, angles, and reassurance. No longer snug in a shoebox, my companions and I were ants perched on the sloping lip of a vast, shiny soup plate, and we were lonelier than we liked.

Well, the park will take some getting used to, that's all. With the exceptions noted, there is much to be grateful for at Shea. The seats are broad and wonderfully comfortable. The attendants are niftily dressed and universally polite, and the escalators and ramps, although narrow, can siphon off a large crowd without much jostling. The stark, functional look of the exterior promises to be softened by the planting of trees—a promise that is contained in a number of yellow squares now painted on the pavements outside, containing the words "Met Tree." I don't much relish the twenty-five-minute subway ride from and to midtown, but I imagine Queens residents used to feel the same way about getting to the Polo Grounds; now it's *their* turn. And there is no doubt that the ballfield itself is infinitely better than the old one, with its ridiculously short foul lines and frightening center-field Sahara. At Shea, the outfield wall is sensibly balanced, curving smoothly from three hundred and forty-one feet at the foul poles to four hundred and ten feet in dead center—

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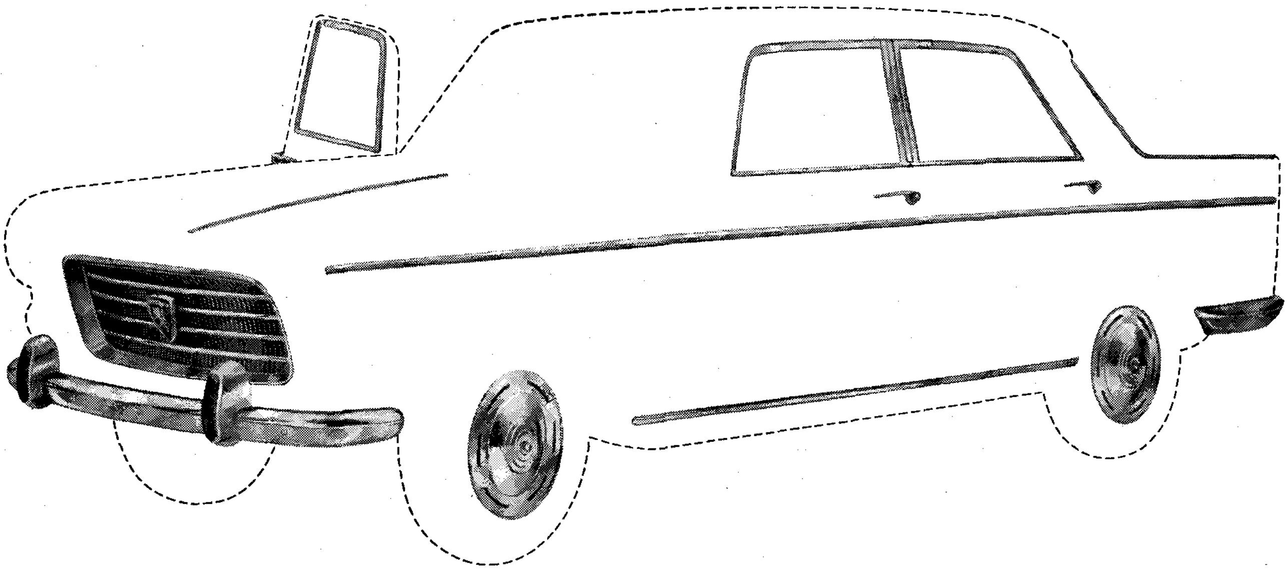

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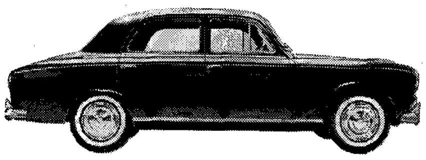

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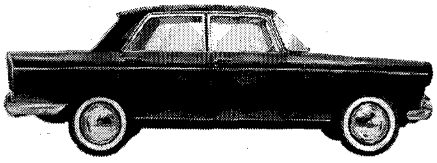

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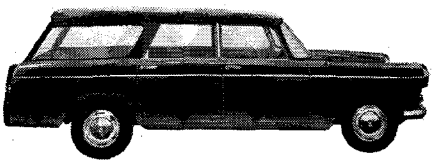

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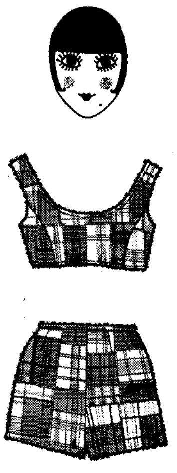

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a field that will give away no cheap homers but will deservedly reward a powerful straightaway poke. The infield, after some early sogginess, now seems slick and fast—just right for a home team that hits a lot of singles. *From here on, my feelings about* Shea Stadium will depend largely on the number of those singles the Mets can achieve. I am almost ready to like the place.

THE Mets this year have not exactly risen to historic occasions. On May 6th, they returned from a disastrous road trip to play the Reds in the first night game at Shea. There were speeches, the new lights brought a massed "Aah!" from thirty-four thousand chilly fans, the organist played "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World," and the Mets performed like a pickup nine at a wiener roast. In the fifth inning, with the score tied at 2–2, various Met pitchers gave up two walks, three singles, two doubles, six runs, one wild pitch, two stolen bases, and one full windup with men on first and second, while the rest of the team chipped in a wild throw by the catcher, a wild throw by the center fielder, and an egregious play on what should have been a routine outfield fly. The bangs and thumps of the fireworks from the Fair were matched by the Cincinnati hitters, who came up with three rocketlike homers.

I went back the next afternoon and was well rewarded for my perseverance. Al Jackson, the Mets' little left-hander, was given a three-run lead by the second inning, and just managed to hold it, winning, 3–2, in spite of some uncertain defense in the outfield. This, to be fair, was a game much more typical of the 1964 Mets, who have frequently piled up small leads in early innings and then suffered ungodly difficulties in holding them. Casey Stengel was so tense about his club's minimal margin in the ninth that he summoned Galen Cisco in to pitch the last half inning and then suddenly reversed himself and allowed Jackson to go to the mound and get the last three outs. The pattern was much the same the following night, against the Cardinals, but Jack Fisher, the Mets' starter, could not defend a painfully accumulated 4–1 lead in the eighth inning—a frequent failing of his this spring. Carl Warwick came in to pinch-hit with two men on and lined Fisher's first pitch into the left-field stands to tie it up. Experience now said that the Mets would lose, but with this new Met team experience is sometimes in for surprises; in the bot-

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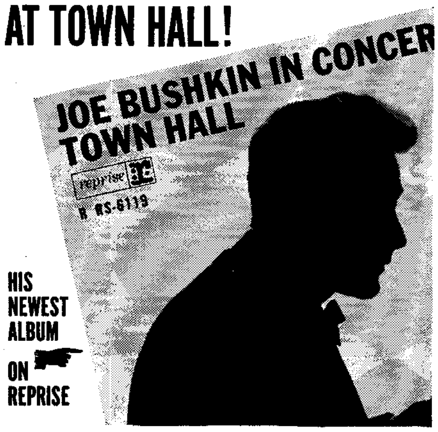

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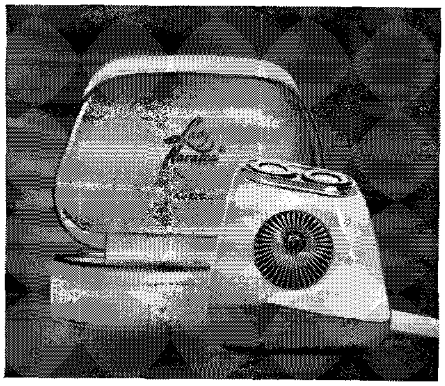

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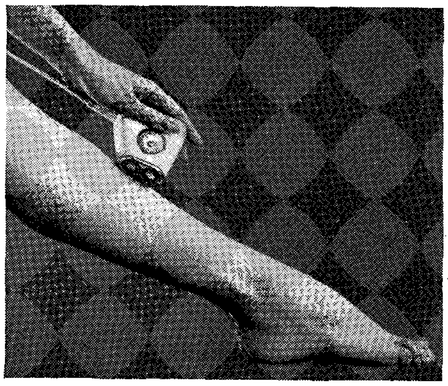

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tom of the ninth George Altman singled, was neatly sacrificed to second, and scored the winning run on Joe Christopher's pinch single. It was the tenth Met game this year to be decided by a one-run margin, seven of which the Mets lost. The homing fans on the I.R.T. sounded like children returning from a birthday party that featured a good magician: "Did you *see* that!"

The next one was close but dull, for the Mets, who weren't hitting, looked doomed from the outset, even though some foolhardy Cardinal base-running and some extraordinary throws by the Mets' outfield kept the Cards' lead to 1–0 until the seventh. In that inning, two Met relief pitchers—Wakefield and then Bauta—first walked the bases full and then gave up three ringing hits, good for four runs and the ball game. I spent much of the warm, blustery afternoon enjoying the sideshows in the stands—a teen-age bugle-and-garbage-pail-lid corps in the upper deck, a small boy near me who spread mustard on his hot dog with his ball-point pen, and a pretty airline stewardess next to me who wrote letters throughout the game, only rarely lifting her sleepy eyes to watch the action below.

Sunday was a drama with second-act trouble. The first half of the double-header with the Cards was perhaps the most pleasing regular-season game I have seen in five years, as the Mets' Tracy Stallard engaged Roger Craig, an old grad, in a stiff pitchers' battle that brought out the best in everyone. In the seventh, the Cardinals, down 1–0, had White on third base and Boyer on first, and tried to tie it with a double steal; Jesse Gonder, the Mets' catcher, whipped his peg to second, and Stallard, seeing White break for home, cut the throw off and nailed White at the plate in a rundown while Shea Stadium screeched in rapture. The Cards then tied it, 1–1, and the Mets untied it for good in the eighth, on homers by Rod Kanehl and Frank Thomas—exactly the way a pitchers' battle ought to end. In the second game, Casey Stengel, who has been desperate for a fourth starting pitcher, tried Jerry Hinsley, who is *nineteen years old* and had never pitched an inning of organized baseball until this season. Hinsley retired the first eight Cardinals in order, and then, as he was probably beginning to think long thoughts about his contract demands next spring, was socked for five straight hits and four runs; his teammates were commiserating but unhelpful, and the Cards won, 10–1.

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tures—up until Monday of last week—are perhaps best delivered in précis, for they contain a significant pattern that may be obscured by excessive detail:

May 12th: Braves 2, Mets 0. Hank Fischer, the Braves' pitcher, makes no mistakes at all; Al Jackson makes one mistake—a home-run ball to the Braves' huge new outfielder, Rico Carty. The whole thing is over in an hour and fifty-five minutes.

May 13th: Mets 5, Braves 2. The Mets' Fisher—Jack—holds on to his lead for a change, though frequently in trouble, and wins his first game of the year.

May 14th: Mets 12, Braves 4. The Mets knock out Warren Spahn (Warren *Spahn?*), bat around in the sixth inning while scoring six runs, and end their home stand in triumph.

May 15th, at San Francisco: Mets 4, Giants 2. Charlie Smith doubles in the winning runs in the eighth as the Mets rack up twelve hits.

May 16th, at San Francisco: Giants 6, Mets 4. A fifteen-inning tragedy. Willie Mays ties it up with a two-out homer in the ninth; Jim Davenport wins it with another homer. The Mets have now run up forty-one hits in their past three games.

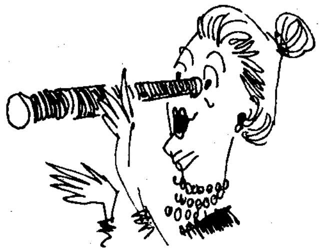
May 17th, at San Francisco: Giants 6, Mets 0; Giants 1, Mets 0. Nobody hitting, nobody home. Fisher loses the nightcap on a wild pitch.

May 18th, at San Francisco: Mets 4, Giants 2. George Altman hits a three-run homer in the eighth, thus scoring the first Met runs in thirty-two innings.

The pattern I detect here would probably be invisible to Yankee fans, who can feel nothing but irritation and contempt for a club that has won only seven out of its past fourteen games. For Met supporters, however, these last eight well-pitched games (in which the enemy teams have averaged less than three runs per nine innings), that hitting streak, and these sudden rebounds from fatuity add up to more than bare competence. They show a new resiliency, a hard professionalism, that has been lacking in previous Met squads. That is why I have only small hesitation in stating that this seems to me the best Met team to date—one that probably will not fall victim to so many of those long stretches of ennui and botchery that so pained their rooters the past two summers. At the same time, I think it unlikely they will escape the cellar this season, if only because at least six of the other National League teams also look stronger than they did last year.

The Mets are short on heroes. Their gamecock, their small nova, is Ron Hunt, the second baseman. Now in his second season, Hunt appears to be one of those rare ballplayers who improve from year to year. Four years ago, he batted .191 in the low

impress the penthouse peeper



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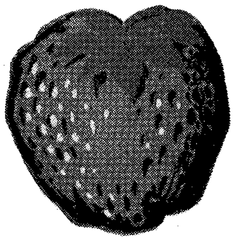

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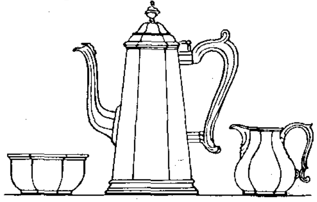

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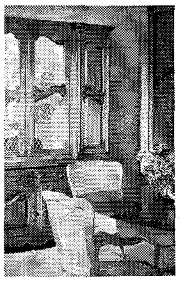

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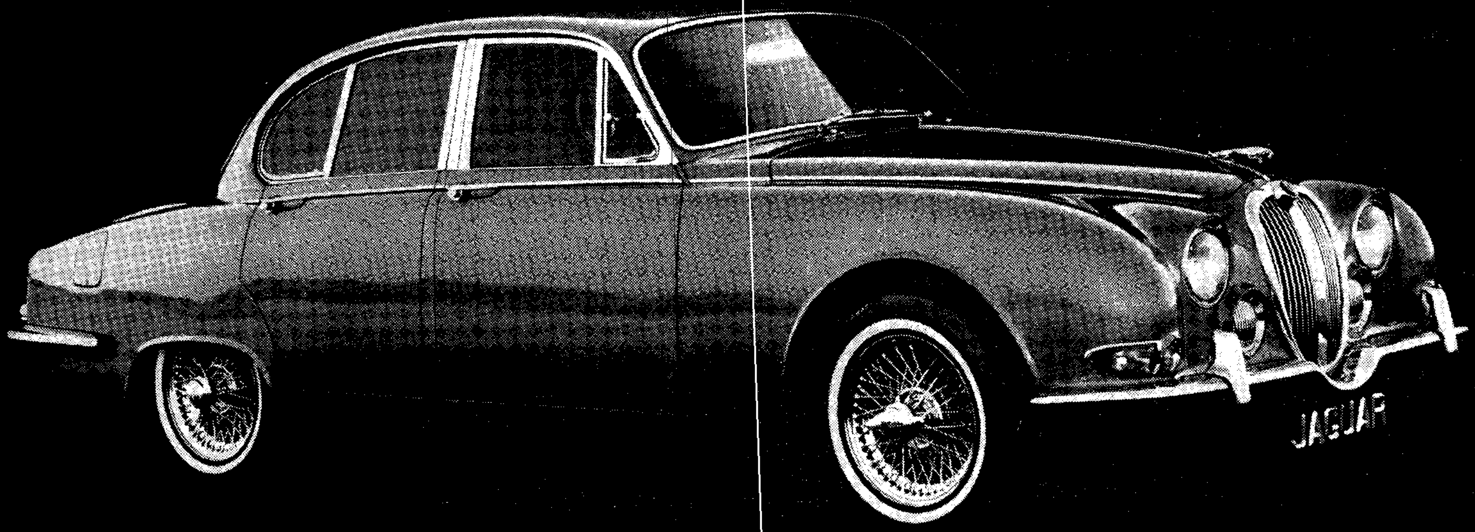

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minors. Last year, as a major-league rookie, he hit a solid .272, and so far in this young season a stream of modest singles and doubles has kept him constantly above the .300 mark. Originally a third baseman, he now has mastered the pivot at second and he fields with assurance, if not brilliance. His new partnership with Roy McMillan, the veteran shortstop just purchased from the Braves, cements the Mets' infield as never before. McMillan has slowed down a step or two and is having trouble at the plate, but he is a tough, tobacco-chewing, old-time pro and a boon to this young team. Much is expected of George Altman, the towering Negro outfielder acquired from the Cardinals in the Craig swap. Altman hits with power (eighty-three homers in his five years in the majors) and—almost as important for a team constantly engaged in close, low-scoring games—he is fast afield and on the base paths. His presence in the batting order has made it much more dangerous for pitchers to treat the other Met batters with their old careless disdain.

This almost exhausts the good news. Rod Kanehl, Stengel's slick handyman, has filled in splendidly in the outfield during a series of injuries and is currently batting .333. Tim Harkness, at first base, had an early hot streak at the plate but has now plummeted below .250. Jesse Gonder, a catcher, can hit but cannot catch; Hawk Taylor, another catcher, can catch but cannot hit. Amado Samuel and Charlie Smith, who have shared third base, have both shown that they can make hard plays and butcher easy ones; their combined batting average is below .200. Frank Thomas is an earnest but deadly-slow outfielder who occasionally hits a homer.

The pitching staff, in spite of its recent parsimony, does not emerge much better from such a scrutiny. Al Jackson, its star, holds that spot only by default. On most teams, he would be the third pitcher in rotation, but as the Mets' No. 1 he is constantly matched against the league's best flame-throwers and consequently loses many low-run games. Jackson, who weighs only a hundred and sixty pounds and looks even frailer, cannot overpower hitters but must count on courage, absolute control, and a rich assortment of curves and changeups. Tracy Stallard may be the most improved ballplayer on the Mets' squad. A newly mastered slider to accompany his fast ball and a new attitude of resolution on the mound have made him much more formidable than he was last year. Jack

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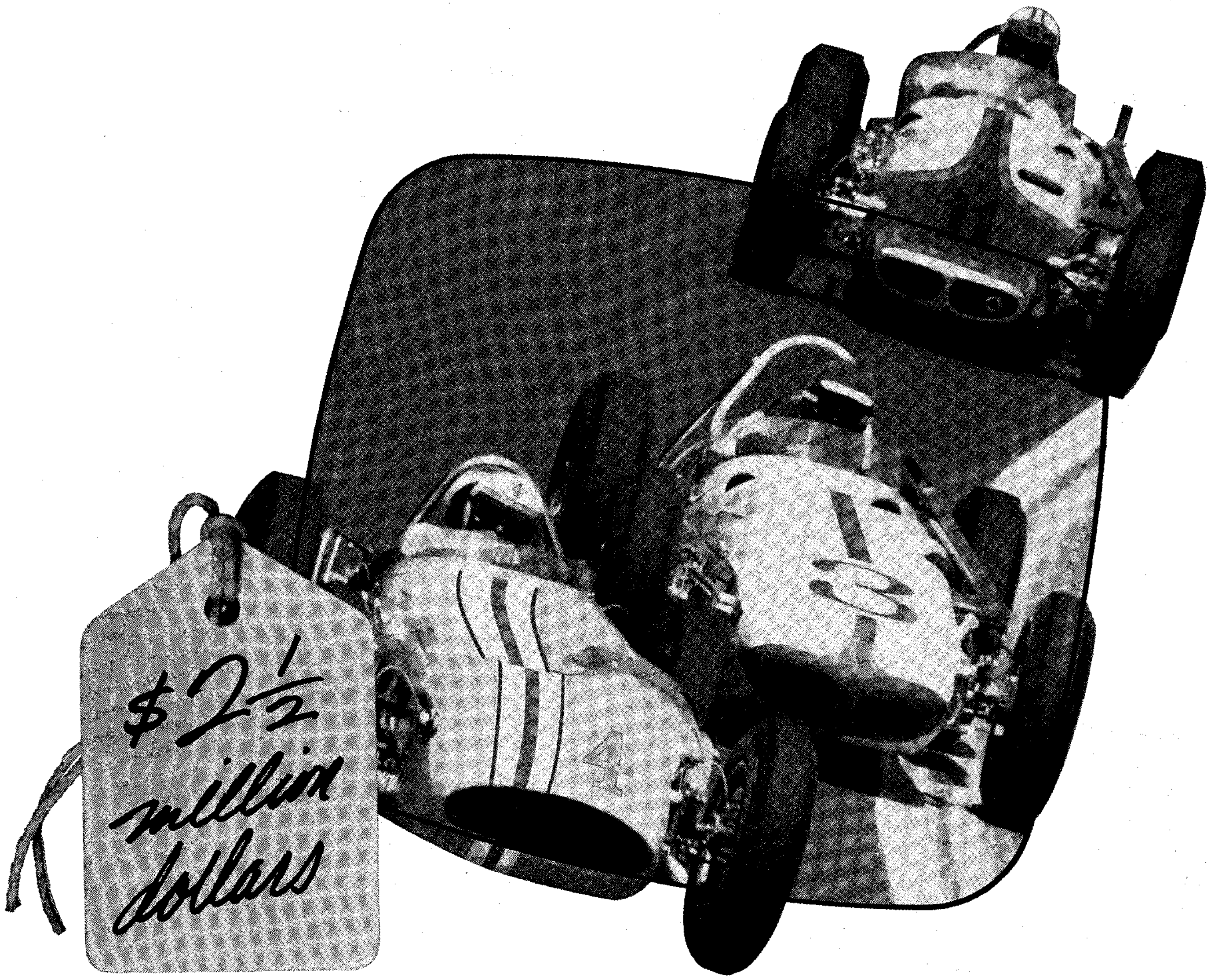

Memorial Day, auto racing fans can watch the Indianapolis 500 without leaving their own home towns. For the first time, the race is being telecast by closed circuit to theaters all over the nation. If transmission fails, the promotors stand to lose up to 2½ million dollars in admission refunds. Fireman's Fund American is protecting the venture with a Special Risk policy.

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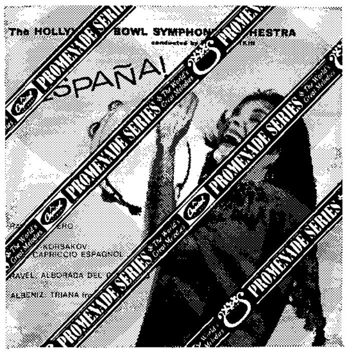
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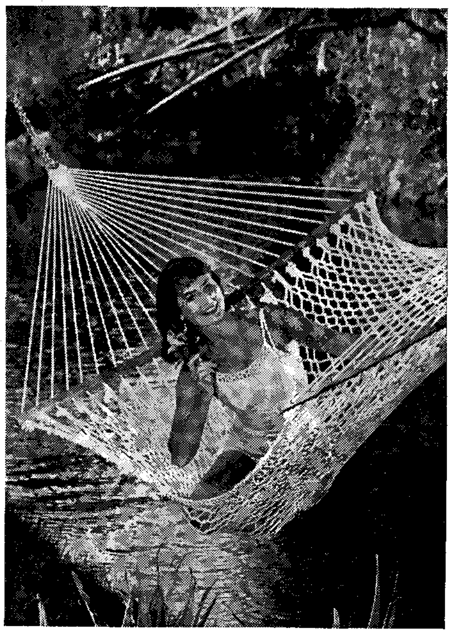
Fisher, as indicated above, has had moments of brilliance followed by late-inning lapses, but he may prosper under the hard work that Casey will give him. Both he and Stallard have losing major-league records, however, and it is too much to hope that *both* of them can find themselves in the same year. Galen Cisco, the current fourth starter, and Larry Bearnarth and Tom Sturdivant, the relievers, have been uneven to date; the latter two might as well sleep with their rubber boots on, for they will be summoned to a lot of dangerous fires this summer. Stengel has also called on Jerry Hinsley and two other rookie pitchers, Bill Wakefield and Ron Locke, for spot duty. They have responded with eager gallantry—often of the kind once displayed by Eton sixth-formers taking to the air against Baron von Richthofen.

When the recent record of such a squad is measured against its qualifications, the result can only be admiration, especially since few of the Mets' victories have been lucky ones. The luck, in fact, has all been *against* the Mets. Carlton Willey, their best pitcher a year ago (his earned-run average was 3.10), suffered a broken jaw in spring training and has yet to pitch an inning this year. Jim Hickman, George Altman, Charlie Smith, Ron Hunt, Frank Thomas, and Tim Harkness have all been benched by injuries for varying stretches—often a good many of them at the same time. What is heartening—what is downright hopeful—is the staunch way these gaps have been filled, for almost every member of this battered squad has had a direct hand in one or another of its victories. The Mets may not climb out of the cellar this year, but, for a change, they deserve to.

IN 1963, the Mets, dead last all the way, drew 1,080,108 spectators at the Polo Grounds, against a Yankee home attendance of 1,308,920. This season, the Mets have already drawn 21,128 more spectators to their home games than they had at this time last year, and even these figures do not tell the whole story, for the Mets have not yet played the Giants and the Dodgers at home, as they had last year before mid-May; those rich, nostalgic series will take place over the two weekends just ahead, and, given decent weather, they should be good for at least another two hundred thousand tickets. It is quite possible that the perennial moles will outdraw the perennial champions in New York this summer.

In my last report on the team, I



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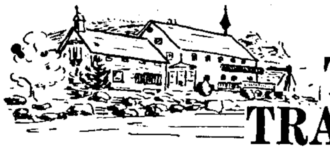

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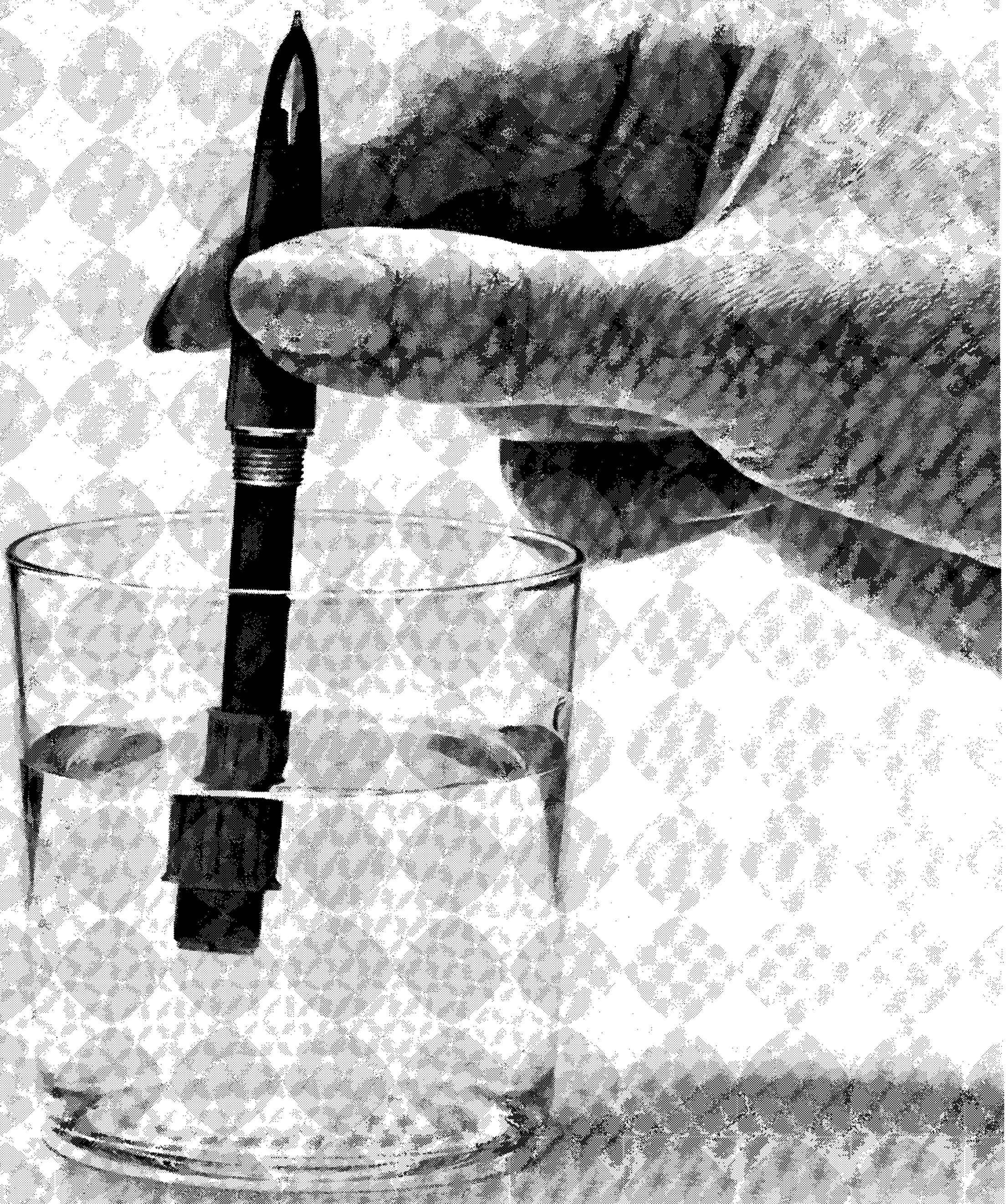

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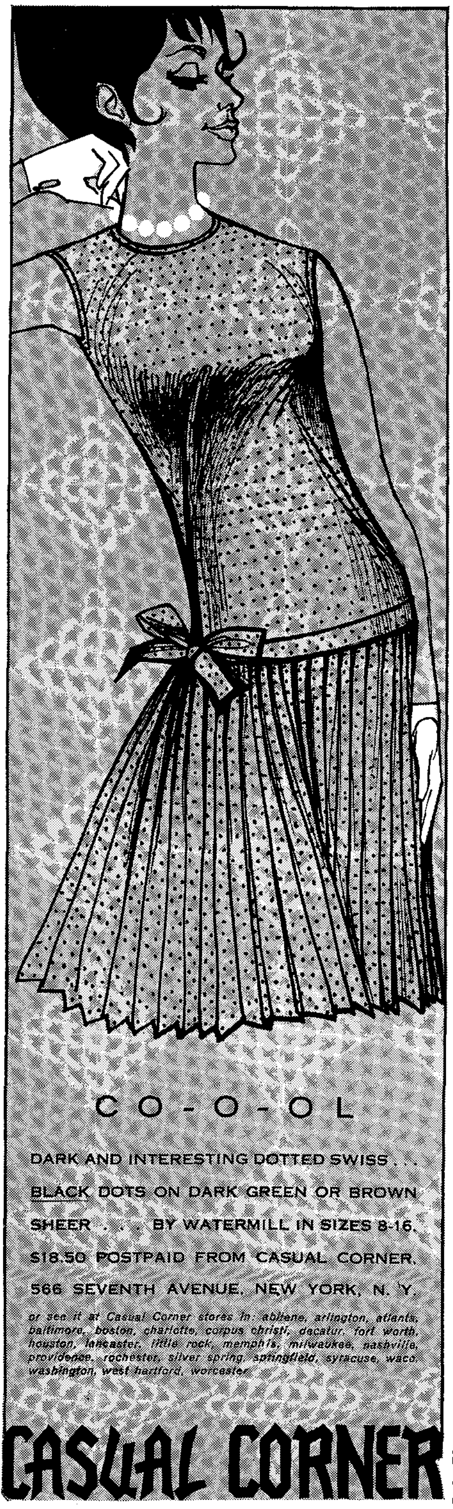

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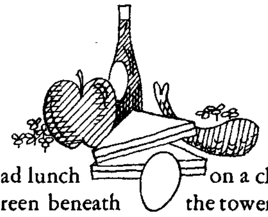

Spread lunch on a cloth of green beneath the towering beauty of Yosemite...you'll note how nicely chilled the wine is, how freshly baked the bread tastes, how thoughtful the Chef was to give this the same attention he gives every fine meal at

THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE

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speculated sadly that the move from the banks of the Harlem River to the shores of Flushing Bay might civilize the Met fans, transforming them into a cautious, handclapping audience of suburban lawn-tenders. That alteration may be taking place, but it is slower than I had anticipated. There are more well-dressed, unexcitable, merely pleasant onlookers visible in the gleaming new stands, but a good many of the men are wearing cowboy boots and a good many of the women are carrying cameras, thus identifying themselves as Fairgoers who have wandered in to rest their feet. Some of them must have been startled during the night game with Cincinnati, when a dozen or so of the New Breed—the *old* New Breed—staged a rousing fistfight in the lower right-field stands, attracting roars of encouragement and subsequent boos for the fuzz.

Still, I doubt whether Shea Stadium will ever see the likes of those steamy old midsummer doubleheaders at the Polo Grounds, when visiting outfielders used to stare up in wonder at the screaming sans-culottes, and had to sprint through thunderstorms of trash and cherry bombs while catching a fly. For one thing, the loudest, most phenomenal Metsian roars used to come when the team was at its very worst—eight runs down in the seventh inning, say. The Mets are too much improved to encourage that kind of fanaticism with any frequency this year. Some of the crazy pleasure has gone out of their games, for when they take the field one no longer has the stimulating, if awful, impression of watching a dotty inventor preparing to jump off the Eiffel Tower with a parachute made of pillowcases. Better baseball has also led to some disaffection. Unsuccessful pinch-hitters have been getting stiff boos. During one game when the Mets were having trouble hitting the ball beyond the pitcher's mound, I overheard a new kind of remark from behind me about "our goddam sluggers." And on another occasion, when Stengel went to the mound to yank a pitcher, I saw, to my shock, the first "Casey Must Go" banner, flaunted by two malcontents.

As must befall all fanatical movements, self-consciousness and formalization have overtaken the Met religion. Small pockets of Met fans are now visible on television at out-of-town ballparks, where they dutifully cry the old cry and wave banners identifying their cause and their home town. The thing is growing cute, like those Pogo for President clubs. Formalization and

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Maybe they think it's too much trouble. It's not.

(From here on we shall confine our remarks to the MK II Rover, the Land-Rover, and the revolutionary Rover 2000 Sports Sedan. It's not only that this is our ad, but if one of these masterly cars doesn't make you happy what is the use of going on? Or abroad, for that matter.)

1. Go to a Rover or Land-Rover dealer, as the case may be. If you don't know where, write us and we will tell you. He will take care of everything, and your warranty after your car is back home.

2. He will ask you where you are going. Do you want a Land-Rover Camper delivered in Africa? A Rover 2000 at your hotel door in Paris? A MK II waiting for you at London Airport?

3. Pick out the exact model, color, leather, etc. you want. If you give us, say, ten weeks' notice, that's normally enough; but even if you give us only ten days we can often find you what you want.

4. Your dealer will arrange for registration and insurance while you're over there and for shipping the car back; all the paper work. And figure out the cost so you can go to the bank.

5. All right, money. Let's take a MK II Rover with automatic transmission and power steering. It lists at $5495 in New York; it delivers in England for $4020—a saving of $1475!

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7. (The Rover 2000 lists at $3885 or $3985 here, depending on East Coast or West Coast delivery, and $2986 there. A Model 88 Land-Rover Station Wagon is $3384 here, $2435 there. Incidentally, the Land-Rover is not only the finest 4-wheel drive in the world, but the Rover Company is uniquely set up to supply any one of a great variety of models in 160 countries on this price-saving basis.)

8. When you take delivery of your car a Rover representative will meet you, check you out in the car—and the traffic, especially if it's on the wrong side. He'll put you in touch with Rover dealers wherever you are going; under your warranty they will take care of servicing and any other help you may need.

9. When you get ready to come home, leave your car wherever you agreed with the dealer, and we'll take care of the rest. You'll be notified when it's on its way.

10. That's about the lot except you might fill in this coupon.

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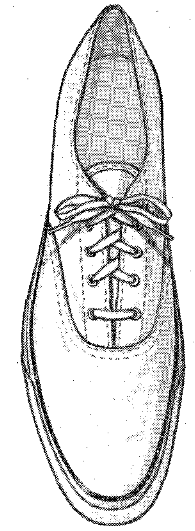

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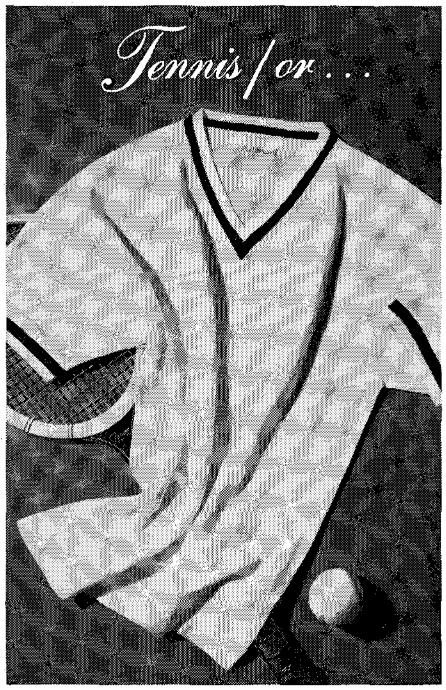

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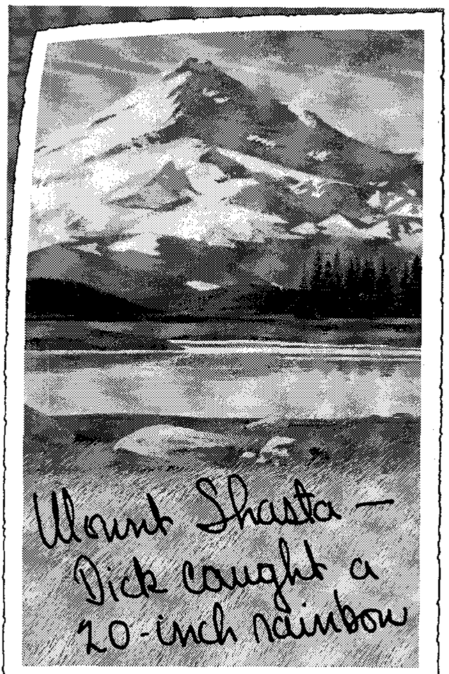
self-consciousness are also detectable in many of the banners displayed these days at Shea Stadium, which often look as if they had been created by art students or advertising men. In the old days, banners were made up overnight, out of old shirts and towels, and the messages were often misspelled or made jiggly by passion. This year, I saw a neatly printed sign that could have been a radio jingle:

> In Los Angeles, they wade through
>   smog;
> Las Vegans lose their bets,
> But we New Yorkers aren't sad—
> We have our New York Mets!

Then, too, there were the eight forehanded fans who turned up one afternoon with a group sign made up of eight separate letters. When Roy McMillan came up to bat, they stood up in a row, each holding one letter, and spelled out "WE LUV ROY." When Rod Kanehl appeared, the last letter had been changed and the sign read, "WE LUV ROD," and a little later it was "WE LUV RON," for Ron Hunt. For a moment, I thought I had wandered into a California football game. And finally, to my dismay, I must report that the signs this year seem to have been made for the television cameras rather than for the team; mostly they are unfurled when a foul ball, with its attendant TV eye, comes into the stands, instead of when the Mets desperately need a run.

All this, I suppose, is the inevitable result of the Mets' comparative maturity and comparative new success. The carefree unreality, the joyful bitterness, the self-identification with a brave but hopeless cause will become more and more difficult for Met rooters to sustain as their team draws closer to the rest of the league and faces the responsibilities and drudgery of an ordinary second-division team. As one sportswriter has observed, the only thing the Mets have to fear is mediocrity. This year, the Met cause reminds me of nothing so much as a party of young radical conservatives who find they are on the point of being taken seriously and, somewhat anxiously, begin to understand that they are in the big leagues at last and are thus capable of being beaten, instead of merely insulted and brushed aside. Without drawing any political parallel, it is my guess that reality will be postponed for the Mets at least for another year or two; they will be just bad enough to keep most of the "Go!" shouters shouting through this first summer in their new home.

—ROGER ANGELL



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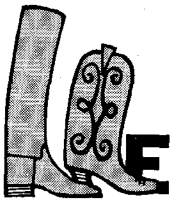

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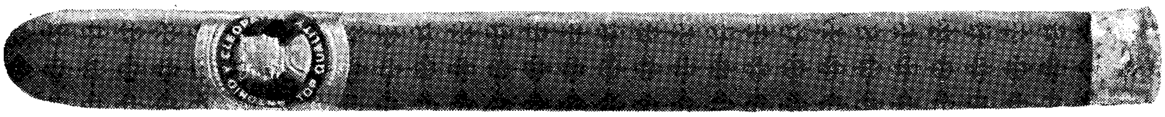

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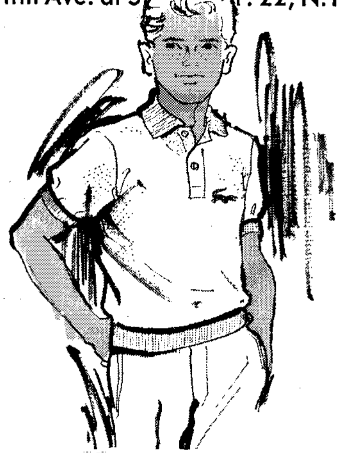

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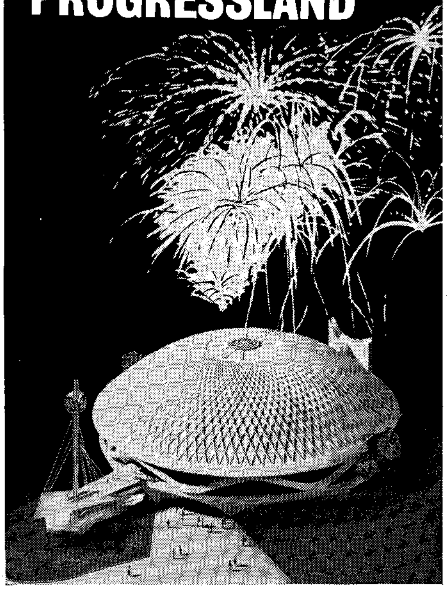

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Lessons in Acting

Enid Bagnold's play of almost a decade ago, "The Chalk Garden," has been brought to the screen by a band of ingenious conspirators, bent on producing a work that is highly sentimental and yet bears the necessary likeness to its witty prototype. Miss Bagnold has an attractive mind, capable of taking quite long views inside a deliberately narrow compass and of sketching domestic interiors that ought to be painful and that nearly always prove charming instead; rather than flinch from the tears in things, she consents with a wry courtesy to acknowledge their presence, then cuts them dead—tea will be served though the heavens fall, and it will be the best tea. In the play of "The Chalk Garden" I seem to recall that our interest was made to center on a number of eccentric grownups, including the tyrannical old mistress of a splendid country house in a fold of the Sussex downs, her married daughter, a male factotum, an elderly judge who had once been her lover, and a mysterious, unsmiling young woman, whom we beheld assuming the post of paid companion to the old tyrant's unholy terror of a teen-age granddaughter. In the movie, the center of interest has been shifted to this granddaughter, and so well have the conspirators—chief among them the producer, Ross Hunter; the author of the screenplay, John Michael Hayes; and the director, Ronald Neame—succeeded in their sleight of hand that I scarcely noticed the descent from drawing-room comedy to night-nursery pathos. Innocently unresisting, I was swept along on the old-fashioned high tide of a tale that I realized afterward had much in common with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and even, if I may borrow somebody's handkerchief for a moment, "Black Beauty." The one thing more astonishing than that I permitted myself to proceed on such a voyage is the fact that I enjoyed every rose-colored inch of it; this version of "The Chalk Garden" is what is known as a perfect family picture, with just the right mixture of guilty secrets, startling revelations, broken hearts, and promises of neatly mended ones, and only the sourest day-

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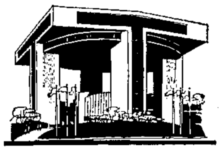

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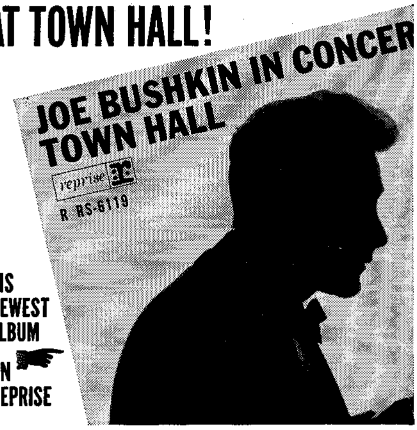

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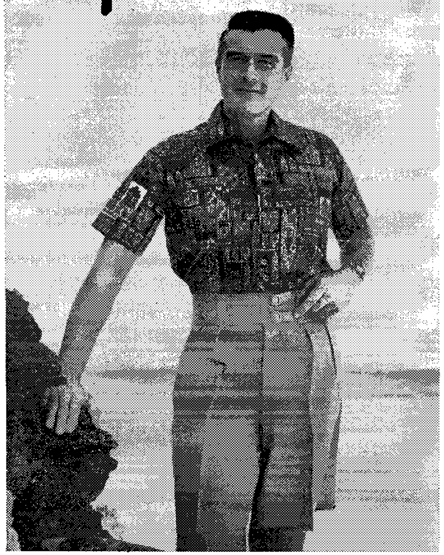

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before-Christmas Scrooge would be able to resist cheering the multiple happy ending, but I'm ordinarily not much stirred by well-bred ogres learning how to love their fellows, and I suspect that it was the acting that disarmed my habitual skepticism. In the role of the unfeeling tyrant, Dame Edith Evans gives a fantastically skillful performance. Indeed, the performance amounts to a whole course of lessons in the art of acting, though the final lesson—how to make a mountain of emotion out of the tiniest molehill of a speech—is so subtle as to be probably past learning. Abandoned by her daughter and granddaughter and threatened with the loss of the companion as well, Dame Edith stands in the harsh sunlight of her blighted garden and calls out to the companion that she wishes her to remain. "Would you? Would you?" she begs her, for the first time in seventy years begging anything of anyone. Two words, each uttered twice, and not very distinguished words at that, yet she makes them, I swear, as thrilling as "Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars!"

Also acting at the top of their quiet skills are John Mills and Felix Aylmer, as, respectively, the factotum and judge (the latter's ornate lines are surely *echt*-Bagnold), while Deborah Kerr plays the companion with tactful competence. As the granddaughter upon whom the action of the movie turns, Mr. Mills' daughter Hayley is so good that I'm prepared to forgive her for being a child, and I hope her father is equally prepared to forgive her for the ease with which she steals a couple of scenes from him. Let me tie up this profuse garland of praise with a word of admiration for Dame Edith's handsome clothes and for the rambling brick-and-flint mansion that has been used for the main setting of the picture. To an Anglophile it's a dream house come true, and all that keeps me from cabling an offer to purchase it at once is £.s.d.

"THE EMPTY CANVAS" is one of the worst pictures of this or any year, and more's the pity, because throughout its languid, maudlin course one catches an occasional glimpse of the *fairly* good picture it might have been. Taken from a gloomy novel by Alberto Moravia, it tells of a young man in Rome, son of a wealthy American woman and a safely dead Italian nobleman, who hopes to become an artist but, almost before getting started, appears to have lost the old know-how, and a pretty, empty-headed model,

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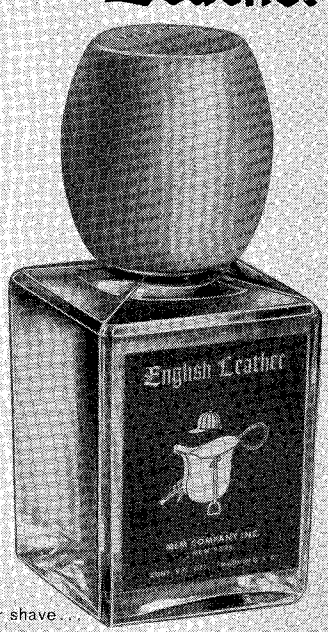

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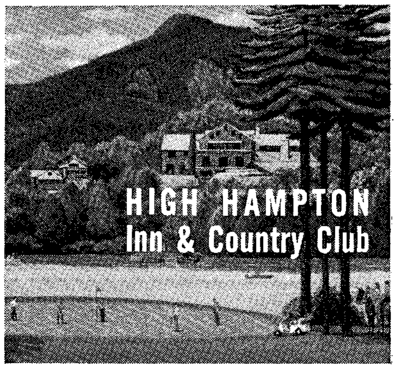

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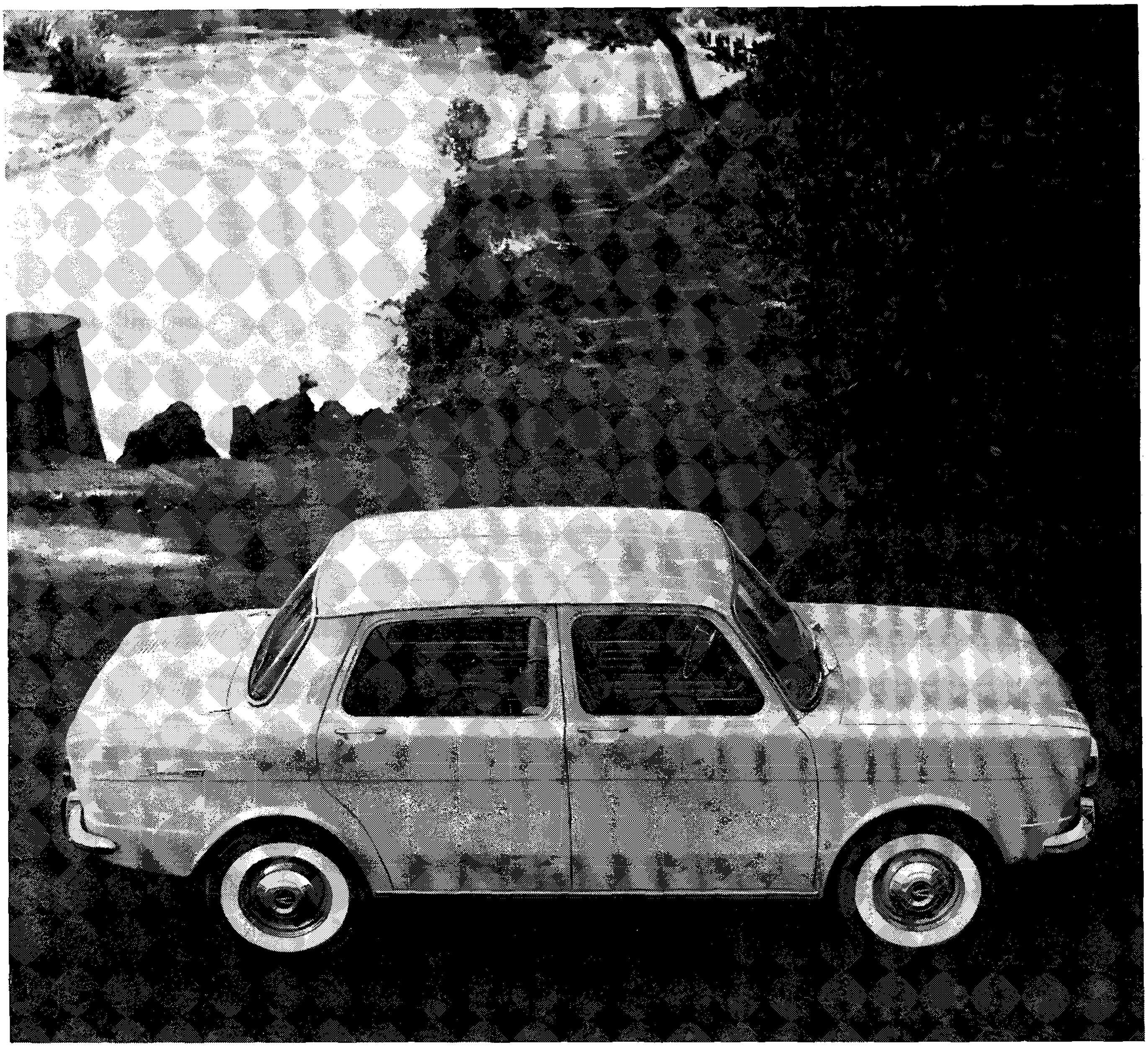

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who torments him by making love as naturally as she breathes and as indiscriminately as the wind. The girl is an interesting character, and it's just possible that the would-be has-been of an artist and his grisly mother might also have been made into interesting characters, but the three roles have been shockingly miscast. Bette Davis, speaking English with an unnatural Southern accent, plays the mother; Horst Buchholz, speaking English with a natural German accent, plays the young man; and Catherine Spaak, speaking English with what is, I suppose, a natural Belgian accent, plays the model. Neither Mr. Buchholz nor Miss Spaak gives the impression of having heard that acting is an art, which simple souls like Dame Edith have spent a long lifetime mastering. Miss Spaak is able to use nakedness to cover her ignorance, but poor Mr. Buchholz has no such beguiling device to fall back on, and the director, Damiano Damiani, might as well have been working on another picture. *Basta!*

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Friends of Mr. George Booth regret to know he is quite sick.

The following items will be of interest to home-town friends:

Finalist in the Club Championship Golf Tournament at The Athens Country Club in April was Mrs. Polk Gholston.

Among the hostesses at the recent Art Festival in Athens was Mrs. Polk Gholston and Mrs. Ed Poss.

Honoring Miss Joan Fowler, bride-elect, at a Bridesmaid's Brunch on Saturday, April 26th, at The Athens Country Club were Mrs. Paul Broun and Mrs. Polk Gholston.

Mrs. Polk Gholston was guest speaker at the Green Acres Garden Club in Athens at their April meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Gholston were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Huff that evening.

The Northeast Georgia Group of The National Association of Bank Women met in April at the Adult Center in Athens. Speaker for the dinner meeting was Mrs. Polk Gholston, of Comer.

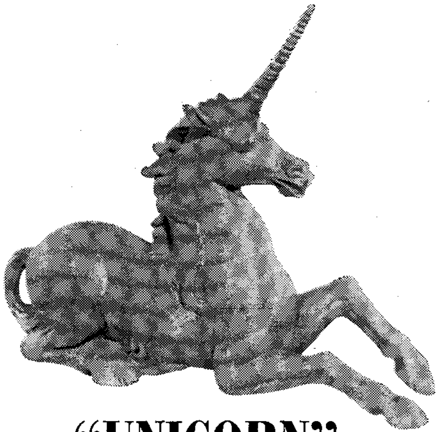
On May 2nd The Athens Garden Club presents "Flowers and Fashions." Among those honored as Guest Arrangers for the University President's Mansion is Mrs. Polk Gholston, of Comer.—*Comer (Ga.) News.*

And on the seventh day she rested.

•

Water (*q.v.*) is undoubtedly a mixture of (probably) H_2O, $(H_2O)_2$, and $(H_2O)_3$ molecules which . . .—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Oh, must cooler heads *always* prevail?



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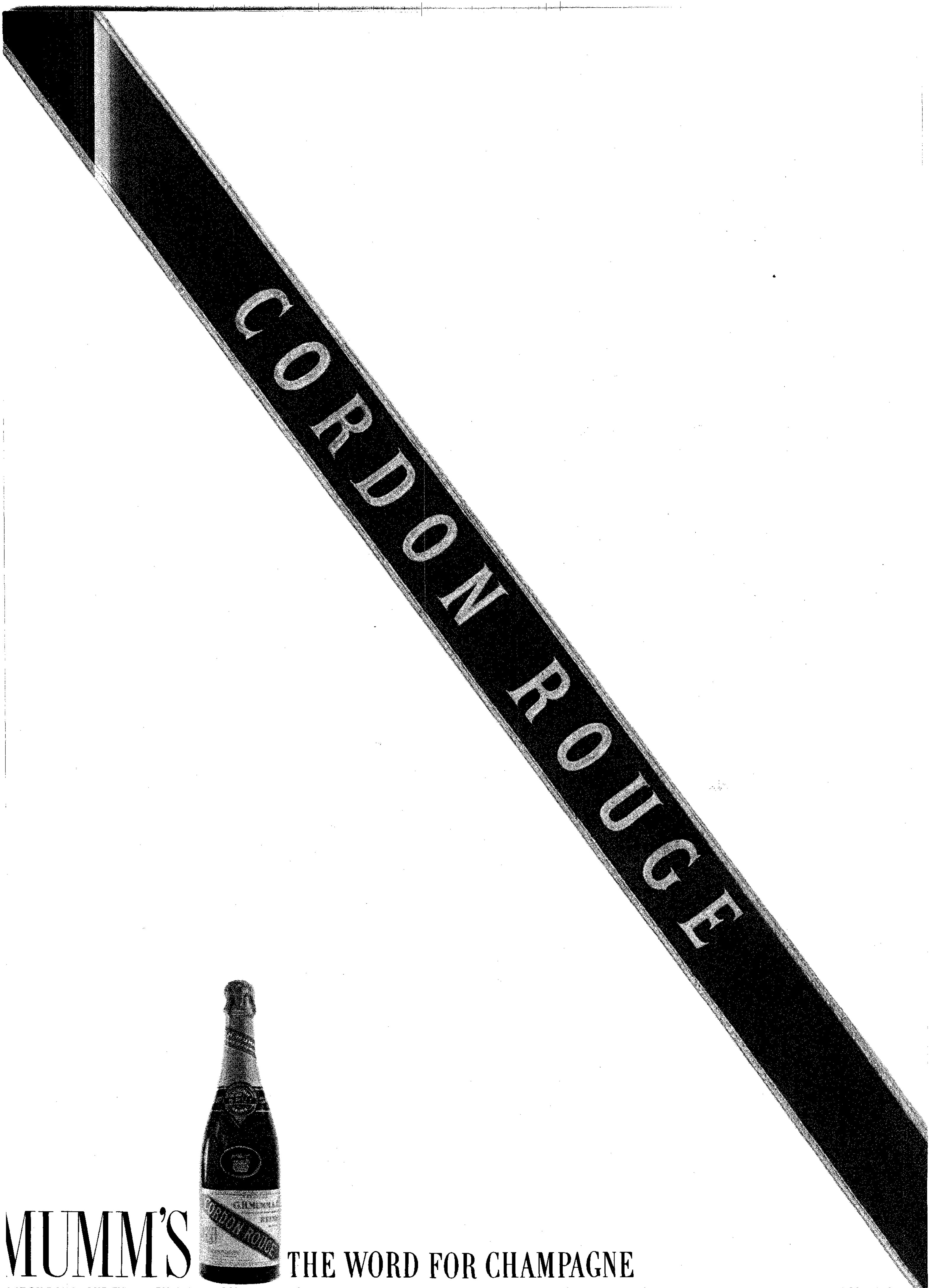

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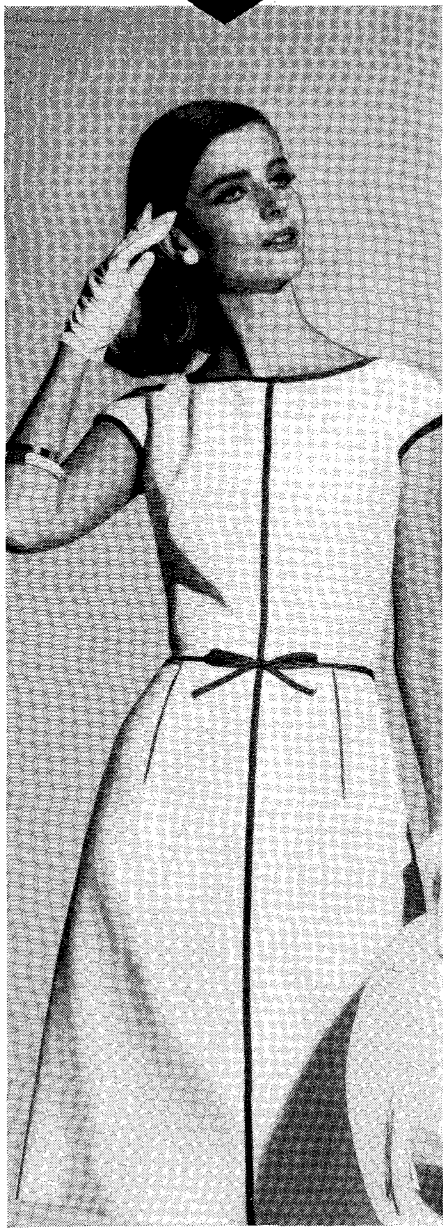

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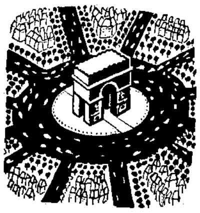
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 20

THERE is always something astonishing to the rest of the French in the endurance shown by the eardrums and vocal cords of the French Communists when their party holds a mammoth reunion, like its four-day XVII Congress, which assembled last week. On Thursday, the opening day, the leading Communist Parliamentary deputy, Waldeck Rochet, who was the main speaker, spoke for five hours (with one twenty-minute recess) to the seven hundred and seventy-six delegates, who listened with concentrated, practiced political attention. This Congress, which was held in the old Salle de la Mutualité, on the Left Bank, with the speakers' platform formally decorated with hydrangeas and the red flag, was of far greater importance to France and to Moscow than the previous one, in 1961, for it had a threefold aim. This was to arouse a spirit of solidarity against the Peking fundamentalists, to decide whether to run a candidate for the Presidency of France against General de Gaulle in next year's elections, and to give the Communist Party its long-delayed rejuvenation by placing young men in major positions and moving its venerable, decrepit, but mentally still active secretary-general, Maurice Thorez, who is now officially retired, upward to the new post of president of the Party, which was created for him. The son and grandson of Pas de Calais coal miners, and, when young, handsome in a proletarian way, Thorez was the perfect portrait of what the Party always billed him as—"*un fils du peuple.*" Today he is sixty-four and walks with a cane, as he has ever since he suffered a paralytic attack, for which he received several years of medical treatment in Russia. He has been leader of his party for thirty-four years—a reign longer than that of any other French politician and longer, even, than that of many a French king. Self-educated, a remarkable Marxist theoretician, an avid reader, and an apt linguist (he knows English, German, and Russian), he is a born boss and organizer, and a super-popular public speaker; he has a kind of footlight personality when he is talking to the masses. He was a personal protégé of Stalin, whose occult influence lifted him to his quick dominance of early French Communism, and to whom he gave an almost religious devotion. When Premier Khrushchev delivered his famous anti-Stalin speech at the XX Party Congress, at Moscow, which made headlines around the world, Thorez, in a sort of delirium of loyal incredulity, said that the news was a capitalist-newspaper fake, and at first forced his own Party paper, *L'Humanité*, to print his personal view as the truth. Under his morbidly obstinate devotion, the Stalin personality cult lived on in the French Communist Party, like a mustachioed ghost, for more than two years longer.



Part of last week's refreshing of the Party's démodé apparatus (which no one had dared fiddle with in the last twenty years) was the introduction, for the first time in the Party's history, of secret ballots, cast by the French delegates to elect thirty new members to executive posts on the powerful Central Committee, which runs the Party. In the method of election that the ballots replaced, delegates merely raised their hands for or against somebody in public—a move that many delegates used to make in fear and trembling, often voting the way the wind blew rather than the way they wanted to. The gimmick in last week's voting was that there was only one candidate to vote for in each case, so the voter either voted for him or voted for nothing—as eleven voters did, scratching their ballots. This scratching was later unofficially explained by the statement that those eleven had probably not understood the Party's new democratic system.

About a third of the minor executives elected to the Central Committee were just under forty—young indeed for Communism's hierarchy. No favoring of youth was shown to the Students' Union, however, which was raked over the coals in a speech by Thorez's wife, around whom the Party males tread warily. She denounced with special vigor the students' monthly magazine, *Clarté*, which, she said, instead of being called *Clarity* should be called *Confusion*. "The Party condemns their erroneous policies," she said, explaining that they would lead only to fractionalism. It seems that the students, who are already revisionists, want real Party democracy. The few student delegates to the Congress were searched on their arrival, in case they had a copy of this month's *Clarté* in their pockets. It contains an article by Palmiro Togliatti, the intellectual leader of the Italian Communist Party, calling unity the best stratagem, rather than the proposed

Note to wives who like moonlight strolls: there are three acres of deck space on R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth.

Challenge for wives of top executives:

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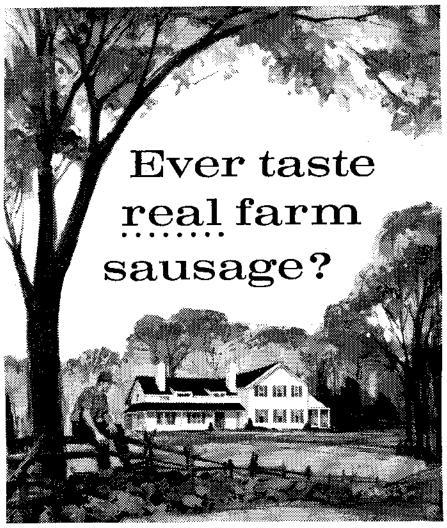
O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
SEVEN CONTINENTS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

meeting of Communists to read Peking out of the globe's Marxist family fold. Among the brother Party representatives, as the non-French delegates are known, the Poles and the Rumanians also failed to do more than criticize Peking severely.

Various rules for Party conduct were laid down at the Congress, much as rules governing Christians' conduct were decreed at Renaissance ecclesiastical synods, when heresies against the Church were being defined, hunted down, and extirpated. Thus, the Congress speakers declared that a militant French Communist has a right to his personal opinion, "provided it does not run counter to the Party's accepted principles," and that once any dialectical determination has been accepted by the Party leaders, it becomes the duty of every disciplined Party member to follow it with extreme faithfulness.

Some statistics collected by *Le Monde* on the seven hundred and seventy-six Congress delegates themselves were most interesting sociologically. The accent was certainly on youth, since slightly more than half the delegates were less than thirty-five years old, the youngest being a seventeen-year-old *demoiselle* from the Red Belt, in northeastern Paris. There were thirty-three housewives, four hundred and thirty-three workmen, a hundred and forty-two employees, sixty-six intellectuals, fifty-four peasants, eighteen *fonctionnaires*, eleven students, and nine shopkeepers, and there was a sprinkling of artisans and the like. Three hundred and seventy-eight of the delegates were members of industrial Communist cells, thirty-four of them in the biggest concerns in France. Three hundred and forty-seven of the delegates had had doctrinal education at the École Centrale du Parti Communiste, where the Party trains its cadres. Exceptionally promising young material is invited to Moscow to study for several years at the famous Lenin School. That happened to Waldeck Rochet, who now succeeds Thorez as the new secretary-general. Son of a poor Burgundian sabot-maker, he was farmed out as a shepherd during his childhood, so he had little schooling. He rose to be a struggling market gardener, and eventually became the Party's agricultural expert. Whereas Thorez spent the years of the Nazi Occupation in safe storage in Moscow, Rochet was among the so-called Twenty-seven of the Field of Honor—twenty-seven Communist deputies who were arrested by Premier Édouard Daladier because they had refused to condemn the pact between Stalin and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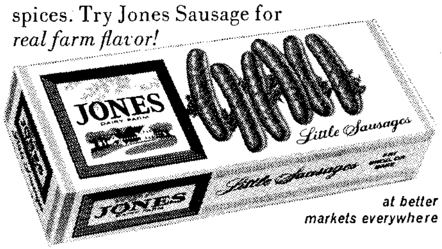

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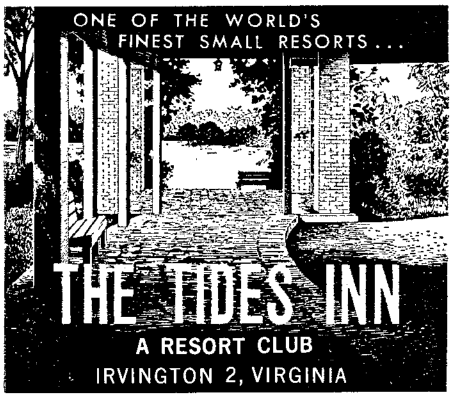
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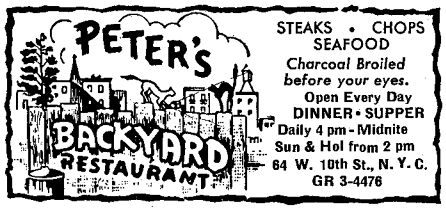
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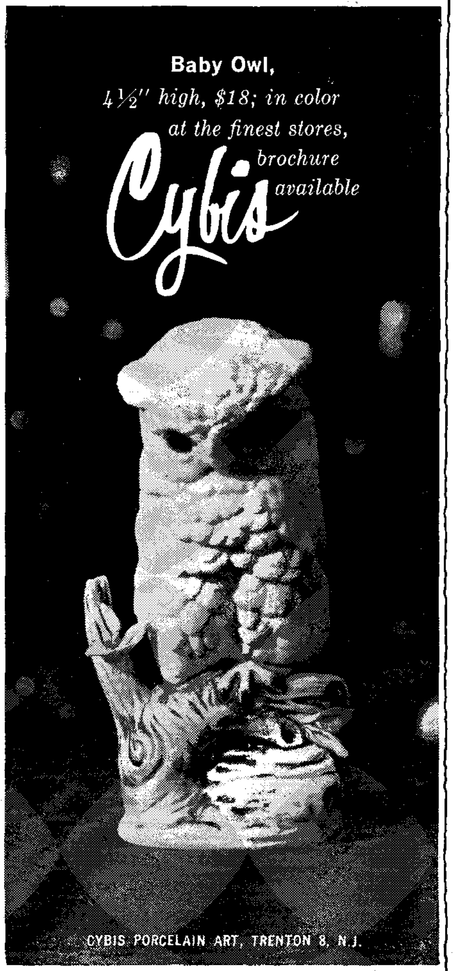
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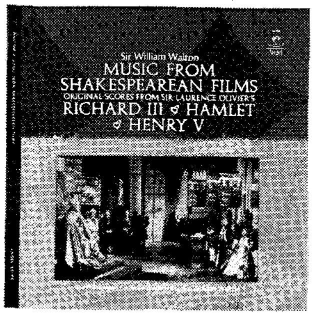
Hitler. He served his prison years in Algeria and was freed by the liberation of North Africa. Five years younger than Thorez, he is no pacemaker but he is conscientiously orthodox—an admirable functionary. His five-hour Congress speech, which was devoted to a breakdown of Communist activities and decisions over the last three years, was like an expert breakdown of profits and policy prepared for the annual meeting of some giant American corporation. No other party here keeps such documentation as the Communists do. They certainly are, in their way, a giant political corporation, which still controls about a fourth of the French voters (or shareholders), male and female.

As part of the highly emotional farewell that the Congress gave Thorez upon his leaving his old post—with thunderous applause *en roulements*, as is the Communist custom (three times three loud handclaps, then one final one, like an explosion of feeling)—he was presented with a memento sent to him from Moscow: a scarlet silk banner bearing a portrait of Lenin. (A banner bearing a portrait of Stalin would be hard to find today.) Years ago, the Party gave him a costly de-luxe villa in the Midi for his convalescence and for holidays, but he seems to have lost it, along with his title of secretary-general, for to afford him estival accommodations the widow of the late painter Fernand Léger, who was a Party member, has just invited Thorez to spend the summer with her in the Léger house and studio at Biot, on the Mediterranean coast.

THIS is obviously the tourist time of year, which used to mean the time of the influx of Americans into France. It has now come to mean, to some extent, the time the tourists from France go to the United States. Special tourist agencies are filling whole pages of French magazines with ads headed "*31 ARGUMENTS IRRÉSISTIBLES POUR VISITER LES U.S.A.*"—usually accompanied by a photo of the Grand Canyon, which is apparently the ultima Thule of French travellers' desires, being so wild and so little like home. M. Jacques Sallebert, who is well known to French TV viewers, and was for several years the New York representative of the French government's Radio Télévision Française, has recently delivered himself of some advice to Parisians contemplating a trip to the States, which gives a great deal of Stateside information to them and a great deal to us Americans about ourselves. He begins by saying that what exasperates the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Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2

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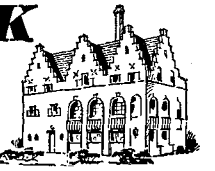
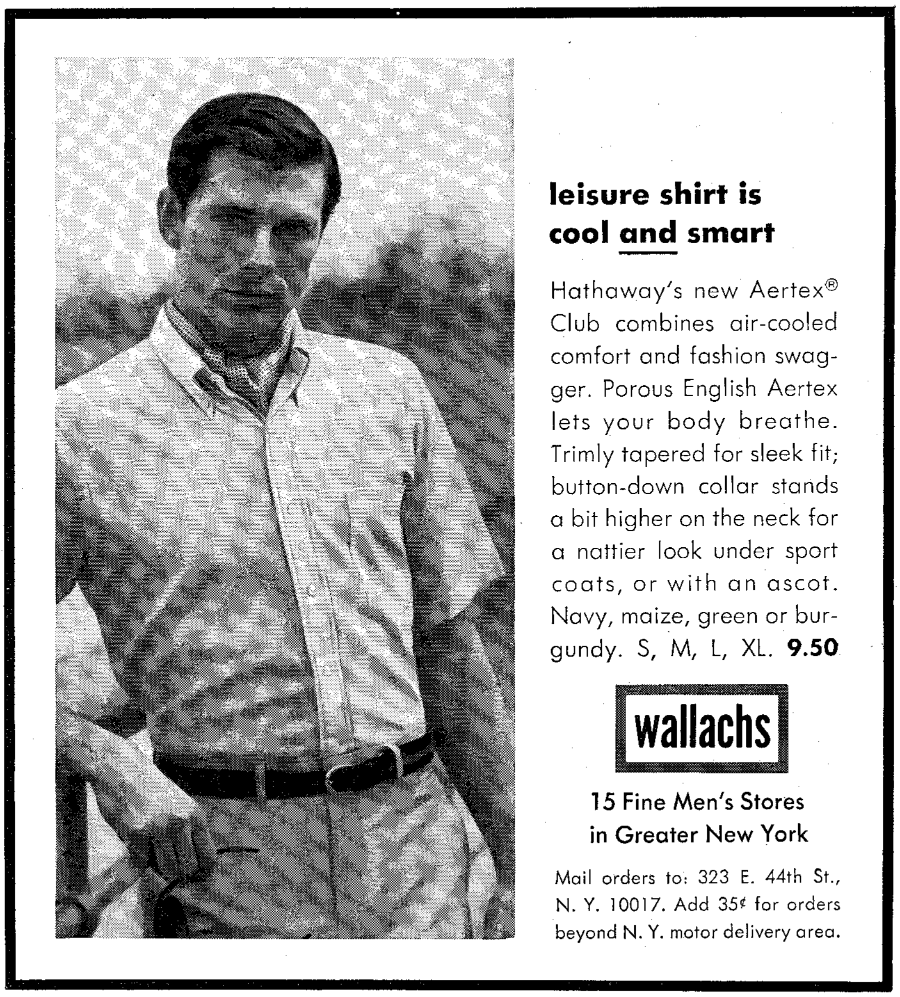


European tourist is the difficulty of making himself understood in American hotels. The American abroad, "who can hardly stand the fact that the concierge of the most modest Neapolitan hotel does not speak English, finds it quite normal that the reception clerks in the great New York hotels speak nothing but English. . . . To American minds, the equivalent transposition has not yet been arrived at. Any notion of reciprocity is unknown to them. I do not believe there is a single American operator on the international telephone exchange who speaks a foreign tongue. And don't forget that not so long ago the American State Department sent to Europe ambassadors who did not speak one word of anything but American"—and in many cases still does, he might have added. "European travellers in American hotels must expect to have difficulty changing their foreign money and finding their shoes polished [when the shoes are left outside their doors overnight]. On the other hand, they will always find a cake of soap on the washbasin, a Bible by the bedside, and the biography of the hotel owner on the table. The U.S.A. is another world. For instance, an Italian visitor to Paris would never dream of visiting the Bourse unless he was a stockbroker. A European who doesn't visit the New York Stock Exchange makes a big mistake. In Paris, you visit Notre Dame, but in New York to visit St. Patrick's Cathedral is superfluous. You can easily know the United States without seeing Philadelphia's Constitution Hall or the Gettysburg battlefield, but if you haven't inhabited a huge New York hotel, rolled by car along the turnpikes, eaten in snack bars, and spent the night in a motel, you don't half know America. The best way to know the States is probably to take the transcontinental buses or trains that cross Colorado, the desert, and the Rocky Mountains. The French tourist who loves grandiose views will not be disappointed by the Great Lakes, New Mexico, and Arizona. If you prefer quiet charm, see New England, the Carolinas, Louisiana, and, above all, San Francisco. You can find all seasons of the year at one time in the U.S.A., going from bathing suits to mink coats without crossing the frontier. Everything is arranged for the modest American to give himself a vacation beyond his means, and nothing prevents the foreign traveller from profiting by the same opportunity."

Jet-plane fares are cheap, Sallebert explains, and can be paid for afterward, at low interest rates. And he adds, "To tour agreeably in the U.S.A. takes a



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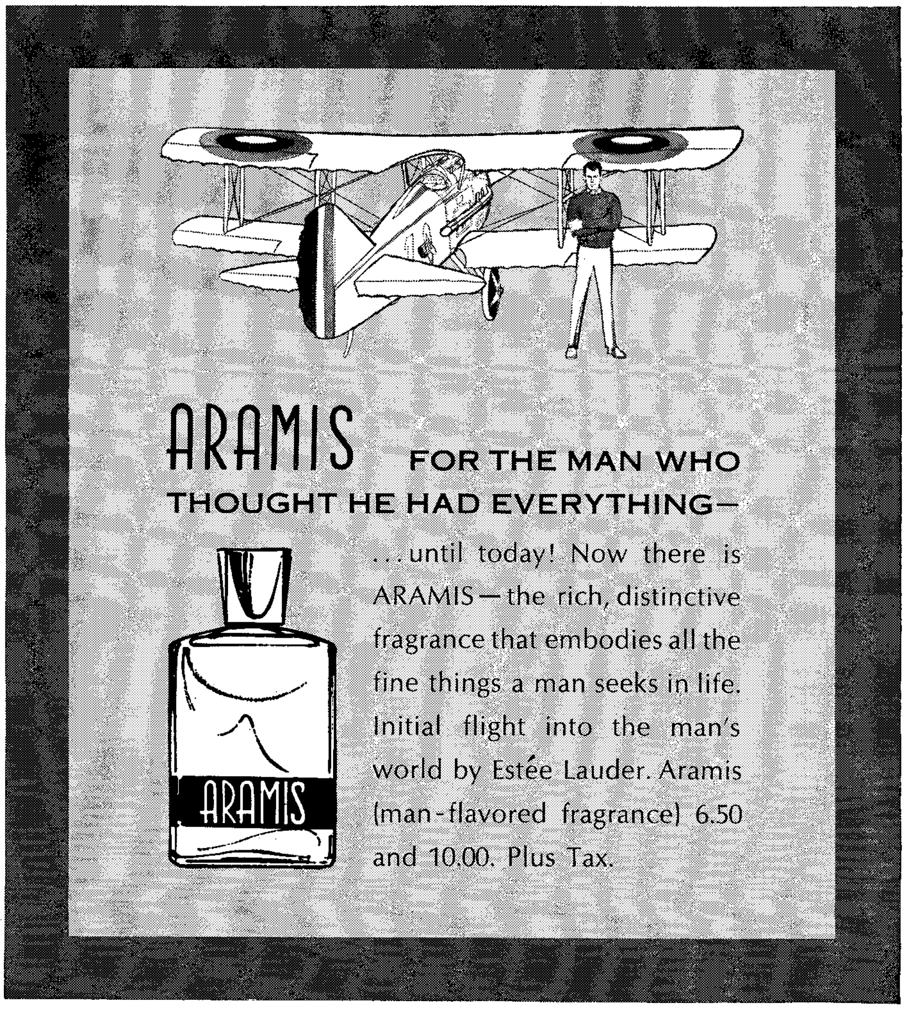

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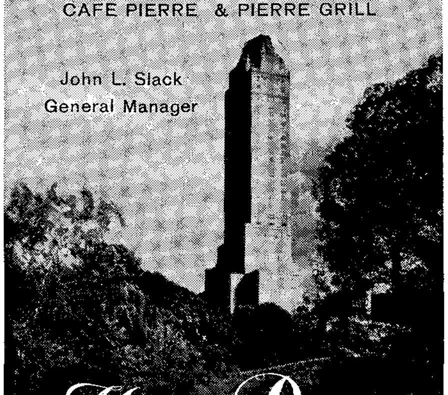

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great deal of personal organization and a profound knowledge of all the material facilities that American life offers. To my mind, it is better to keep your independence and avoid organized tours, because to visit the United States is still an adventure to be approached in the same spirit as that of the millions of European visitors who [in remaining there] originally helped create America."

PARIS has grown to have such endless suburbs that the Départements surrounding it, and its own Département, the Seine, are now apparently going to be split up, and given slightly new shapes and new geographical names. There will be the Seine-et-Bièvre, the Hauts-de-Seine, and the Plaine-Saint-Denis, unless one of them is more elegantly called Versailles. Similar news of modernizing is that the French telephone exchanges, with their historic and informative names, such as Gounod and Chénier, will soon become mere numerals on the phone dial—408 for the composer of "Faust" and 253 for the revolutionary youth whose statue is in the Palais-Royal Garden, where he spoke on behalf of liberty. Even Balzac will become merely 225. What is worse in the way of modern mechanization and destruction of the French past is that the Ministère des Postes, Télégraphe, et Téléphone has decided, in order to facilitate the work of the mail sorters, to install an electric-machine system that will read addresses on envelopes. Each of the Départements founded and named by Napoleon will soon lose its identity by becoming a dull, unhistoric digit. Example: "M. Dupont, Place Bellecour, Rhône," will become "M. Dupont, Place Bellecour 69."

—GENÊT

•

Teachers working on the spring English project receive professional growth credit. As the project unfolds several teachers have waxed enthusiastically about the "opportunity to share experiences."—*Chalk Dust, the personnel bulletin of the Acalanes District (Calif.) high schools.*

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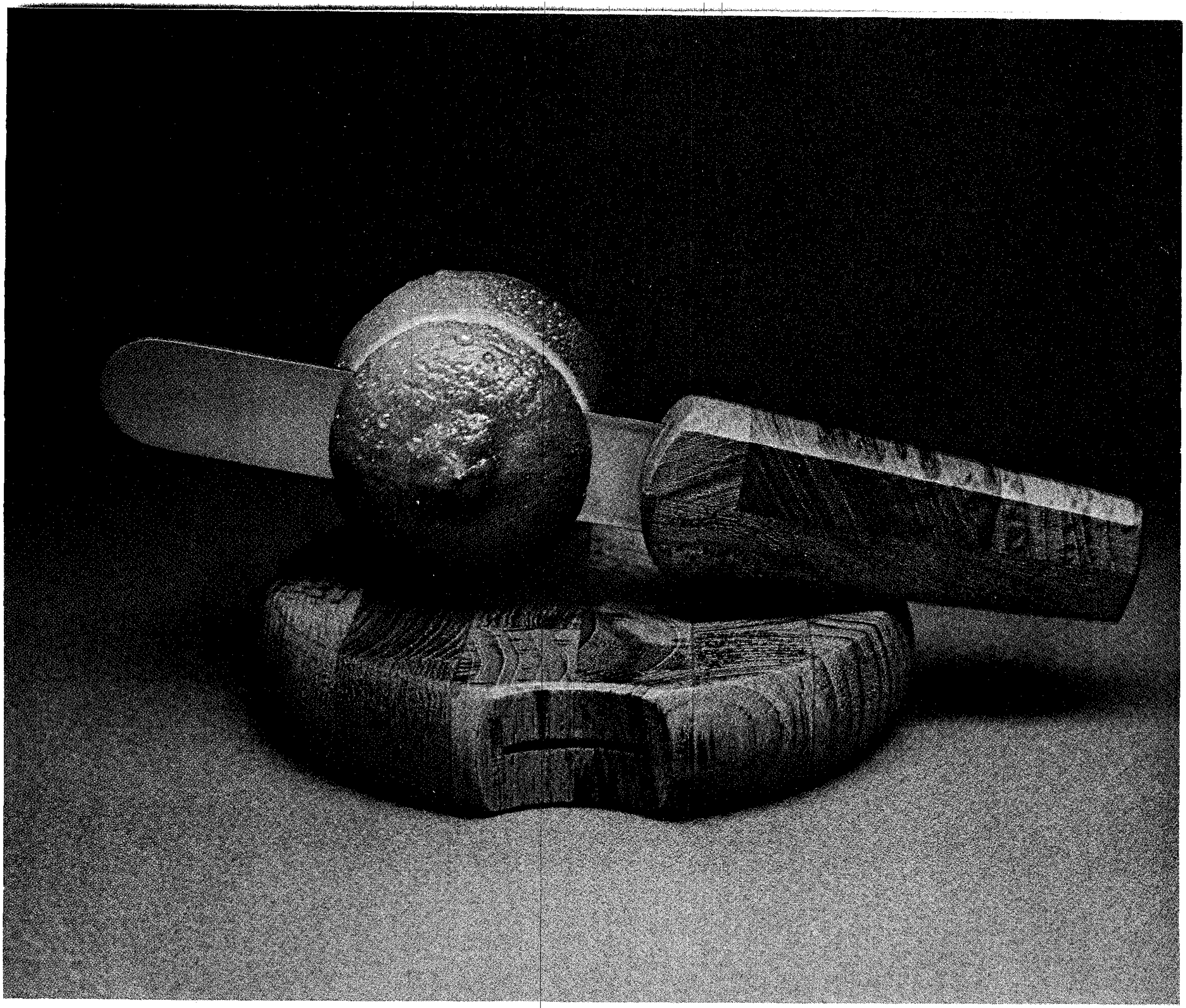

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(If you've read this far, you'd probably also be interested in some of the 515 other well-thought-out designs in the Dansk "Top of the Table" collection. Write for a free catalog to: Department M. Dansk Designs, Great Neck, New York.)

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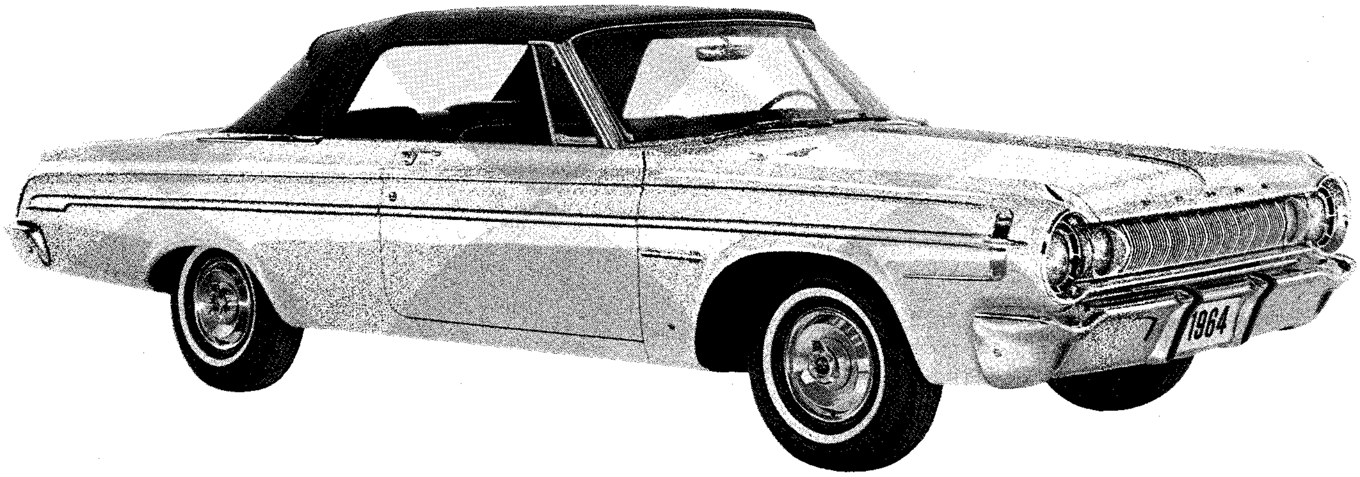

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THE RACE TRACK

Marking Time

FOR the past week, the principal topic of conversation at Aqueduct has been things to come—the Metropolitan Handicap this weekend and the Belmont Stakes the following Saturday. In between comparing notes on their favorites, however, horseplayers have been able to divert themselves with some lively racing. Just about as enthralling a performance as I saw all week was that of Oil Royalty in Saturday's Top Flight Handicap, at a mile and a furlong. The old bay mare was slow to get going—in fact, she was last turning off the backstretch—but then, with little more than half a mile to go, she swept past everything in the stretch, to win in a photo finish from Tona and Smart Deb; the latter had led most of the way. It was Oil Royalty's ninety-seventh start.

Another thriller, which had a direct bearing on the Metropolitan, was the Roseben Handicap, earlier in the week. In this one, Bonjour, who had won only once in fourteen starts this season, beat Chateaugay, Red Gar, and seven others. I suppose you could explain away this tomato surprise by saying that there has been a change in track conditions—and you'd be right. For at least a week, the footing had been hard and fast, and third-class horses had been running the first quarter mile of a sprint in a shade over twenty-two seconds. But on the day of the Roseben the racing strip was quite different, although what had been done to it nobody seemed to know. Chateaugay, for one, didn't like the going, which was deep and sandy; even so, and even though he was outrun for a couple of furlongs, he buckled down and finished with a great rush that would have beaten Bonjour in a few more strides. The effort certainly wound Chateaugay up for the Metropolitan, and I'd say you needn't look beyond him for the winner.

I DON'T suppose there will be as many runners for the Belmont as there were for the Preakness, which had six. Meanwhile, Northern Dancer is taking things easy at Belmont. One of his stablemates, by the way, is a lovely two-year-old half sister of his named Northern Queen, and she could be

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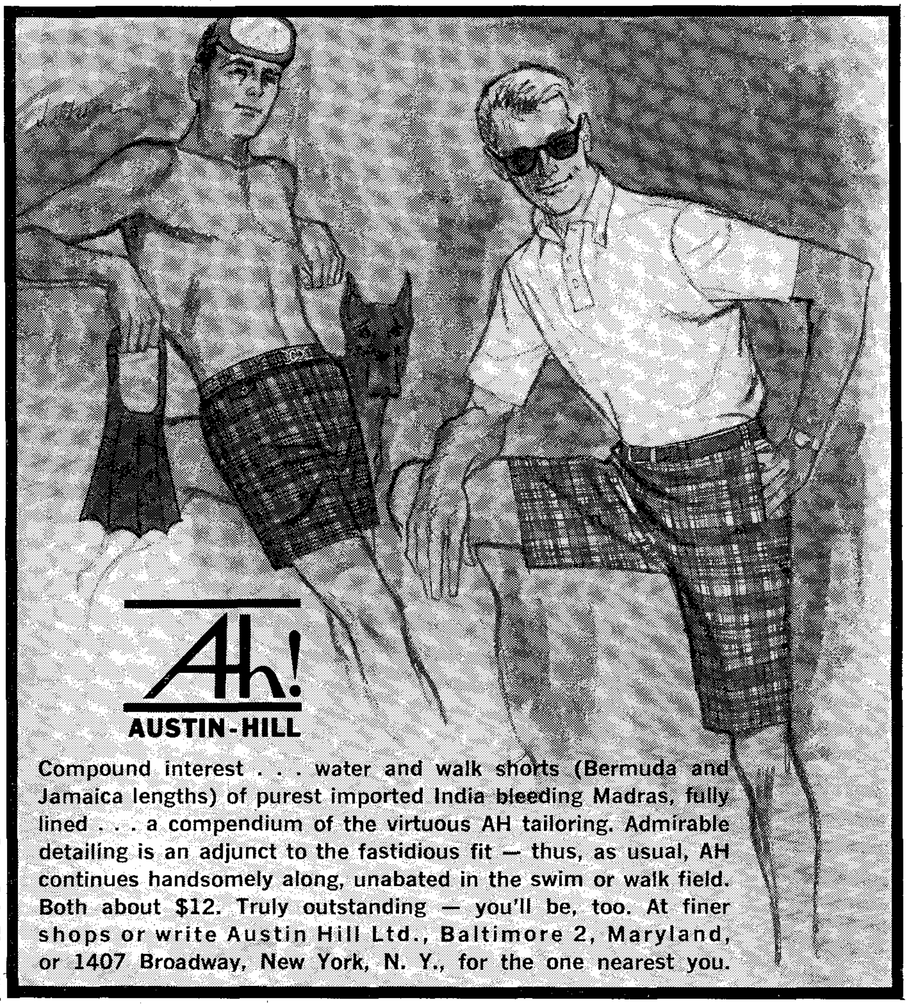

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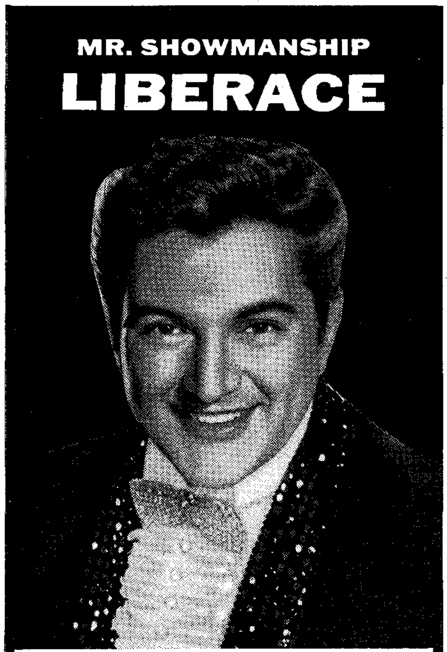

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quite a one. Hill Rise is at Belmont, too. When he came up from Pimlico, he was stabled at Aqueduct, so close to the track that he could see the horses at the starting gate and hear the noise from the stand, which upset him considerably. Since moving, he has quieted down.

OF course, the big news of the week was the sale of Rex Ellsworth's The Scoundrel, third in the Kentucky Derby, second in the Preakness, and probable favorite for the Jersey Derby at Garden State this weekend, for half a million dollars. The buyer is Kjell Qvale, a West Coast automobile dealer. Half a million seems a lot of money for a three-year-old with just one first to his credit this season; still, it's only fair to say that The Scoundrel is improving (though I don't think he'll beat Northern Dancer in the Belmont), and he has an impressive pedigree, being by Toulouse Lautrec out of Malekeh, a half sister of Gallant Man. Meshach Tenney will continue to train him until after the Belmont, following which the colt will go West.

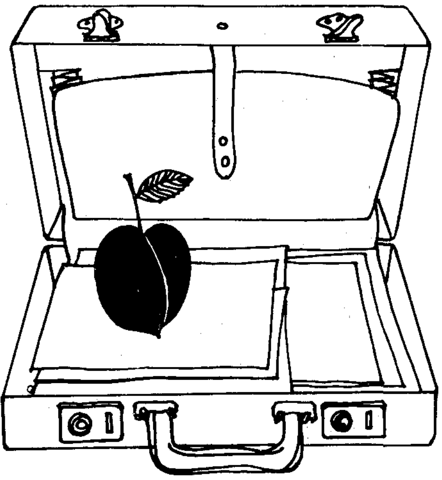
KELSO's first rattle out of the box in California—it was also his first start this season—wasn't a happy one. Running in the fifty-thousand-dollar Los Angeles Handicap at Hollywood Park, he finished eighth in a field of nine. The race was won by Cyrano in a head-and-head finish with Quita Dude and Admiral's Voyage. From all accounts, Kelso was never in the picture. Curiously, he has never cut a swath on the tracks outside New York. He has made nineteen tries on such tracks, all told, and won only eight of them. He'll have one more go at Hollywood Park—in the Californian Stakes, a week from Saturday. Perhaps he'll be luckier. I saw him galloping at Belmont the morning before he was shipped West, and I thought he looked awfully fit. Apparently he was, for he worked five furlongs in 0:58⅗ after his arrival, which is lickety-split, even in California. Oh, well.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Mr. George Waterston, of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, points out that a bird at first identified as a young Arctic Skua, frequenting the area around St. Margaret's Loch in Holyrood Park, Edinburgh, is, in fact, a badly oiled young Common Gull.—*London Evening News & Dispatch.*

A few quick belts and he puts on his Skua act.



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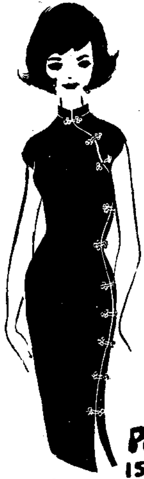

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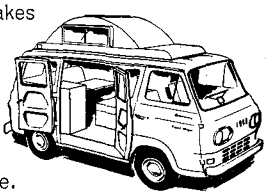
MUSICAL EVENTS

Blues in the Night

ON opening night, which was Thursday night of last week, I got a somewhat dispiriting impression of the New York Philharmonic's "Promenade" concerts, at Lincoln Center. The following evening, I was to revise this impression a bit, but Thursday night's performance struck me as downright funereal. This was partly because, when viewed from a seat at a parterre table facing the rear or the sides, Philharmonic Hall has all the charm of the inside of an inverted bathtub, with its midnight-blue walls adding a rather crushing note of gloom. (These walls were not, of course, intended primarily to be looked at; their function is to focus attention on the stage, in the hope that some people, at least, may find the sight of a symphony orchestra an interesting one.) The funereal impression also arose partly from the program, whose compilers had not sufficiently pondered the difference between the popular and the merely second-rate. I very much enjoy popular music, or semi-popular music, in appropriate surroundings, but it has never occurred to me to regard it as a lesser variety of highbrow music. Johann Strauss, Offenbach, and even Jerome Kern and Cole Porter are masters in their line, and in this particular line Beethoven is far beneath them. It is a question of genres that have very little in common, and I had hoped that the "Promenades" were going to give us a taste of some light, carefree, and entertaining music. Thursday night's program did get around to providing some at the very end of the program, when a short selection of tunes by Porter, Richard Rodgers, and Frederick Loewe emerged. But the rest of the doings were hardly of the type to drink champagne by, and champagne seemed to be regarded, whimsically, as the thing to drink.

One cannot with a good conscience drink champagne to excerpts from Shostakovich's opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk," for example. If one attempts it, one ends up in a blue funk—very dark blue, like Philharmonic Hall's walls—and pretty well convinced that Joseph Stalin was an aesthete of inspired



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judgment when he banned the opera from performance. Such excerpts as we had consisted of aggressive, noisy music, containing, among other highly intellectual things, a fugue and a *passacaglia.* Joan Sena, an able and promising soprano, was soloist in one of the excerpts, something called "Katerina's Aria," but it was not a thing of joy. The Mtsensk items were followed by Ravel's Piano Concerto in G Major, and John Browning played its solo very well indeed, but even he could not make it into anything but what it is—one of the dullest works in the repertory. This, in turn, was followed by a ballet called "Meditations of Orpheus," done to some atmospheric music by Alan Hovhaness. The ballet enlisted the services of Norman Walker and Cora Cahan, and my most vivid recollection of it is of a sort of tug of war between them for possession of a black lace nightgown. Mr. Walker won, but his victory evidently caused him no elation. On the contrary, he wound up making horrified faces at the audience while wrapping the thing around his shoulders. Well, obviously, you couldn't drink champagne to that, either.

There were, it is true, a couple of smaller numbers that were a little gayer: the waltz from Khatchaturian's "Masquerade" Suite, and a fairly cute, though really rather silly, set of comic variations on "America," by Charles Ives, orchestrated by William Schuman—a work certainly not exportable to England, where the tune is the national anthem.

FRIDAY night, thank heaven, was different. For one thing, it was Italian Night, and the Italians—except for some recent aberrations—have always had a heartening habit of associating music with pleasure. This program led off with the overture to Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" and continued with excerpts from Puccini's almost never performed opera "La Rondine," including two arias sung with impeccable artistic style by that most intelligent of American sopranos, Phyllis Curtin, and a duet in which Miss Curtin was joined by Frank Porretta, tenor, who served adequately as a foil for her. I have never heard a stage performance of "La Rondine," and I am told that its libretto is such a slight affair that the opera has never been a success. But, to judge from these excerpts, its music is beautiful, and written with all the skill of Puccini's most mature period.

Friday night's ballet was a big improvement, too. It was danced to music

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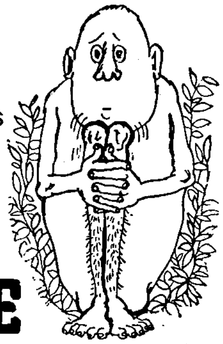

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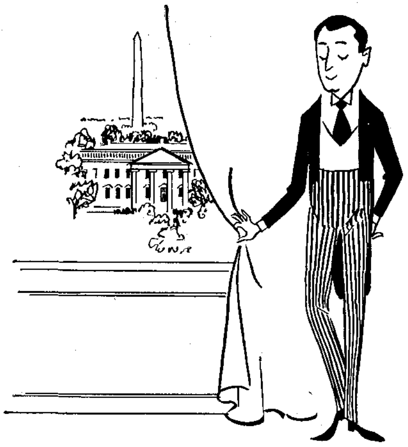

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The Man and His Thought
S. J. SAMARTHA
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by Rossini—some of it pure Rossini, and some of it Rossini themes arranged in the Rossini style by Benjamin Britten. The title of the ballet was "Palio—A Festival in Siena," and it was choreographed by Patricia Wilde and danced by her own company of five dancers, including herself. A number of colorful *contrada* banners similar to those used in Siena's celebration ornamented the stage. Otherwise, the ballet might have been about almost anything from the Trojan War to the Battle of Bunker Hill. That didn't matter. It was a pleasing, if conventional, tour de force, displaying some dazzling technical accomplishments on the part of Miss Wilde and her associates, who include two very good male dancers, Paul Sutherland and Lawrence Rhodes. The concert concluded with a performance of Respighi's "Pines of Rome."

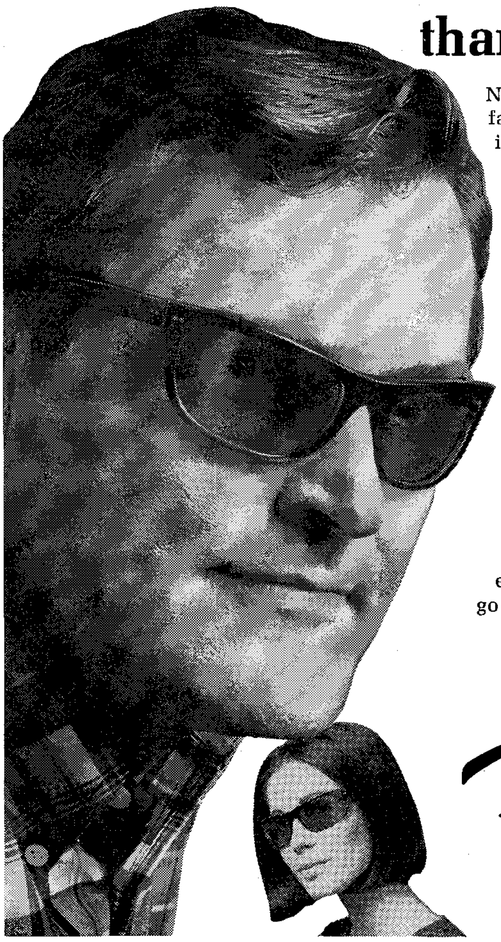
At both concerts, I was struck by the enormous competence of Andre Kostelanetz, who conducted the orchestra and showed himself to be at home in a great variety of music. Mr. Kostelanetz, like the late Erno Rapee, is one of those Europeans who have tended to get typed as conductors of "popular" music when their ability ranges over a far larger territory. Everything Mr. Kostelanetz did had dash, discipline, clarity, and innate musicality, and I couldn't help thinking throughout both evenings that the Metropolitan Opera could use him to great advantage. He would not only be the best "Die Fledermaus" conductor the opera house has had since Tibor Kozma; he would also be an excellent conductor for the more serious operas of the Italian wing.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Sweet Tedium and Crippled Crabs

I INVARIABLY feel when I hear the likes of the New Christy Minstrels or Peter, Paul, and Mary or the Serendipity Singers that I'm foundering in milk. Not since the days of the barbershop quartet has a popular music been so bland and cherubic and homogeneous. Its performers exude health and bonhomie. The girls, in flyaway hairdos, are pretty and wholesome and amply constructed, and the boys are handsome and short-haired and flat of stomach. Onstage, all wear crisp, casual clothes and gleaming shoes, and all have wide white smiles. They display the easy presence of good swimmers and tennis players, and were they to appear with snorkels and rackets instead of guitars



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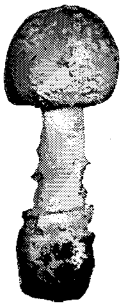

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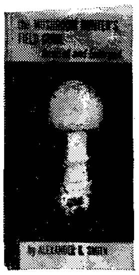

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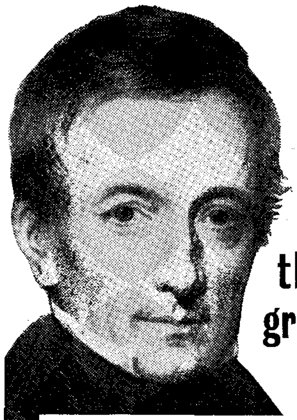
"Enro, the shirts made one at a time."
(Shirtbuilders)

and banjos nothing would seem amiss. Indeed, this exchange might point up their music. Their "John Henry"s and "Frankie and Johnny"s and "Barbara Allen"s would take on tone and color, and their emotional content would swell to at least that of Doris Day. As it is, they offer sweet tedium (their occasional mouthings of deep-country blues recall children doing a deathbed scene), and it is hard to believe that they are the progeny of Leadbelly and Big Bill Broonzy and Josh White.

Luckily, a large and attentive collection of prospective Peters, Pauls, and Marys were at Hunter College a week or so ago for a concert by such elders and betters as Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, Muddy Waters, and Sister Rosetta Tharpe. It is not well known that two folk-music fads have been under way in recent years—the Kingston Trio, or white-shoe, fad and the one instigated by John and Alan Lomax and dedicated to the ferreting out of blues singers who went underground twenty or thirty years ago. This second movement has brought back such luminaries as Roosevelt Sykes, Sunnyland Slim, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Speckled Red, and it was responsible for the presence the other night of Mississippi John Hurt. Most country-blues singers sound like courting seals, but Hurt, dressed in work clothes and a wide-brimmed brown derby, sang with a singular softness and unselfconsciousness. (When the audience shouted requests, he would raise his head, make an unsmiling half-moon with his mouth, look bemused, lower his head, and get on with what he had in mind.) Although poor microphone placement made mush of his words, his remarkable guitar playing came through beautifully. His singing was full of open spaces, into which he poured spidery silver figures, many of them made up of *ostinato* basses supporting light, single-note treble lines. The contrast between Hurt and another country singer, the Reverend Gary Davis, was instructive. Davis, a member of the seal persuasion, started each line with a roar, dwindled to a guttural moan, and ended in a mutter. His guitar playing merely lapped at the rocks. Still another totally different singer was Cousin Joe, or Pleasant Joe, a wiry, fox-faced man from New Orleans, who in the course of five numbers (he accompanied himself on the piano) managed to parody most schools of blues singing—genuine and imitative. His sad blues were so sad they dissolved, his up-tempo blues had a mischievous Stepin Fetchit air, and he



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sang a blues that began with this champion verse:

I wouldn't give a blind sow an
acorn, a crippled crab a crutch,
No, wouldn't give a blind sow an
acorn, a crippled crab a crutch,
'Cause I found out that the woman
I love, she ain't so such a much.

The better-known singers at the concert were surprisingly uneven. They tended to cavort nervously and to Uncle Tom, as if such theatrics would help them match the wild success of their juniors. Sister Rosetta Tharpe, who is reminiscent of Mahalia Jackson and Julia Lee, strutted and bounced and drowned herself out with a roaring electric guitar, and Sonny Terry (harmonica) and Brownie McGhee (guitar) issued a combination of arch jokes and barnyard sounds that occasionally made way for Terry's eerie harmonica. Unfortunately, the last and best performers on an overcrowded program were Muddy Waters and his first-rate pianist-accompanist, Otis Spann. Caught between the clock and a sated audience, they simply never got a chance. What a pity.

—Whitney Balliett

•

APPARITION

The pretty girl on the cover
of the magazine on the dump
fades. Leaving her blue eyes
behind, her ochre lips
have bleached, and a ghostly photo,
from the back side of the page,
and broken columns of print
show through her vanished cheeks
and empty hair. Around her
are menacing dark shapes
blotting the starlet's week
(last month). But the clever girl
already has slipped away
and left her hard blue eyes
to stare gemlike, bewildered,
out of the soggy paper,
and mold-islands to grow
—like craters on the moon—
their stringy tentacles,
venturing, as they must,
through glitter, which is dust.

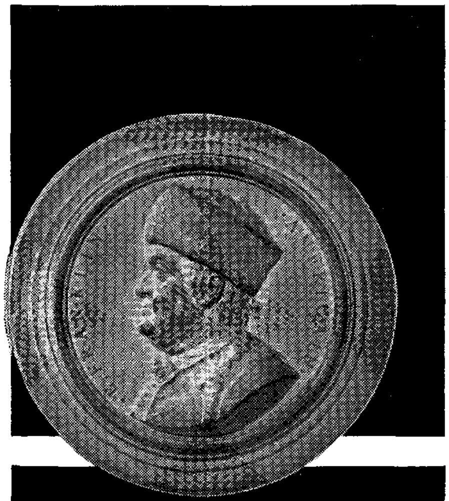
—Richard Moore

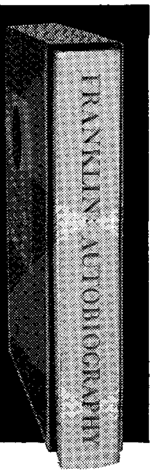
•

A report issued by the council challenged United Medical Service to adopt an eight-point program designed to broaden pain-in-full services for subscribers.—*Long Island Star-Journal.*

Point 1: When the breakfast tray goes in, follow it immediately with an interne who wants blood. Old reliable points like that.

The
Autobiography
of Benjamin
Franklin





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By common consent, one of the loveliest lines in all poetic literature is Euripides' evocative

"The apple tree, the singing, and the gold . . ."

Somehow it seems to suggest all that is most desirable in life: the beauty of nature, the splendor of art, and the means of living as one pleases.

Even 2400 years ago, old Euripides recognized the fact that the apple tree in your own back yard and the art museum in your native city might not be quite enough. After all, you might want to look at an apple tree a thousand miles away, or buy a fine painting to hang on your own wall. And for those things — as for many others — you would need gold or its equivalent. To put it another way, the best things in life may be free, but being in a position to enjoy them to the fullest is likely to cost money.

Unfortunately, giving money away is not our business. But helping people invest their money to make money *is*. If you have any questions about investing in securities, just write to us and we'll give you the best answers we can. But send no gold for such help. Save that for the apple tree and the singing.

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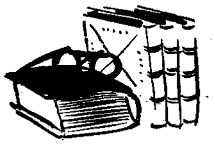
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

My Aunt Maxine: The Story of Maxine Elliott, by Diana Forbes-Robertson (Viking). Maxine Elliott, born Jessie Dermot in Rockland, Maine, invented a personality for herself just as she invented a name. She was a graduate of an unhappy small-town childhood who became a theatrical star here and in Great Britain, and she was a legendary beauty, linked (by rumor, if by no firmer tie) to such personages as Edward VII and J. P. Morgan. Miss Forbes-Robertson, her niece, knew Miss Elliott as a rich, snobbish, fat, bridge-playing, authoritarian old lady, and set out to find the connection between the fabled charmer and the bossy aunt. Thanks to her remarkable empathy, her discoveries are fascinating. Totally unintellectual but very shrewd, lucky except in love, Maxine was at once terribly strong and pitifully lonely; she was brave, tough, funny, narrow, and sensible. She was even—although her niece never sentimentally exaggerates the fact—vulnerable. Miss Elliott achieved little in the theatre except wealth; unlike the Forbes-Robertsons, the author's parents, she took more out of it than she put into it. Her niece has evened the family account by giving us Maxine's life as a work of art.



The Story of New York, by Susan E. Lyman (Crown). A brief, comprehensive, attractive account of the growth of this place from 1524, when Verrazzano and his crew spent a day off Staten Island, finding the Upper Bay "a very beautiful lake" and the natives joyful and helpful, to the present, when, in non-Fair years, some fourteen million visitors are annually accommodated—as happily, one hopes, as Verrazzano was. Miss Lyman's book, handsomely and appropriately illustrated, could serve any of the city's guests well, for it includes something better than monument-sightseeing directions, and that is ideas for things to look for—something of value to the natives, too, of course.

D. H. Lawrence: An Unprofessional Study, by Anaïs Nin (Alan Swallow). A reissue of Miss Nin's first book, published in Paris in 1932. It consists of one long, breathy gush, and its accuracy can best be exemplified by its three references to "Studies in Classic American Literature." They are, in order, "Classical Studies in American Literature," "Studies in American Classical Literature," and "Studies in Classical American Literature."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Pity Him Afterwards, by Donald E. Westlake (Random House). Mr. Westlake's new entertainment opens with unusual promise: "The madman clung to the side of the hill, hidden by darkness and trees." The promise holds as the madman, a highly intelligent but incorrigibly homicidal fugitive from a maximum-security hospital, assumes the identity of a passing victim and presents himself as a member of a summer-theatre group at a lonely New England resort. For a moment, as he relaxes in the unfamiliar comfort of companionship, the book seems about to fulfill itself and give us something larger than a creepy thriller. But then, as is so often the case with this genre, the promise peters out, the point of view diffuses, and the story becomes mere mystery and melodrama.

The Hand of Mary Constable, by Paul Gallico (Doubleday). Alexander Hero, an English expert in psychic phenomena, arrives in New York determined to unmask the villainous spiritualist who is driving Professor Constable, the famous American scientist, out of his head. The spiritualist is reaching the Professor's adored daughter Mary, who was only ten when she died, but Hero has grave doubts about the identity behind the lisping ghost that is taking the great man's mind off his crucially important government projects. Mr. Gallico lacks humor, but his New York City atmosphere is interesting, if not very real, and his unmasking of the fraudulent medium has a graveyard fascination.

•

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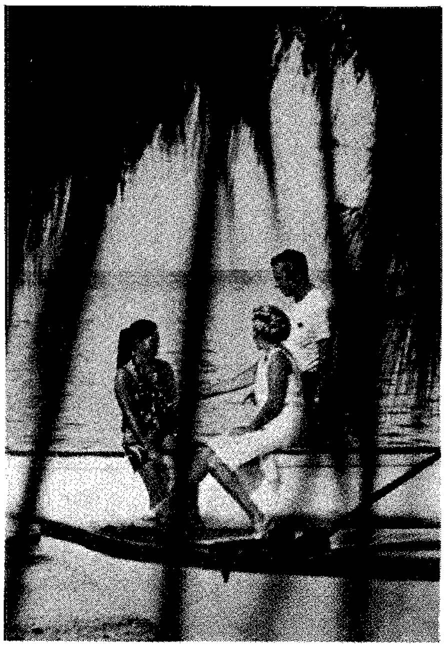

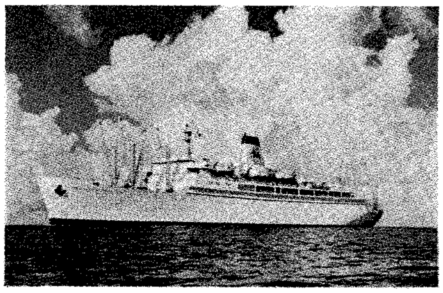

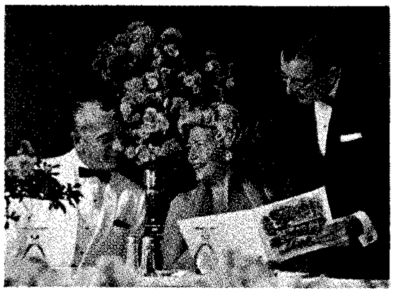

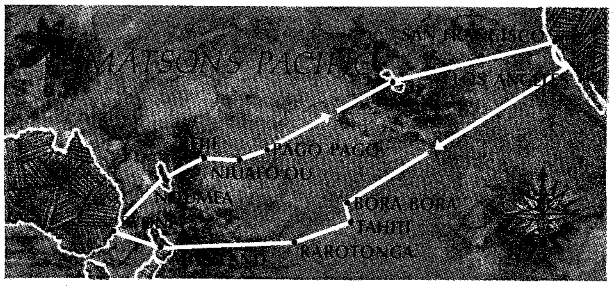

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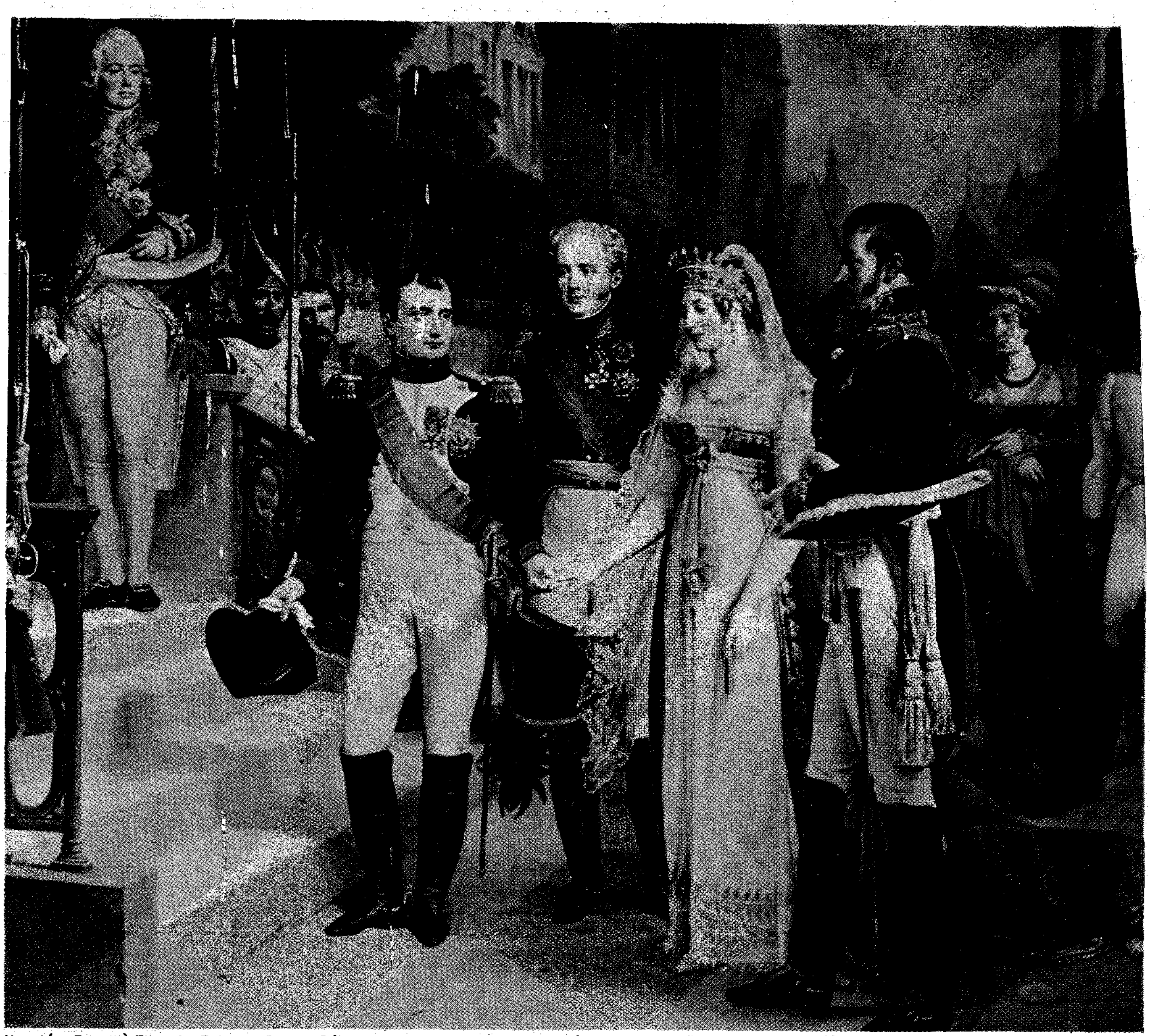

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